Google

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

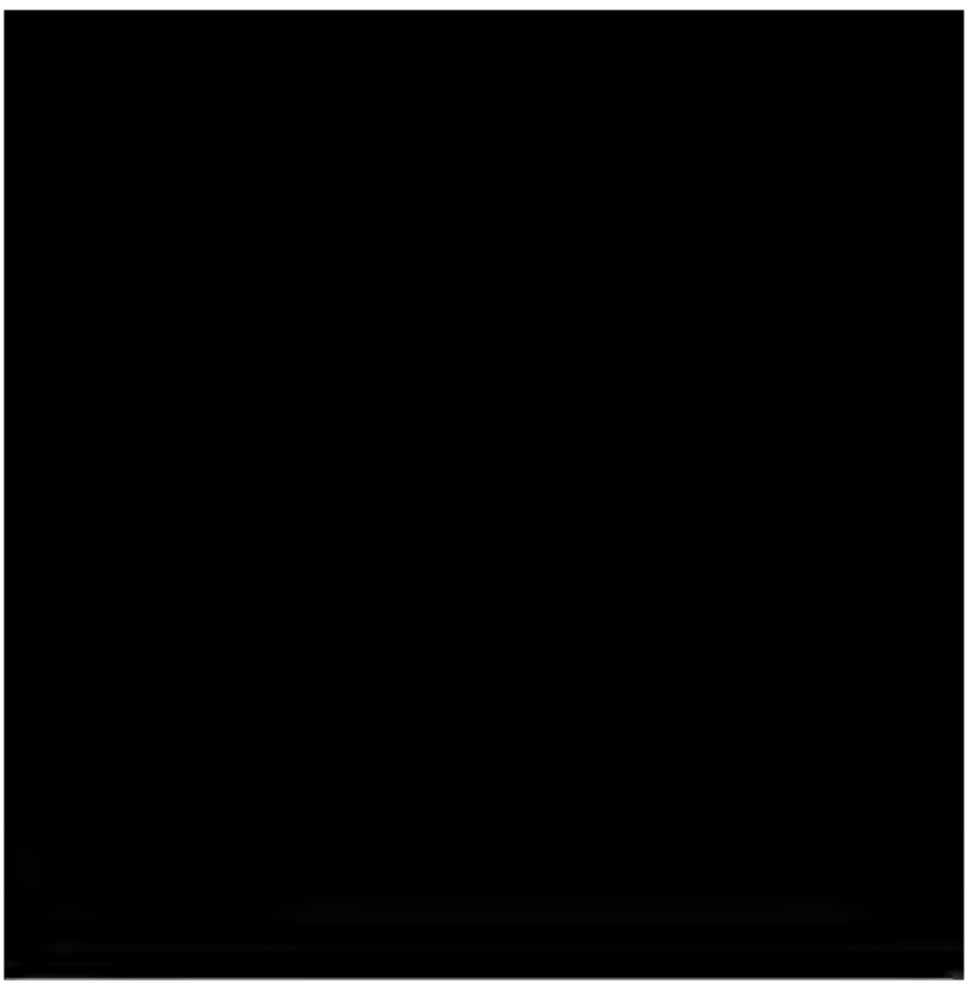
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

B000041833P

33.

151.



[redacted]

AIMS AND ENDS.

VOL. I.

Just Published.

1.

CARWELL.

New Edition.

"In every page of 'Carwell' we feel the efficacy of an imagination equally strong and feminine, and every sentiment speaks the elevation of a graceful genius."—Quarterly Review.

2.

THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN.

By the Author of "Chartley." 3 vols.

"One of the most entertaining fictions."—Literary Gazette.

"Wild as is the source of these adventures, they are in themselves characterised by nature and verisimilitude."—Court Magazine.

3.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GERMAN LIFE. 2 vols.

"These pictures of German Life have an interest which we consider perfectly irresistible."—Sunday Times.

4.

OUR ISLAND;

Comprising FORGERY, and THE LUNATIC.

"These tales place in the strongest possible light the oppressions that are endured."—Weekly Dispatch.

"There is a great share of talent in these tales."—Literary Gazette.

[redacted]

£.

AIMS AND ENDS:

AND

OONAGH LYNCH:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CARWELL."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, HOLLES STREET.
1833.

151.

London: Printed by S. Bentley, Dorset Street.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of "Carwell," when that tale was first published, was blamed by some for having claimed attention to distresses too mean for sympathy, and characters too degraded for compassion. Her hope in writing that story, was to interest, by describing feelings true to nature.

But this reproach, combined with the assurance of friends and publishers, that it required more aristocratic affliction to interest the novel-reading public, has induced her to attempt a story in the style at present considered the most popular. This must be the apology for a sort of flippancy, which ought not to survive

"The frail, vain hopes of youth."

ADVERTISEMENT.

Oonagh Lynch is of a different and more romantic description. The preference shown to either of these stories, will decide the caste of any future fiction attempted by the same writer, should she again appear before the public.

AIMS AND ENDS.

La felicité est dans le gout, et non par dans les choses; et c'est par avoir ce qu'on aime qu'on est heureux, non par avoir ce que les autres trouvent aimable.—Rochefoucauld.

" The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares."

AIMS AND ENDS.

CHAPTER I.

If you are young, handsome, and have just completed the most anxious toilette you ever accomplished in your life, you will be able to comprehend the immense pleasure and satisfaction with which Olinda Vavasour looked at herself, in a large swing glass on a certain Tuesday. Nay, perhaps, if you are neither young nor handsome, if you are in the habit of looking in large swing glasses, you will comprehend the nature of her amusement. I am sorry to give you the idea of her possessing so large a share of vanity, but truth obliges me to

confess, that she not only regarded herself *en face*, with considerable attention for some minutes, but by the aid of a little mermaid-looking glass which she held in her hand, she contrived to obtain some idea of the effect her profile *might* produce, and some transitory glimpses of the back of her head and waist; though in this last contemplation she had not an opportunity of indulging to satiety, partly from the small size of the hand-glass, and partly because the second dinner bell rang a deafening peal, and Mrs. Shuldham, Lady Portbury's femme de chambre, covered with frills and flounces, entered to request Miss Vavasour would go to that lady, that they might descend together to the drawing-room.

"I wanted to see how you have dressed yourself, Olinda—pretty well—but that ringlet hangs too low; and what a pity your hair is so dark, it would really be pretty if it was five or six shades lighter," continued Lady Portbury, complacently looking on her own dressing-glass,

which reflected a pretty face and a profusion of bright hair, which her friends called auburn, and her foes called *red*; "but come, we are shockingly late."

While they are descending, it must be known that this is Olinda's first appearance in London, or indeed, anywhere; the eighteen years she had lived having been spent tête-à-tête with her mother, in a cottage in Wales, to which retirement they had been condemned by poverty, the consequence of Mr. Vavasour's having spent a good fortune early in life.

Mrs. Vavasour was accomplished, and had taken great pains in Olinda's education. Their cottage was close to the gate of a magnificent castle. The proprietor had been a friend of Vavasour's, and never visited his Welsh castle, except for three weeks in the shooting season; during the remainder of the year, Mrs. Vavasour made ample use of a splendid library and grand piano, which he begged she would consider as her own; and these advantages were all

the assistance she obtained in educating her daughter. In this undertaking she had been, in many respects, very successful, but she had committed some mistakes; and, as is most usual, she had erred more in the cultivation of Olinda's disposition than in that of her talents; in fact, young ladies are taught with more care to play the piano, than to regulate their tempers, and it is less difficult to remember the chronology of the Roman history than to forget you have a pretty face. But the latter fact was impressed on Olinda's memory by her mother sometimes having the imprudence to remark it, and she had the further indiscretion to let her daughter know she thought her clever, and it will not therefore be considered as remarkable that Olinda brought a very favourable opinion of herself to town with her.

On the death of Mrs. Vavasour, somebody had suggested to Lord Portbury that it would be good-natured of him "to do something" for his uncle Vavasour's daughter, and it naturally

occurred to him that the best thing to do for a pretty girl was to show her.

Olinda came, and all the loose money which arose from the sale of the furniture and effects at the Welsh cottage was vested in a neat but not very splendid wardrobe, fashioned under the inspection of Lady Portbury.

This lady had been ill for a fortnight, consequently no strangers had been admitted, and this dinner was the first dawn of London society on Olinda's eyes. Her expectations were much raised when she entered the drawing-room with Lady Portbury. At the same moment the opposite door was opened, and the Duke of Desmond was announced.

Olinda had never seen or spoken to any man in her life except the curate of her Welsh parish, the apothecary, one attorney, and two farmers, and her intercourse with these chosen few had been extremely limited; she had therefore a very vague idea of what would be the appearance and manner of a distinguished

and agreeable man. She thought it not unlikely he would be tall and graceful, with black whiskers, and cheeks either cherry-red or deadly pale; that he would play the flute, speak pretty verses extempore; be very polite and obliging, and greatly addicted to making love, and that love the real, old, original, respectful, heroic love, that is more frequently read of in elderly novels than seen in young gentlemen.

The title of Duke, and euphonious name of Desmond, made her take the earliest opportunity of examining the possessor of both, but he possessed apparently few of the requisites for a hero; he was an awkward, middle-aged, heavy-looking man, with thin hair, that hesitated whether it should be green or yellow, like hay ill got in.

Next arrived MM. St. Mirval and Desottises, both belonging to the French embassy. The appearance of the first was rather promising; he was decidedly handsome and gentlemanlike;

but of M. Desottises there was no hope—he stammered and squinted.

Then came a viscount, and two barons, with Irish titles. All that could be said of these peers was, that had you gazed on them for four hours, and they had then quitted the apartments for one hour, it would have been hardly possible to have remembered which was which when they came back again.

Again the door opened for Mr. Preston Fleetwood. He looked sensible, and like a gentleman, but he was very dark, and slightly marked with the small-pox.

A cabinet minister, an Hungarian count, a young foreign prince, and two more Lords, completed the male ingredients of this party. Two foreign ladies, who were supposed to interest the prince and the count, and the wives of two of the peers, were the female guests.

The conversation during dinner was not particularly edifying. A discussion respecting the

mode of dressing a particular dish, the comparative merits of several cooks, of whose works some of the gentlemen had eaten and judged, were the leading topics. Afterwards, a singer, the quality of her voice, her features, figure, degree of estimation in Italy and France, salary, &c. &c. was treated of with a degree of earnestness very remarkable.

Upon the whole the culinary discourse seemed to elicit the deeper feeling of the company. But as the company was large enough to break into by-conversation, one of the Irish peers, who had the misfortune to be a project-monger, poured into the unwilling ear of his neighbour a plan for drawing an ardent spirit from the blossom of the blind-nettle, which liquor, like all newly-discovered messes, was to have the virtue of every medicine in the world. Another of the guests, who was cursed with a taste for landscape-gardening, described all he had done, and would do, to his place in the country.

Olinda was between these beaux; and as the

staple of their conversation was addressed to their neighbours on the other side (except those civilities which a dining-table forces from gentlemen to the lady next them), her entertainment consisted, on the right, of a low murmur, bringing to her ear occasionally the words "shell—marle—clumps—rising ground—sunk fence—and fine effect." On the left, "juice expressed—alcohol—quantity—proof-spirit—cooling astringents—wholesome," with other terms delightful to a chemist's ear, but affording little refreshment to those of a young lady. Olinda pardoned the brewer of blind-nettle—he was old, and had a sort of married look about the collar of his coat; but that excuse could not extend to the schemer in landscape—he was not ugly, and could not be thirty.

"How very rude smart men are!" said she mentally; "after all I cannot be so pretty as I imagined."

She then turned her eyes and thoughts to the more distant members of the society, but

heard nothing very interesting. Some one at length began to speak of the fortifications of a town on the Continent; a voice in reply quoted the opinion of M. Vauban, and in a tone so distinct and musical, that it caught Olinda's whole attention, and though all she knew of Vauban was, that he was an engineer, and of fortification the simple meaning of the word, she felt that the speaker was a clever man, and the only one in the room; she perceived it was Mr. Preston Fleetwood.

The ladies rose, and soon proceeded to the Opera, with which Olinda was much delighted.

For the next six weeks Lord Portbury gave constantly two or three large dinners every week, eating and seeing eat being the principal pursuit of his life; the intermediate days, if he did not dine out, he had two or three men at his table: and in this way his society was very various, for he cared more about what was on the table than who were round it; and that more for the reputation of his

table, than for his share in its consumption. He had attained the *acme* of his ambition when he learned that an experienced gourmand had said, "that no man had such a cook as Portbury," or that his claret was the best in London.

He took the same interest in Lady Portbury's appearance that he had in his handsome service of gilt-plate—he liked to see his wife and dishes look bright. A handsome woman at one end of his table bore the same relation to the *coup d'œil* of the dinner as the plateau in the middle; and his taste in both did Lord Portbury honour.

In conversation he was a lavish proser, though talking principally at dinner, which he looked upon rather as a duty in a host.

Lady Portbury was several years younger than her Lord, very pretty and very vain; she had shed a few tears when her friends first advised her to marry Lord Portbury, but ardently wishing to be rich and great, she at

last made up her mind, and was afterwards agreeably surprised to find that being rich, and great, and handsome, were enough for her happiness: her business was to dress; her amusement to be admired. She was too young to wish for an admirer, to prove that she was still admirable; but she liked to occupy a good deal of time and attention, and to receive a certain portion of flattery, from those young men whose approbation was most prized at the time; but they were treated rather as courtiers than lovers, and came not "near enough to be denied." In her female friends she only required rank and fashion, and did not dislike them for being her inferiors in moral conduct, if they acknowledged it by a tribute of submissive flattery.

From this pair, it may be supposed no opinion could proceed but what was most worldly and anti-romantic—consequently, most wholesome and improving for a mind just imported from Wales; and Olinda listened with respect

to all that was new to her, from a consciousness that she was now in a *terra incognita*—everybody appeared interesting, and everything a study.

Olinda had often thought herself comfortable, and even gay, when the red curtains were let down over the little parlour windows of her mother's cottage of an autumn evening, the fire blazed, the bright brass kettle boiled for their tea, when she used to sit down, with the appetite of fifteen, to the brown loaf and new-churned butter, after having filled the green china baskets with dahlias, mignonette, asters, and cluster-roses. Yet the evening promised no other entertainment than the company of the tabby-cat, the piano, some volumes of history or poetry, her work, or, the utmost stretch of dissipation, the arrival of the old curate, with a three days old London newspaper in his hand for Mrs. Vavasour, or some old book which he thought might amuse her daughter.

At the hour when that scene was displayed

in the cottage, in Grosvenor Square a flood of light was poured from the high gilt candelabra on Lord Portbury's dining-table, where the labours of his accomplished French cook were smoking for eighteen or twenty persons of fashion, the greater part of whom only ate to criticise, and experimentally as it were, few of the guests having in reality waited till half past eight in the evening; but there is an *air de fête* on such occasions, which gives an idea such a party ought to be gay.

Olinda did not discover at first, that there is often more grace than cheerfulness, more good-breeding than good-will. One day Lady Portbury said, "There are a good many people to dine with us to-morrow, Olinda, and one person that will charm you; there never was anything like Lady Montarran,—so graceful! Oh, you will be delighted with her. And there will be Lord Portbury's sister, Lady Juliana Dixon, but she is a most shocking bore; really, I always dread her visit. She stays a week,

and it seems to me like seven years. If it happened oftener than once a year, one must die of it—it is as much as I can bear."

Olinda looked forward with some curiosity to the dinner, and followed Lady Portbury with observing eyes. The first persons that arrived were some of the gentlemen who were the most usual dining guests at the house.

Lady Juliana had arrived in the morning, and having retired to her dressing-room early, Olinda had not yet seen her, and now she entered, to the great surprise of those who knew she was near fifty, in a costume suited to a beauty of sixteen. She had been very pretty, arising from those advantages that belong to the very earliest bloom of youth; and before the usual time her slight figure grew angular, her smooth cheek hollow and pale, the bright profusion of fair curls had diminished to a handful, and even her friends and flirts owned that "Lady Juliana was quite *passée*." Material changes take place every day, without being visible to those most

concerned in them, and to Lady Juliana alone were these mutations in her exterior as totally unsuspected as on the day she ran away with the late Colonel Dixon, just thirty years before she assisted at this dinner of Lord Portbury's!

Her scraggy form, instead of being wrapped in substantial *gros de naples*, or fat French satin, displayed the meagre insufficiency of white tulle; her hair furnished five or six straw-coloured cork-screws, which were surmounted by a wreath of the palest blush-roses, mingled with jasmine, and her petticoat seemed to partake of the nature of Sir Caradoc's lady's "shrinking mantle," ere she had eked its length by the strange expedient of confessing her fault. Among the deficiencies of her toilette, a well-wisher might also deplore the absent tippet, and the trifling attempt at compensation set forth in a narrow blonde tucker!

Ere Olinda had obtained a satisfactory survey of this juvenile elderly, she was interrupted by the entrance of Lord and Lady Montarran: the

former looked dark, creditable, and statesman-like, had the reputation of a very sensible man, which few persons could contradict from their own observation, as in society his proportion of the conversation was confined to the occasional utterance of a deep hoarse "humph!" which sounded like "a clamour in a vault," and might be interpreted according to the construction the hearers made on his Lordship's emphasis; but Lady Montarran was grace and dignity personified—her long dark eyes beamed with an expression of sensibility and sweetness.

When Lady Portbury introduced Olinda to her, Lady Montarran spoke a few words of such cordial kindness, such graceful interest—her manner was at once so gentle and animated—that Olinda, who inwardly contrasted her salutation with the haughty bend, the cold carelessness of the other great ladies she had seen, could not help thinking she had at length met with perfection.

Lady Juliana, who had been speaking apart to

Lord Portbury, now advanced to pay her compliments to Lady Montarran, whose soft eyes sparkled as she took her hand, and exclaimed, "Dearest Lady Juliana, how very happy I am to meet you! you cannot guess how grateful I am to Lady Portbury for giving me this opportunity of seeing a little of you. What an age it is since we last met! and you are looking so well! quite as lovely as ever! absolutely girlish.

"Hey-day!" said Olinda to herself, "this charming person is certainly too partial to her friends! though she seems to judge strangers so accurately!" for she could not bear to distrust her judgment, which had seemed so favourable to her.

A third female guest appeared in Lady Grimthorpe, and she did not make a very favourable impression; she was short and thick, with a broad hooked nose, and much shade about her brow, which gave her gloomy countenance a sort of resemblance to a bullfinch in ill humour; her movements were *brusque*, and she spoke in a

jerking objurgatory tone, which seemed enough to alarm a timid, and rouse a pugnacious spirit; however Olinda saw her received with the same placid and tranquil welcome as the preceding guests.

Perhaps nothing is more surprising to a novice in this world's ways than the inscrutable equality with which a well-bred hostess receives a large company, the members of which are of equal rank, but differing in degree of *agrément*; while to a company where the guests differ in rank there is a permitted and slight, but detectable, difference of reception and manner: and to execute this difference adroitly and gracefully is the most rare accomplishment of a distinguished hostess. At this moment I can recollect but four who reached the utmost point of address in this game.

Mr. Fleetwood was among the gentlemen; he usually dined twice or three times a week with Lord Portbury, but had latterly incurred Olinda's disapprobation, principally because he

conversed with the married ladies, and treated her, she thought, with peculiar disregard. She still saw he was clever, and liked to listen to him; but as she began to attract the notice of some other members of the society, it appeared due to her dignity as a belle, to be particularly reserved and cold to so refractory a beau, and he either did not see, or did not mind, this heroic line of conduct.

This party took place on a Sunday evening; they did not disperse to various assemblies, but some sat down to cards and others to converse. A fancy seized Lady Portbury to play whist, and wanting a fourth person for the table, she desired Olinda to sit down. She knew little of cards, and regarded with horror the proposition of joining in such an amusement on Sunday, but on Lady Portbury saying rather contemptuously, "Heavens! Olinda, what affectation! where is the harm? Is it not better than talking ill of our acquaintances?" (as if scandal was a necessary alterna-

tive for those who did not play.) Olinda hesitated, blushed, looked distressed and undecided.

Fleetwood was seated with his back to her, talking earnestly to Lady Montarran, and bending forward, suddenly turned his head and said, "What surprising weakness, Miss Vavasour! though this playing cards is an action entirely indifferent in my eyes, if you think it wrong it is wrong for you to do it; do not be laughed out of your opinion." Then rising, he entreated Lady Portbury's leave to join the whist-table, which was of course granted.

Olinda would have been grateful for the relief he had afforded her, had she not been displeased by the didactic manner in which his assistance was offered. And as people often are more offended at a deserved accusation than at one which their conscience assures them is unjust; perhaps a latent suspicion that she was too easily moved by sarcasm or entreaty,

made the reproach of Mr. Fleetwood more unpalatable than it might otherwise have proved.

When he joined the card-table, Lady Juliana sat down in the chair he had quitted, and said to Olinda, "I am so glad to find you are unsophisticated and hate cards; that is just like me, I hate all worldly occupations —give me roses, birds, and rural occupation, a few books — I can't live without books — the intercourse of intimate friends, and an attached lover."

Olinda thought it was time Lady Juliana should erase the last article from her catalogue of luxuries; perhaps she looked as if she thought so, for Lady Juliana resumed, "Of course I mean, as regards myself, a devoted husband, which in fact is the same thing, one whose attachment has the same intensity and freshness at the end of thirty or forty years, as when he was first subjugated."

"Subjugated!" exclaimed Lady Grimthorpe; "nobody was ever subjugated for thirty or forty years, except *vi et armis*. Dear Lady Juliana, you will quite mislead Miss Vavasour, by this sort of doctrine, to expect such benignity and condescension from her husband, that she will be the most unhappy wife in Christendom if she believes you."

"No," said Lady Juliana, "I am sure she also will find her counterpart, and be as fortunate as I am; persons who make the heart their guide acquire a sort of science of divination, that rarely allows them to mistake their road to happiness. That is the blessing of being what the world calls romantic."

At this period of Lady Juliana's discourse, all those who knew her best and were within hearing, were seized with the same sort of shuddering that Asmodeus felt when the conjuror recalled him to his bottle; and the looks of those who had least mastery over their features expressed a sort of smothered reproach

to Lady Grimthorpe for drawing this eloquence forth, particularly as it seemed but the *entamure* of a disquisition that might run to length.

Lady Juliana had just arranged herself and drapery in an attitude that twenty-five years sooner would have displayed both to the greatest advantage, when a small rose-coloured note was brought her, and after looking at it she said, "I must go for an hour to poor Mrs. Harrington; I really have not seen her for five minutes to-day, and there is nothing more painful to me than to seem for a moment regardless of the call of friendship."

The rose-coloured call of friendship was reinforced by Mrs. Harrington's carriage, which bore off Lady Juliana. As she passed Lady Montarran, who seized her hand, and pressing it said, "Don't forget to come and see me, and remember to come up; I am always at home for *you*, and the people I love, though I am so quiet of a morning, and keep out the

crowd, but I shall be really angry if you do not come."

Lady Juliana vowed she would come the very next day, adding, "That her heart felt always more light near Lady Montarran, whose tenderness formed a sort of climate in which she breathed more freely."

Lord Portbury and one of his friends departed to Brookes's.

Lady Portbury having finished her whist, sat down by Lady Montarran, saying, "With what patience and good-humour you endure Lady Juliana's boring ways! really she is too dreadful!"

"Quite horrid!" replied Lady Montarran, in the same sweet quiet tone which had already captivated Olinda's heart; "she is much more silly than she used to be, or it is more apparent, from her having grown so much older; and it is so melancholy to see her looking so like the Witch of Endor in a wreath of roses."

"How I shall pity you to-morrow, Lady

Montarran; she will sit twenty ages, talking of love and friendship to you: why will you let her come?"

"Oh, I could not avoid asking her as an old friend, but I have long since desired that she might never be admitted upon any occasion whatever; you know I can't be rude and ill-natured, but she is such an infliction! and she looks so very ugly, perhaps from sitting by *you*."

"How good-natured you always are!" said Lady Portbury.

"Not *always*," thought Olinda: after a pause she said, "Since Lady Juliana avows herself to be romantic, how fortunate she is in having met with a person of the same way of thinking!"

"Of whom are you speaking, Olinda?"

"Of Colonel Dixon. Lady Juliana says——"

"Oh, my dear, that is one of her frenzies: he is a bluff vulgar Irishman, looking like the Great Mogul on a pack of cards, and whooping

like a chorus of boatswains; he throws down all the china, and stumbles over every body whenever he walks across the room; but you will see him, and then judge for yourself; and you will *hear* him, *ce qui vaut mieux encore*, perhaps long *before* you see him; for, when he talks in Cockspur-street, he 's quite audible in Grosvenor-square; and when he laughs!—oh!—One day in the Regent's Park, I thought it was some wild beast roaring from the Zoological Gardens, yet I believe he was not more near than North Audley-street."

The party soon broke up, and Olinda saw Lady Montarran's graceful and kind adieu, with something of diminished confidence.

CHAPTER II.

PEOPLE are not always eating or flirting even in London; though the former is in many respectable persons' opinion the great business, and the latter the chief amusement of life. Our late King William, whose "glorious memory" begins to be forgotten, is said to have observed, that "clergymen imagined a soldier's sword always in his hand;" and that "young ladies thought lovers were always making love:"—with regard to young ladies of very rural education, he might have added that they consider London as a great magazine for lovers,

where enough may be found for the whole female world.

Olinda soon discovered the abundance was not so striking as she had been disposed to think; on the other hand, the abundance of pretty girls who sought them, (and with more diligence than Astarte looked for basilisks,) was remarkable. She began to think rather more humbly of her attractions, and forgave Mr. Fleetwood's insensibility, respecting his opinion rather the more for his disregard. Seeing him then as a man "out of the question" and constantly near her, they soon grew well acquainted.

Olinda perceived that almost all the rest of the society in which she lived were of very inferior understanding. During a short time, her total ignorance of the world veiled this discovery from her eyes, which naturally looked with respect at those who she concluded knew every thing she did not know. All the sub-

jects they discussed being those of the passing day, were entirely new to her, and consequently she felt how much she was wanting in their wisdom.

Of what use is it to be perfectly conversant with past history, if all your acquaintance remember nothing previous to the battle of Waterloo? You may have Moliere, Racine, and Shakspeare by heart, but they only think of the comedy that was performed for the first time last night at Covent Garden. You remember reading the poetry of Dryden, Pope, &c. "*mais nous avons changé tout cela.*" Roses, nightingales, and moons, helped by-gone poets to their similes; but every lawyer's clerk that addresses a sonnet to a lady's maid writes Gul—Bul-bul—and Phingari.

So Olinda found that all she had been taking so much pains to acquire, was entirely forgotten and unknown in the world. The very music she had hitherto played was too antiquated for the hand-organs in the street; and her situ-

ation seemed much akin to that of the celebrated sleeping beauty in the wood on rising from her five hundred years of slumber. She felt how provoking it was to be old-fashioned at eighteen years of age, and that it is easier to new-model your sleeves than your mind.

Another embarrassment was the mysterious cousinhood and propinquity that exist in the best society; everybody being related to everybody, and branching off, and interweaving, like a flourishing bed of camomile. This, with the difficulties presented by the difference of names and titles, formed a science of such recondite profundity, that she was almost driven to the desperate expedient of committing the whole of Debrett's Peerage to memory.

It has been observed that she began to think more humbly of herself: it is necessary to remark, however, that she thought herself as pretty as before; but other things, as rank, riches, and fashion had risen so much in her estimation, that beauty (unless when getting in

a plentiful crop of flattery) seemed of less consequence; and the talents that she once had flattered herself she possessed, seemed as little the current coin of those around her, as a purse full of cowries would be to the affable administrators of the treasures displayed at James and Howell's."

To shallow observers she appeared a remarkably gentle, modest girl, rather silent and timid; but Preston Fleetwood thought he saw a mine of vanity and ambition, of which the world would not fail to fire the train, and some talent, which the possessor still occasionally suspected to be of value. Still, he thought, "her vanity is acute, not chronic; of a sort that time, reflection, and the influence of better feelings, will hereafter repress, and but for evil example, and her peculiar situation, might not have ever been called forth." It seemed an act of charity to counteract the operation of all the silly opinions and false judgments she daily heard from others; and the exhibition of his good-

best to make him idle, he had many temptations.

He had seen a good deal of the world, and seen it, (as most indigent young men have an opportunity of doing,) the *seamy side without:* his heart was too large and generous to be narrowed by the view; he felt the most perfect good-will to others, but he felt little confidence in their disposition towards him, and was hasty sometimes in forming unfavourable judgments of the motives of their actions; but he saw misconduct in many ways, without expressing irritation, and his friends respected and feared his judgment, because he divined them; and forgave his acuteness, because he rarely attempted to mend them. People who see a great deal, are very apt to think they see every thing; the conscious possessors of great penetration sometimes find motives in others which do not exist: *on peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais non plus fin que tous les autres*, and Mr.

Fleetwood did not keep this valuable truth always in mind.

"Lord Sedley dines here to-day, Olinda; you ought to make him fall in love with you somehow. I assure you, his uncle is just dead, he has forty thousand a-year, and looks as if he would marry somebody, if they would just put him in mind of it."

"Then I suppose," said Olinda, blushing and laughing a little, "that I am required to put him in mind of it."

"No doubt, Miss Vavasour," said Fleetwood, "and you should lose no time in making this important suggestion."

"Selina," said Lord Portbury, "his fortune is 37,000*l.* and not 40,000*l.* a-year."

"Well, Lord Portbury, it 's almost the same thing."

"Not at all; one should always be correct in statements; and I 'll tell you why I know 'tis 37,000*l.* a-year, and no more:—His tutor

was half-brother to Mr. Sidney—You remember Sidney, Fleetwood?—By-the-by, did you ever know a woman who squinted like his wife? And yet her sister was a pretty girl, and did not squint at all. I don't mean the sister that married Ravenshaw; for though she was pretty enough, *she did* squint. Yet she was *twice* married; for Ravenshaw died of an ague. Poor fellow! not that he would have died of the ague, I believe, if they had let him alone; but somebody persuaded him to take 'Fowler's Arsenical Solution,' the most dangerous medicine! But, indeed, so are all quack medicines: I cannot endure them. I would not let my dog swallow a quack medicine, except those pills, Juliana, that my grandmother, Lady Clandaffan, used to make a fuss about. Don't you remember? She even persuaded old Sir Sallensby Jones to swallow them; and yet he was more willing to swallow claret than pills. Capital claret, too, he

had at Castle-Jones. I wonder who hunts that country now. I had such a fall once at Castle-Jones!—But what was I saying? Oh! Sedley's rent-roll is——"

There is no knowing accurately how many times Lord Portbury might have lost the thread of his discourse, before he satisfactorily proved the amount of Lord Sedley's income. But all the relief the company by this time ardently desired, was obtained unexpectedly. There arose a noise in the lower part of the house, which gradually approached the drawing-room: doors clapped—boots creaked—voices hallooed—furniture fell—the lap-dog barked—somebody stumbled—somebody shrieked:—at last, the folding-doors opened, as Lady Portbury exclaimed,

"If this is not an earthquake, or a band of marrow-bones and cleavers, it must be——"

"Well, here I am, Lady Portbury; I hope you 've been well since I had the pleasure

of seeing you last? I am glad to see you, Portbury. Juliana, my old girl, how goes it with you?"

This joyous greeting was spoken by a large, red-faced, but handsome-looking vulgar man, six feet four inches in height, whose face was fortified by bushy whiskers, as well as moustaches, and burnished by foreign sunbeams and domestic drink.

The vulgarity of a military man, who has really travelled and served, is seldom so oppressive as that which is home-brewed and natural; and the best thing that could be said for Colonel Dixon's manners was, that they might have been worse, had he flourished a "home-keeping" squire in his native county of Carlow. But he was a younger brother, and, from his sixteenth year, had not seen home for more than three weeks at a time, during the course of thirty years. Nay, he had seen less of Ireland than of almost any other part of the world; yet the tone, and

even the phrases, of that highly-favoured island, clung to his conversation as if he had but just left it.

Lady Portbury received him with languid civility and secret horror, her Lord with solemn courtesy, and Lady Juliana with demonstrations of surprise and expressions of joy, which seemed to Olinda less ardent than she expected, after all Lady Juliana had said on the subject of their mutual attachment and conjugal felicity.

The remainder of the morning passed quietly off. Colonel Dixon did not throw down above three of those "*fragiles merveilles*" which decorated Lady Portbury's drawing-room: it is true, his spur caught in her trimming, and divorced it from the gown rather roughly; and afterwards he attempted to sit on the arm of a chair, which broke off, of course. But the spectators most accustomed to his society seemed to think, that, upon the whole, his proceedings were unusually innocuous.

Nevertheless Olinda derived little satisfaction from finding herself seated next him at dinner. Lord Sedley was on the other side; and far from the coy pride of some of the beaux by whom she had been taken to dinner, and who afterwards seemed to regard her as if she had just rushed out of a lazaretto, he seemed much disposed to converse. He first confided to her his having purchased a turning-lathe, and dwelt on its price and praise. Then similar circumstances respecting an invaluable violin; nor did he forget to mention what were the tunes he could execute with the greatest prospect of success; for his science did not seem equal to his zeal in that delightful art: even in his most sanguine statement, it was plain that with him

"Music, heavenly maid, was young."

"But there is one air, Miss Vavasour, I delight in —'In a Cottage near a Wood;' it is so easy: now I am very fond of 'Ally Croker,' but there are

two or three bars I cannot manage: then I was very anxious to play 'All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border,' but really it is so hard; every day, for the last six weeks, have I played and practised three hours a day, and I have not mastered the first part,—think! not even the *first* part. Yet my music-master says he never saw a fellow with half my application, and that if I will but persevere two or three years, I shall completely beat Sir Frederick Pipewell. He is a great friend of mine, but he has no talent for music; he has been nine months learning 'See the Conquering hero comes!'—now I can play *that* without looking at the notes, and one can do no more than practise half the day, and take lessons from the best masters in town. Monti gets three guineas a lesson; *he* says I have more taste than ear, which is nothing, for one's ear improves gradually by constant practice."

Olinda civilly observed that Sir Frederick must be rather slow, and asked if Lord Sedley

had ever tried "Away with Melancholy?" adding the names of some other tunes which had been the first exercises of her musical education,—of which he earnestly besought her to write down the names, and soon grew so interested and amused by her conversation, that he could neither hear nor see any thing else.

His demand upon her as a listener was so unremitting, that Lady Portbury's signal for rising would have been unnoticed but for every body's simultaneous move. At that moment her eyes met those of Mr. Fleetwood, which were fixed on her with an expression of scornful irony: they seemed to say—"So, Lady Portbury's prudent counsel is not lost on you."

Olinda blushed deeply, yet felt that Fleetwood's eyes treated her unjustly. She had not thought of attracting Lord Sedley's notice, but happening to sit by him, she had endeavoured, from civility, to talk of those things that might interest him. 'Tis true, finding that she had made herself agreeable, she wished to know

how much more so she could be in the estimation of this musical Cymon—a very usual curiosity in female minds. "How disagreeable," said she internally, "to have so censorious a person as Mr. Fleetwood always at one's elbow! I am glad he is not my brother, or——"

She slowly followed the matrons into the drawing-room. When the gentlemen came up-stairs, Lord Sedley came straight to Olinda, to consult her farther on his musical studies. He had hardly time to utter a sentence, when the uproarious approach of Colonel Dixon on the other side attracted the attention of the whole party: he, in a hoarse titter, exclaimed, "Well, Miss Vavasour, by Jove! I think you've done for my Lord Sedley, however! Well done, by Jove!"

Colonel Dixon's whisper would have been audible over a much larger apartment than that which contained the party, who had the advantage of hearing it distinctly, except Lord Sedley, who was so intent to obtain Olinda's coun-

sel, and examine her features, that the whole observation passed unheeded by him.

Olinda was very weary of her beau, and though Fleetwood never talked to her in a large party, or if other young men were present, yet this evening he stood with his back to her, talking of politics with some elderly man so earnestly, that nothing reached her ear but the word "government," and that so often that she wished for universal anarchy, that the subject might not be again discussed.

Before it concluded for the evening, Lady Portbury carried Olinda off to three assemblies, from whence she returned with her hair out of curl (for the night was wet), feeling cross, and looking sleepy, as well she might; for at each of the parties Lord Sedley had mounted guard, as it were, over her conversation, and did not give room for more than a bow from any other person whatsoever.

"Well, Olinda," said Lady Portbury, the

fifth evening of Lord Sedley's attendance, "I must say you are a lucky girl; Lord Sedley is quite attentive to you."

"It is because I talk to him of music," said Olinda sadly, "and he is music-mad."

"I beg your pardon, he seems quite fixed to your chair, even when Clara Barnby is by, and she is a beauty and an heiress, and I am sure would talk of a whale fishery if that amused him; and Lady Maria Winterton was quite out of humour last night, because he would not leave you: she said to me, 'Bless me, Lady Portbury, what *can* Lord Sedley find to say always to Miss Vavasour! I don't think her the least pretty, and after all, she is nothing to make a fuss about."

Olinda had heard the first part of her friend's speech with indifference, but when her foe was spoken of, (for such she reckoned Lady Maria,) her eyes lighted, and her attention was fixed. Lady Maria was absolutely such to Olinda on

all occasions, and she looked, whenever they met, as a sportsman looks at a poacher he finds in his preserve.

Lady Maria was envious and proud; Olinda was vain, capable of jealousy, but not of envy; and Lady Maria's disdainful glances and contemptuous manner gave her less displeasure, than a habit of conversing with Mr. Fleetwood, in which that young lady indulged, and would probably have made it a constant practice, could she have guessed that it annoyed Olinda, but of that valuable secret she was not possessed, and therefore only talked to Fleetwood because he was agreeable. She could not entertain any design on a man who was not a *grand parti*, but flirted, as a relaxation from the serious pursuit of Lord Sedley. She was handsome, at all times merry, and flattering when in a good humour; and Fleetwood cheerfully accepted her notice without expecting or wishing for any thing farther.

Lady Juliana, the last day but one of her

visit to her brother, had insisted upon going to see the tombs in Westminster Abbey; Olinda had accompanied her; but Lady Portbury had been shopping, as she made it a rule, she said, not to go to *sights*. At dinner she enquired if they had seen any thing to recompense them for spending two hours in a damp cold church.

"Oh," replied Lady Juliana, "I went as a sort of correction for the thoughtless dissipation into which London always seduces one, to call my mind home; I always go there just before I leave town."

"By Jove! I wish you would go there when you first come to town, Juliana," said Colonel Dixon, "and then, perhaps, you would spend less money in it, after your *correction*, as you call it. I 'd like 'to call your mind home' before you have secured me a bill as long as my leg, from those fellows in Regent-street: but it is when the 'steed 's stolen shut the stable-door,' if you go poking among tombs when you have spent all your money."

Nobody thought fit to notice this conjugal tirade. "A visit to the Cimetière of Pere la Chaise," said Fleetwood, "would not produce such a sober effect. The tombs are so gay, worldly, and dressed in that 'city of the silent,' that the dead seemed only to have hid themselves in a frolic."

"Yes," said Lady Portbury, "and the stiff garlands of everlastings they sell at the gate, only remind me how much better the artificial flowers are in the Rue St. Denis."

"Oh, Lady Portbury," exclaimed Lady Juliana, "must I always complain of your want of sensibility? But I am sure, Mr. Fleetwood, you will allow that some of the tombs suggest the most affecting associations?"

"Yes, some undoubtedly. For instance, I observed two enclosed burying-places adjoining each other. One of them was covered with garlands, urns full of flowers, and every variety of funereal decoration in use, but these had ceased to be ornamental; faded by the weather, it was evident that the hand which had placed

the wreaths long since had abandoned its cares. The adjacent grave was then, and seemed always to have been entirely neglected; no visible mark of attention seemed ever to have been given to the withered grass that covered it. I asked the *concierge* the history of these tombs: he told me the decorated grave was that of an only child; for eight months after its death the mother, in her "long despair," came every day to deck its tomb—she was then placed beside it! That child and she had probably been all to each other, and both graves had ever since remained uncared for."*

"Ah!" replied Lady Juliana, "the next time I am at Paris, I will visit those tombs. How sad!—But, Mr. Fleetwood, tell me what other tomb made most impression on your mind. I was less *attendrie* than I expected, and had not time to observe everything, because I was obliged to hurry off to Madame Herbault's about a bonnet."

* Fact.

"I think the next monument that struck me was one to the memory of the most gay and graceful profligate, C. Stanislaus de Boufflers, of whom one cannot say, '*La natura si fece et poi ruppa la stampa*,' because he was a repetition of Count Anthony Hamilton, perhaps the only writer who ever will resemble him. His tomb is not in itself remarkable: there is an air of gloom about it—a half-withered willow and some other tree kept the sun from shining on it, and his very name brings roses, gaiety, and sunbeams to one's mind. I should never have looked for him in that grave."

"I have never seen his works," said Olinda.

"Most probably not: I should not recommend them to the instructors of youth: he is as immoral as witty."

"Faith, then, we have no loss of the fellow," said Colonel Dixon.

Lord Portbury's family, soon after Lady Juliana's visit concluded, prepared for that annual migration from London, to which so

many heavy hearts and empty purses are condemned about the middle of July. As to Lord Portbury, whose existence was everywhere mechanical, if he went out of town at the usual time and in the usual way, he was contented; but his wife was a good deal discomposed by a change which could not afford her any pleasure. In the country she could see but a few of those who composed her London society. Fanover Castle was a journey of two hundred miles, and a serious business to those whose interests and engagements kept them habitually near town.

Besides not seeing those whom she did like, she had the mortification of seeing a great many whom she positively disliked, but to whom she was obliged to be civil. Neighbours, relations, the host of anomalies that improvement drew about a great house, and the still greater host to whom the proprietor of a large estate is spell-bound by electioneering interests —all these were abhorred by Lady Portbury.

does walking; besides, it is fatiguing; s
cise is cut off, except an airing in a
barouche, or a little drive in a pony-ch
the flower-garden.

She never quitted the house, but fore
this sedentary prospect, Lady Portbury b
with her a waggon load of every sort of m
for ornamental work, silk, cotton, thread,
twist, foil, spangles, chenille, not forg
canvas enough for the rigging of a three-d
and a barrel of small beads, every s
pattern for every sort of work, and ever
of instrument used in work. Her m
preparations were on the same extensive
and comprehended every song, quadrille
sonata that had appeared that season.

nent bookseller, who had furnished her with a quantity of novels, with such titles as the following:—"A Glance at the Season;" "Dukes and Duchesses;" "Last Opera Night;" "Tompkins Horner, by a Dustman;" and "Jubbins, or a Month at the Tread-mill:" there were some volumes of poetry prettily bound, particularly one in rose-coloured kid, entitled "Sprigs of Lemon Thyme:" then there was "The Lute of a Mourner," in yellow and gold,—all destined to dwell in the gay bookcases of the breakfast room at Fanover Castle, and very worthy of the undisturbed repose they would there enjoy.

The family arrived, and Olinda, as she beheld the splendid comfort of all the arrangements, wondered at Lady Portbury's listless indifference and frequent yawns. When she saw a profusion of interesting and valuable books, the most beautiful green-house plants, the comfortable and luxurious furniture, a fine collection of pictures, every table in the library covered with folios of valuable prints, the

rich summer foliage,

tempted to make the same exclamation
terms more polite) that the King of S
applies to Johnnie Armstrong and his
the old Scotish ballad:

> "What wants this knave
> That a king should have,
> But the sword of honour and the crown!"

"I wonder you don't like this room,
Portbury," said Olinda, as they passed th
door of the library.

"Oh no, my dear! it smells so of l
leather, and carved oak looks so melan
and I never read the sort of books one
there. When the house is full it is bearabl
not now. Just after I was married, I was

to make my maid sit in the room all the evening, and to have two footmen stand outside the door. The pink-tent-room, next my dressing-room, is the only spot I like when we have not a party, for there I don't see the trees and the river, and I fancy myself in town."

Though few of Lady Portbury's advantages gave her much pleasure separately, she always spoke with pity and wonder, bordering on contempt, of those unlucky beings whose income did not at least reach 10,000*l.* a-year: to travel without four horses and outriders, not to eat off silver plate, appeared, in her eyes, both folly and vice; and so eloquent was she on this subject, that at times Olinda was tempted to think poverty sinful, and a voluntary offence against society.

Riches, however, have their drawbacks: in a few days commenced the predatory incursion of *the neighbours*, that dreaded horde of Vandals. Of course, they were kindly received,

laugh at the rest. An arduous
proved; for, to the favoured mino
erring majority seemed clothed in defe
head to foot. To the female critics,
tume of these unfortunates presented
field for abuse; but their manners a
sons were not forgotten.

Lord Portbury talked pompously of
and ploughs to the elderly men, with
reflections on turnpike-roads, and some
thoughts on bridges. To the young a
addressed observations on partridges, phe
and the locks of fowling-pieces: at least
were the texts to which he had pre-e
his oratory; but, as we have already
he was addicted to digressions, it

she had danced at the last county ball, and told each matron three long stories.

The rites of hospitality thus duly performed, had their effect on the minds of the obliged. The guests departed, agreeing that Lord Portbury was a very good sort of man, and "seemed to have a great deal to say." The males loaded his cook with affectionate eulogy. All praised Lady Portbury's beauty, grace, and clothing; and most of the young ladies boasted, that they carried off in their eye the exact shape and structure of her bonnet, tippet, &c. which was forthwith to be copied at home.

These scenes were enacted with several different parties, and then affairs mended. Some London friends were expected, which cheered Lady Portbury's spirits exceedingly. Some few of the country acquaintance remained: among them, a distant relation of Lord Portbury's, named Miss Boyd, and a young man of the name of Thoresby, the son of his tutor:

by the benefit his pupil obtained by his t
perhaps a very high idea of his understa
and acquirements cannot be formed. Bu
is an unfair criterion. Those in the f
who recollect, report him as fond of ver
greatly addicted to fishing, and very g
humoured. In consequence of a very
living his pupil obtained for him, he bec
an object of great attention to a numbe
middle-aged unmarried women in the ne
bourhood; and one who was the most not
effective, and literary of the set, became
Thoresby, and the next year a mother
a widow! Luckily, she was shortly afte
obtain a comfortable independence by the d

and all the neighbourhood said, "Little Thoresby was a prodigy, and a very pretty boy."

Time tries all things: the flaxen, curling hair, white skin, and red cheeks, that made him so pretty at five, were less becoming at twenty-five. In fact, he looked effeminate as a man, and his accomplishments were not exactly those usually displayed by the "browner" sex. He played on the piano-forte and the guitar, and accompanied them with his voice, which, though weak, was agreeable. He painted feathers, shells, and flowers, for all the albums whose proprietors declared "They must have some pretty thing by Mr. Thoresby." He wrote monodies on all the parrots and canary-birds that died; and odes, sonnets, and Anacreontics to all the young ladies he was introduced to. As he was in easy circumstances and delicate health, he was so long in choosing a profession, that, at last, he found out he was not equal to the fatigue of active life: so he spent his life most inoffensively

love, but might be called *sentiment*-mak

It will be plain, from this descripti
Mr. Thoresby was a very nice young m
"very pleasant in a country house;"
Portbury found him so useful in ente
her female guests, and doing the hon
them; Lord Portbury had been used t
and liked him for his old tutor's sake
all these causes combined to make him
ture during the summer season at F
Castle, and to give old Mrs. Thoresb
triumph of saying to the awe-struck m
of her whist-table, "Lord and Lady Po
can't live without my Sam. I assure yo
the life of Fanover Castle."

Young ladies soon grow intimate; as was so sensible, good-humoured, and that Olinda grew to make a friend One day, when Olinda was expressing p at the expected arrival of some of the that in London she had found most able, she described some of those gu Lucy, who seemed amused and interest her account of them.

"By the by, Lucy, do not you find winter society at the vicarage very dull?"

"Why no; but it can hardly be ca society, you know, we live so retired; ye very comfortable. Mr. and Mrs. Johnso very fond of and kind to me, and I am al

spend three hours in my own room, working and reading grave books; then I take a very long walk, sometimes with, sometimes for, Mrs. Johnson. She sends me with physic, or clothes, or advice, to the poor parishioners. Sometimes we visit our very few neighbours, or I walk for mere pleasure, or work in the garden. Then we work for a charitable bazaar, till we dine at five; or, three times a week, I have two poor children to teach, whom I educate."

"You educate!"

"Oh, only in reading, writing, and needlework. Then, on Sundays, between the services, I teach the Sunday-school; then we drink tea at seven, and some persons come now and then to drink tea with us and spend the evening, which concludes at half-past ten."

"And are any of the visitors tolerable?"

"Oh dear, yes! three are pleasant; I cannot say so much for the rest."

"And who are the pleasant three?"

[illegible] is much younger, an
creature: he plays backgammon
Johnson, and she and I work and
Mrs. Johnson, or one of us sometim
an amusing book aloud. And—and—
a man—a young man—who is pleasant.

"A young man! upon my word, I
to hear it, for your sake, Lucy. I wa
Captain Clithero was *pour tout potage*
society. Who is your young man?"

"Why, Lady Portbury or you
hardly count him as one; for I have ol
that you both reckon only fine people
Mr. Watson is only a curate."

"Take care, Lucy, however, that y
not fall in love with this pleasant curat

a beauty, and I an ugly girl, there is a great deal in common to both our situations: yet as young minds are often formed by circumstances, and our destinies

"Shape our ends, rough-hew them how we will,"

it may not be useless for you to hear what I have felt and think; because my experience is quite different from yours; and from some observations I have made, I think the opinions of those you live with seem to influence you too much; your heart and mind are differently constructed from theirs, and the same fate would not satisfy you.

"When I came here six years since, I was of your age, and my feelings and expectations perhaps much the same, when I discovered that my want of grace and beauty condemned me to the vicarage, instead of being a smart Miss in London. I was excessively vexed and humbled. I had spent the summer at Fanover, and had seen just enough of society to give me a wish to see more: the thought

were spent in reading novels, doing
satin-stitch, with intervals of yawning
gret, and I am now ashamed to say,
en tems—a few tears.

" Mrs. Johnson, who observed my u
factory mode of passing the time, at last
' My dear, this place, I know, must be
dull for you after Fanover Castle, and
time passes heavily; but this disagreeable
sequence of retirement after dissipation i
creased by the want of employment.
you adopt a plan of my proposing? if
do not find that it renders your solitude
irksome, give it up at the end of three mo
and pass your time in any way that

and books of amusement which he thought would conduce to my improvement. I did a great deal of needlework for myself and for the poor; and I had the pleasure of learning that much good may be done to the lower classes without money; that she who has little of that to bestow,

'May with her counsel and her hands relieve.'

I assisted Mrs. Johnson to look after the house; I worked in the garden; I never was idle.

"At first all this did not amuse me; on the contrary I was what Lady Portbury calls *bored* with the whole thing, but I was too busy to mourn and fret over it. At the end of three months, I was contented; and though my mind had a little relapse the second autumn that I spent at Fanover, at the end of three years I was happy, and convinced I was never intended for the *beau-monde*.

"Six years have now passed, and though I am often amused here, I go back to the vicarage with more pleasure than I leave it. I am

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson love me as
child, and I am beloved by a sensible
man; I hope to spend my life with Mr
when he has enough to begin house
which he will have when he gets a sm
he has been promised.

"You have now, Olinda, a 'full ac
my life and conversation;' perhaps a l
much of the last. But now to the view
affairs and the application of my history

"Here you are, a beautiful girl, in
society; admired in your presence; w
quit the room, somebody says, 'That M
vasour is *so* lovely! she is *sure* to mal
great match!' How often does Lady P
herself begin a speech with 'Olinda

one that the Lord who (according to the estimation of this world) does a foolish thing, is a man with whom you will like to spend your life; and a *great* choice of *great* matches it is highly improbable you will have. I know you enough to see, that you would not be happy with a disagreeable oaf; but what are the alternatives? To remain single, with the habits and tastes you must acquire in your present circle, on a pittance too small to procure more than the necessaries of life. Now when you are young, new, and admired, this presents nothing very disagreeable; but when you are no longer so situated, can you not foresee that this would prove a most comfortless fate?

"Do not then, my dear Olinda, think it necessary to be great, if among the many who will love you, you should find one likely to make you happy; do not be afraid of narrow fortune and retired life; I am sure you would be happier so circumstanced than with the richest fool you ever saw."

"My dear Lucy, I do entirely agree with you," said Olinda, laughing, "but I am amused with your thinking that it is likely to be in my choice to be a great lady. I have already seen enough of the world to know that men dance with girls because they are pretty, but they do not marry them for that reason. I would not marry a foolish man upon any account. I have not seen anybody, rich or poor, I should like to marry, and am rather touched by your picture of my state of old-maid-ism hereafter, which, of the three lots, I fear, is that which I am most likely to draw.

CHAPTER III.

FANOVER CASTLE was now completely full, with a party exactly suited to the taste of its mistress. The company consisted of those whom Olinda had been in the habit of seeing most frequently in Grosvenor Square.

Among these were three or four young men of fashion, whose admiration was considered the property of married ladies only, but infinitely valuable, as conferring a sort of distinction on the reputed possessors thereof. A portion of these much-prized notices had been given to Lady Portbury, who, though she would not accept or hear a declaration of love, was rigid in demanding admiration from them all. As

much attention as they could spare from pursuits more fully rewarded, Lady Portbury obtained, and had no mind to part with.

When these gentlemen were assembled at Fanover, some of them were rather in want of occupation, as being removed from shrines where their vows were habitually paid, and from clubs where their leisure was principally spent.

What was to be done? they could not *all* talk *all* day to Lady Portbury and Lady Montarran; nobody wanted to talk to Lady Grimthorpe; most of the other ladies were patient hearers to some of their friends. In short, the supply of beaux was greater than the demand: a very unusual and critical circumstance.

In this disette of belles, Lord Frederic Danesford and Sir George Hanbury discovered that Olinda was remarkably handsome, and each took an early opportunity of hinting the discovery to its object; further than this cautious intimation, they did not mean to go, each purposing that his admiration should evaporate in the

last hour he spent at Fanover. Meanwhile to reimburse themselves for such flattering condescension to a *Miss*, they endeavoured to derive as much amusement from her company and conversation as might be found in them.

Olinda knew enough of these gentlemen by reputation, to be aware that their gallantry meant nothing, but that their notice was very flattering, as they never talked to girls; she was well pleased at being so much admired, and listened very graciously. Both the gentlemen were very agreeable, and spared no pains to make her think so.

The first interruption of the general felicity proceeded from the coldness and displeasure which Lady Portbury showed towards Olinda; she frequently found fault with her, and not unfrequently talked *at* her,—a process which never fails to try the patience of its victim to the quick. After vainly trying to appease Lady Portbury by attending to all the reprehensions she received, Olinda at length hit upon the

discovery that the real cause of anger was not the ostensible one; and a little reflection and observation enabled her to see what was the real cause.

Nothing could exceed her anxiety to get rid of the attention which had cost her the good-will of her friend. In London this could easly have been accomplished; but in a country-house, where parties fall into little knots, they are apt so to continue till new arrivals break the spell.

All the party by this time seemed to consider the place on each side of Olinda at dinner as sacred to Lord Frederick and Sir George; and if any tardy and shy squire arrived too late to take up a position considered as common to all at the dinner-table, and by accident shuffled towards either of these chairs, a significant look from a friend, recalled him to a fresh struggle through the footmen, rather than separate those whom "love had knit, and sympathy made one," apparently. Olinda could not seize the

retreating intruder.—If she sat down to the piano, in a moment she was between these assiduous supporters, and all the men stood aloof. Olinda could not say come and listen to me.

Among the latest aids London had afforded the party, was Mr. Fleetwood. He arrived late, and coming after the dinner party were seated (for Lord Portbury never waited for any one), on entering he perceived Olinda with a vacancy on each side. She looked up with a smile of earnest welcome, and he acknowledged the force of the invitation by coming round, and preparing to seat himself at her side. An almost imperceptible look from a man on the opposite side of the table rebuked him, and after a momentary greeting he sat down at some distance.

Another of the guests entered, and just as he was taking possession of the long-vacant chair, he saw it was next Olinda, and took another.

A minute afterwards arrived Lord Frederick, who took it with an air of proprietorship, which

was not lost upon Fleetwood, and which was repeated by Sir George Hanbury.

Olinda, who, for some weeks previous to her quitting London had involuntarily devoted a part of her time to deciphering the expression of Fleetwood's face, read there "strange matters," which did not, however, by any means help "to beguile the time," but rather to make her uneasy situation become still more uneasy.

In the evening when the whole company were assembled, she saw Fleetwood advance to pay his compliments to Lady Portbury, and as they were conversing, she saw Lady Portbury spoke of her, and disapprovingly. She was not near enough to discover what was said. Fleetwood came not near the whole evening.

"Yes," said Olinda, when she pulled the rose out of her hair at night, "Lucy Boyd is right — fine society is odious. I wish *I* lived at the vicarage among the Clitheros and Johnsons, where anybody may sit by anybody. I

wish *I* loved a curate." In this state of humble discontent she retired to rest.

It may appear surprising that Lady Portbury, who had seen with much pleasure the attentions Lord Sedley had paid to Olinda in town, should have taken those of Lord Frederick and Sir George so much to heart in the country, particularly as she piqued herself upon the correctness of her own conduct, and did not care for either of these men. The fact is, she was willing that Olinda should marry well, on condition that she was not raised above herself. To a viscount or baron, who was neither better-looking or richer than her own lord, she was welcome; but a higher degree in any respect would not have met with her approbation. She would have rejoiced to see all the opulent squires within three counties love Olinda, but two of the finest London men ought not to look at an inconsiderable Miss when *she* was present.

As the gentlemen had risen early, (at least

those whom Olinda now desired to avoid,) and had accompanied Lord Portbury in some excursion, she came, soon after she had ascertained their departure, into the breakfast-room, and sat down to read Madame de Staël's "Allemagne;" that is to say, she held a volume of that very entertaining work in her hand, but it may be doubted whether she derived much amusement from its perusal, because, about twenty minutes after she began to read, she perceived the book was upside down. Lady Portbury always breakfasted in her own room, and the other ladies were late, except Lucy Boyd, who had already retired, therefore Olinda's studies were not likely to be interrupted, when she was surprised by the entrance of Mr. Fleetwood.

"How is it, Miss Vavasour," said he, "that I am so fortunate? I should have supposed that you had joined Lord Portbury's expedition to-day, with a hawk upon your wrist, like the ladies of olden time."

"And why, Mr. Fleetwood, did you give me credit for such activity?"

"Why, not seeing either the Topaze or Ebene of your memoirs, the two genii who usually accompany you, I could hardly believe it is you. May I ask why these divine beings have deserted their post?"

"Most young ladies would say, 'Whom do you mean?' but to save trouble and questions, as I suppose you inquire after Lord Frederick and Sir George Hanbury, I reply that they have gone with Lord Portbury."

"Since you admit their office, perhaps you will allow me to inquire which is considered as the good genius?"

"Their merits are so equal in my eyes, that I cannot possibly decide, but in one respect I do not resemble Rustan. I never miss either of my genii when they are absent."

"Will you think me very impertinent, if I wonder that objects so indifferent should acquire such privileges when present?"

"No. I rather wonder how we became such a trio of friends. I am sure, if it was my fault, I most heartily repent of it. Just before you came into the room, I was considering how it happened; and I really believe it is because they have nothing to do that they talk to me; and then at first I was pleased that two such magnificent beaux should find leisure to flatter me; then the whole society oblige me to sit with them all day long, by flying from us. How shall I repair my folly?"

Olinda spoke with the eagerness she felt, to justify herself in Fleetwood's eyes; perhaps he discerned that motive, and it did not displease him. To any one of generous feelings, extreme frankness (even when it lays open faults and follies) is touching, particularly from a person generally reserved; it is also catching, and he who confesses to his friend that he is guilty of petty larceny, is very likely to hear of a murder in return.

Fleetwood saw that she had not been angling

for Lord Frederick and Sir George. Their conversation was long and animated: it ended by a promise on his part that he would always liberally supply her with his advice and opinion on her conduct; she promised she would not be offended if it was sometimes expressed with less courtesy than *brotherly* sincerity."

N. B. The word "brotherly" was used by Fleetwood, because he considered himself as the most prudent and disinterested friend a young woman like Olinda could meet with. Each paid the other some compliments, and the lady grew a little embarrassed, and the gentleman's expressions were complimentary and confused. Towards the close of the conversation, and by mistake, he called her once or twice "Olinda," instead of "Miss Vavasour," yet she did not appear offended by the inadvertence.

Lady Grimthorpe at one door, buttered roll and hot coffee at another, for her accommodation, closed the colloquy.

Nothing is more frequently proposed by idle

and disinterested gentlemen to pretty young ladies who have no parental dragon at their elbow, than the friendly compact above described; and I beg my reader to depose upon oath how long he or she has ever known it to endure without the gentleman making love.

At dinner, when Olinda beheld her usual neighbours safely lodged on her right and left, she (having had the precaution to put on a gauze scarf) complained of a sore throat, and the open windows, saying to Lucy, who sat opposite, "Dear Miss Boyd, I know you do not mind air: I have got such a cold! do change seats with me."

Lucy, who was already warned of her intention, immediately transferred herself to Olinda's seat, who took that she had occupied. As Lucy's neighbours previously had been Colonel Dixon on one side, and Mr. Spriggins, Lord Portbury's agent, on the other, such self-immolation on the part of Olinda appeared, to such of the guests who observed her migration, as a proof

of quinsy, and to the dandies she had quitted as a proof of frenzy.

Colonel Dixon rubbed his hands, exclaiming in an audible and hoarse whisper, "*Amantium iræ amoris*," &c. which is a favourite Latin quotation with those who possess no other. Mr. Spriggins suffocated a smile. Lord Frederick and Sir George kept a dignified silence, and averted their look from Lucy, according to the most approved rule of behaviour for Englishmen, when the lady next them is neither beautiful, rich, nor great. To Miss Boyd, all that passed at Fanover had long served as a pageant, amusing enough to see, but in which she was entirely unconcerned on her own account, and only "mute and audience to the act."

In the evening Olinda entrenched herself so ingeniously behind Miss Boyd, that neither of her pursuers could approach, and Fleetwood lent his aid and protection by talking to them the greater part of the time.

The next day an influx of company, including some married belles, produced a change in their positions at dinner, and a diversion of the attack; and as, when a woman really wishes to get rid of attentions that are displeasing, she rarely fails in effecting it speedily, in a few days Olinda succeeded on this occasion.

Fleetwood grew more attentive, recommended books, heard and corrected her opinions on them, and on the society at Fanover. Several articles were added to the treaty they had already concluded; one, in particular, which deserves notice. This was proposed by Fleetwood, to convince Olinda and himself of his disinterested good will, and caught at by her, that she might seem to put no other construction on his attentions. It was this—that he should give his frank opinion on all the acquaintances and admirers Olinda should acquire, warn her against indiscreet female companions, recommend those who were estimable, and exercise a similar privilege with regard to her ad-

mirers; and he further volunteered a promise that, when one should appear worthy of her affection, he would enquire into his character and examine his disposition with the anxiety of a *brother*.

A rage for fraternity seemed to possess him in these conversations, which grew longer and more interesting every day. Every day he said to himself, "If I can correct her propensity to coquetry; if I can counteract the contagion of evil example, and arrest the growth of worldliness, with so much spirit and intelligence, and so good a heart, she will be perfect!"

Olinda also had a little diurnal soliloquy, "What a pity that Lord Sedley has not the talent, the kind heart, the fine eyes of Mr. Fleetwood! What a pity Mr. Fleetwood is not Lord Sedley! After all, why are not poor people as likely to be happy as the rich?" Then she thought of the cottage where her youth was spent; she saw a kind of vision of Fleetwood sitting by that fire-side, reading to her while she

worked. The vision grew more distinctly pourtrayed to her "mind's eye:" he was reading by the light of two tallow candles! no gilt candelabra were there! her gown was stuff! Then she cast her eyes on the glass, and contemplating her own graceful figure, then displayed in white silk—"*This* would not be seen to much advantage in stuff,—the Curate our only visitor! and he would not know whether I was pretty or not: it *is* disagreeable not to have justice done to one's natural advantages, if they are ever so trifling—Nonsense, conceit—what a fool I am."

Lucy told her one day, that Mrs. Johnson, being ill, wished to have her at the vicarage for a couple of days, and was to send Mr. Johnson's pony-chaise for her the next morning. "Mr. Watson will come for me, Olinda, and you say you are curious to see him, yet you probably will not like him, for he is quite different from all the men I have heard you praise."

Olinda *was* curious to see him; Lucy had told her a number of little anecdotes, which had given her a respect for his character, and a high opinion of his heart.

She was early in the breakfast-room, whither Lucy also repaired in high spirits; and soon after Mr. Watson entered the room. He was what the common people call a *comely* young man, but ruddy, stout made, and rather vulgar-looking, with a slight provincial accent; civil, unembarrassed, and unpretending, consequently there was nothing to laugh at; but evidently, as Lucy had said, very unlike the men Olinda generally saw.

In this world of *seeming*, a man who is content to *be* what nature and education have made him, is always respectable, even as giving a proof that he is conscious he need not be ashamed of himself. Of course, from this rule we must except those who are always revealing their identity from vanity.

The pair departed after breakfast in the

pony-chaise; but before their retreat was effected, some of the rest of the inmates of Fanover had entered the room, and Lady Maria Winterton looking out of the window at the pony-chaise said, "Oh what a machine is here! Did you ever see any thing like it? Whose is this, for pity's sake!"

Lucy, without being disconcerted, replied,

"It is a friend's carriage come for me."

Lady Maria, who having no occasion to envy Lucy was always well-bred to her, was probably sorry to have made the comment.

Lucy and her lover being out of hearing, the party indulged in some mirth at their equipage; and Olinda felt that, were she in Lucy's place, she would have felt some mortification on this occasion. What passed in her mind was not unperceived by Mr. Fleetwood; and the first moment they were alone, he said, "Confess, Miss Vavasour, that you pitied your friend Miss Boyd for having so shabby a carriage, and so rural a lover."

"Why do you suppose me so trifling as to take these circumstances more to heart than Lucy herself?" said Olinda, colouring a little.

"I do not notice the fact as blaming your feeling, but I may perform a service by calling your attention to it. It is of the last importance that you should understand what your *real* tastes are.

"Young ladies in general think they have, or affect to have, a thorough contempt for the "pomps and vanities" of life, as arising from the possession of rank and wealth. Sometimes they think they appear amiable by such professions; sometimes they do not know enough of the world and themselves to be aware how far rank and wealth might operate in producing their happiness; and sometimes they repeat like parrots what has been said to or read by them. Now, if a woman who had unadvisedly chosen to live in a cottage, travel in gig, and eat mutton-chops with a man she thought she preferred to all mankind, should suddenly discover

that she pined to inhabit a palace, and rule an establishment like Lord Portbury's; even with a partner less congenial, if she found herself discontented and ashamed of the economical *tout-ensemble* to which she had bound herself for ever, do you not see that she has committed a fatal mistake?

"On the other hand, if a woman who could not bear to live with a husband of inferior mind, of unsuitable disposition, one whom she could not love and confide in, should, from *prudence* (commonly so called), or the persuasion of friends, or any other artificial motive, seek the opposite destiny, her error would be still more fatal to her happiness, perhaps to her character; inasmuch as she would lose more by her mistake, and possibly seek to repair it by dangerous expedients.

"I repeat then, Miss Vavasour, it is of the last importance that a young woman should ascertain *which*, if the two lots are in her choice,

would *really* be most conducive to her happiness, and decide accordingly."

There was something excessively grating to Olinda in this harangue, which Fleetwood delivered without vehemence, in an even tone, which seemed to announce him quite uninterested in the result of his exhortation.

Olinda had not had sufficient intercourse with her fellow-creatures, or was herself too much flurried, to make an observation that would, perhaps, have been a comfort to her heart, or her vanity, whichever had been wounded in the dialogue.

It is this: if in conversation not vehement enough to excite sudden inflexions of voice, a person all at once raises or lowers his by a just perceptible degree, and so continues to speak, he is either lying, or more interested in what he is saying than he is willing to show. It was thus with Fleetwood during his address to Olinda; though he spoke in a calm and mea-

sured tone, his voice was two or three notes higher, and a sort of huskiness came on; his cheek, which was always pale, became still paler.

Olinda recollected that she had authorised her monitor to give advice, and therefore could not take it amiss; she was therefore contented to reply in as disengaged a tone as she could command, that she agreed with him entirely, everybody ought to reflect long on their own feelings ere they decided their fate.

Fleetwood's manner for the remainder of that day was more formal, and he talked less to Olinda than he usually did. She thought him unreasonable, nor was this the only occasion on which he appeared so. While professing only the interest of a friend, he sometimes usurped a privilege they do not claim; he not only decried those gentlemen whose minds and manners made him judge them as disadvantageous friends or flirts for Olinda, but he insensibly grew to disapprove of her talking much to any

man; and the more distinguished by natural advantages or those of fortune the person was, the more full of admonition and discontent was Mr. Fleetwood.

As Olinda had a natural disposition to coquetry, this was a restraint extremely disagreeable to her; but she had also a great wish to please Fleetwood, and a great reliance on his judgment, so she bore the tyranny with becoming resignation. One day when he had shown a good deal of disapprobation, on some occasion he left the room; Miss Boyd and Olinda were alone in it. After a pause, Lucy said,

"What shall you do with that man, Olinda? He loves you—in a sort of a way, and he is jealous—in a sort of a way. I used to think if you could put the House of Lords out of your head, and be contented in privacy and poverty, you might be very happy with him; for he has not only the *huckaback* merit which would satisfy *me*, but the manners and

habits which might satisfy *you*. But then I begin to see he is so whimsical, and absolute, and suspicious, that it will not be an easy matter to satisfy *him*. What will you do?"

"What can I do? You are mistaken, he does not care a straw for me, he has almost told me so more than once; and I think I am glad of it, for certainly his temper is very strange."

Had her own been perfectly composed, this declaration would not have been sincere; but at this moment Olinda thought she spoke the truth.

Lucy shook her head. "Whether your liking is lasting or not, I will not pretend to say; but hitherto he has taken up more of your attention and preference than any other man I have seen at Fanover."

What Olinda was going to reply has never transpired, as Mr. Thoresby just then entered the room, evidently elated, and holding a small parcel in his hand.

"I wish to make you a little confidence," said he: "I have just received this gift, anonymously of course, or I should not think myself at liberty to show it; I really can't guess whom 'tis from, or how I have deserved it."

After undoing several folds of silver paper, he produced a blue satin portfolio, with a bouquet embroidered in beads on one side of it.

"The industrious and enamoured female embroiders well," said Lucy.

"Enamoured! oh fie, Miss Boyd," said Mr. Thoresby, simpering. "But I wish you both to aid me in guessing who has been so very good:—though nothing is so common as ladies presenting little pieces of work, you know — purses for instance; yet this seems completed with so much care — I can't help thinking——"

"Oh, I know what you can't help thinking; could it be Lady Maria?"

"Oh no, impossible!" replied Mr. Thoresby, evidently much pleased at a suggestion that

appeared as probable to him as ridiculous to his audience.

"Well then, *I've* guessed. Do you remember that handsome Miss Dawson, who they said would be so rich?"

"I hardly remember," said Mr. Thoresby musing, and trying to look sad with all his might; "but my habitual melancholy and abstraction prevents me often from improving the most agreeable acquaintance. Yes, I think I remember — a very pretty heiress. Somebody was good enough to present me — I can't think where."

"I am sure she would be very much mortified and disappointed if she heard you, Mr. Thoresby," said Miss Boyd, "for you seemed excessively lively and agreeable that evening, and danced the whole night."

"Perhaps I might, I have great self-control at times; but the heart has no share in these things—

'The heart, the heart, is lonely still!'

The other night, when Lady Portbury made me sing the whole evening, and play Loo, I felt exactly like Atala when she describes herself '*haletant après l'ombrage et appellant à grands cris la solitude.*'"

The young ladies listened with delight to Mr. Thoresby's account of his feelings, because they recollected that on the evening alluded to he had sung and talked the whole time, and giggled incomparably more than the whole society put together; and his red cheeks and round blue eyes were in singular contrast with his professed melancholy and sentimental conversation. Both his listeners, however, thought it would be unkind to deny his having appeared in low spirits, so continued silent; and after two deep sighs Mr. Thoresby said he wished to show them some lines which he had written in return, and meant to send the anonymous donor, when he should discover her. "And pray, Miss Vavasour, criticise freely. Miss Boyd, I beg you will be frank: these trifles

that are written with ease are generally full of faults; one's reputation does not rest upon them, you know."

He then produced three sheets of pale green paper, highly perfumed, and with a border of stamped cupids, which would have excited admiration in the beholders, had not the cypher 50 over the last stanza caused them to tremble at the length of the poem submitted to their judgment. Mr. Thoresby, in a melancholy and rather drawling tone, then began:—

"'Lady, this rose of blushing hue
Is pale to that which warms your cheek,
And of your eye the tender blue
We vainly in the violet seek.'

You will observe among the flowers worked on the *port-feuille*, Miss Vavasour, there are roses, and Lady Maria has a high colour, which suggested the line—

'Is pale to that which warms your cheek;'

which certainly—is—rather pretty."

"Pretty! quite beautiful," said the malicious Lucy;—"quite beautiful."

Olinda, who was exceedingly vexed at Fleetwood, was not so much disposed to minister to Mr. Thoresby's vanity.

"Since you allow us to criticise," said she, "don't you think 'eyes of tender blue' gives one rather an idea of weak eyes, which you know are neither poetical nor becoming?"

"Pardon me," said the poet, colouring slightly, and in a more eager tone, "upon that line I pique myself more than all the rest of the poem. Dear Miss Vavasour, don't you feel—Miss Boyd, I'm *sure you* do—the delicacy of the line—

'And of your eye the tender blue.'

Tender, there, seems soft, pale; and by the way, Miss Dawson's eyes are *very* light, and there are violets worked on the *port-feuille*, so you see the line is appropriate, and not otherwise than pretty."

"Oh, I see now," said Olinda, dreading she should be obliged to fight her way through the forty-nine succeeding stanzas of the poem: which

rally communicated to each other every new production before it was printed. I happened to write an Elegy on a White Mouse, which certainly was not without spirit and poetry. Of course I showed it to Pounceford, who expressed himself pleased with it; and though he did not express himself so warmly as friendship like our's demanded, I allowed for a natural feeling of mortification, in an aspiring young man, at finding himself so far surpassed in his favourite pursuit; and to do away any unpleasant idea in his mind at once, I said, 'Pounceford, my dear fellow, upon my honour I don't think this elegy better than that which you wrote 'On leaving Margate' last year:' he only replied, 'Do you think so?' and kept whistling 'Happy tawny Moor' for half an hour, which I thought rather singular at the time. Well, my elegy was read at all the tea-tables within five miles of Oxford, and all the young ladies insisted on having it in their albums. At the request of several friends I was persuaded to

send it to the Editor of 'The Amaranth.' Speaking of it to a friend soon after, he asked if I had seen a parody on it, which had just appeared in 'The Votive Wreath;' and truly there was a most disgraceful, stupid, and bitter parody, and with some difficulty I ascertained that it was the production of John Pounceford, of Oriel College! Only think what I must have suffered! A heart like mine—from treachery like his."

Both hearers hastily expressed their entire disapprobation of Mr. Pounceford's conduct, and then proposed a walk; for, being under sentence of hearing the elegy, they did not know at what moment of the day Mr. Thoresby might claim their unwilling ears, and they dreaded an MS. from his pocket as travellers do a pistol at their chaise-window.

When Miss Vavasour had put on her bonnet, Lucy entered, equipped also for a walk. "Olinda," said she, "I hope you will not be easily tired to-day; I want to make you go

with me on a little expedition I have very much at heart, and cannot so well go alone; it is to see the little parsonage which Mr. Watson is to have. The poor old gentleman who had it died a month since, and Mr. Johnson and Watson will be there to-day at two, to look it over, and see the capabilities for improvement about it: they wished me to see it also, and give my opinion: I should like you to see it, and give yours. I did not like to ask Lady Portbury to drive there, for fear it should bore her, and limit me in time; but you do not mind a walk, and this will not be more than four miles."

Olinda expressed her ready compliance, and they set off.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER a due proportion of green lanes, dusty road, brooks crossed by stepping-stones, and stiles to be scrambled over, Lucy began to look about her like a dog at fault, and then exclaimed,

"Yes, Olinda, I know we are near it; they told me it was just after we passed the Red Lion, and there it is!"

"But is that a lion, Lucy? are you sure?"

Well might Olinda enquire, for the artist had painted just such a representation of the animal as is now hanging up at the inn at Thames Ditton, which sign, the first time I saw it, appeared to me a very fair display of a German sausage, but the inhabitants of that

pretty village have kindly agreed to consider it as a "Red Lion."

Miss Boyd profited by this landmark, and a few steps farther they espied a road full of ruts, which proved to be the way to the parsonage. An old white gate that had fallen off the hinges, lying between two stone posts, indicated it had been the approach, as it is technically called; and they then beheld two gentlemen, who were recognised as Messrs. Johnson and Watson.

After the first greeting, the latter said, "My future abode is a little out of repair, Lucy, but you won't be frightened at that."

"Oh no! we shall have so much the more pleasure in setting it to rights our own way."

There had been a shrubbery on each side of the little avenue, but the broken branches and neglected appearance of the shrubs and trees made it look desolate. Two cows occasionally passed and repassed among them, and two large sows were diligently rooting up the perennial

plants that grew below. Opposite the door was a large grass-plat, where a dial told its neglected hours; a dilapidated porch was over the house-door; the roots of the creepers which had once covered it, were still in the ground, but the plants themselves spread their weak and prostrate arms over the long grass, as if seeking for assistance.

They entered a little hall, the cool air and broken windows of which had induced two portly toads to make it their constant residence. Some swallows "whose situation required a temporary retirement," had made their "pendant beds and procreant cradles" in the windows, without prejudice to a little colony of bats, who claimed a share in the tenement.

A door on the right brought the party into the dining-parlour, which had been salmon-colour: two large convenient closets in this room had their doors painted bright blue; where the locks had been, was marked by frequent prints

two cabbage leaves. It was not
surprise that her friends heard M
claim —

"Oh delightful! What good luc

Mr. Johnson took off his spectac
bed them, in order to share the di
supposed her to have made. Olin
her long eyes and coral lips with
and even the ruddy Mr. Watson a
she saw.

"Oh, those closets, to be sure!
spoons, glass, and china will be there
sugar, and jam, will be in the other.
comfortable it will be when we have
—every thing at hand!"

"And there is not so much to do

was a muddy pond, covered with duck-weed. Nettles were decidedly the plants that flourished most luxuriantly on this side of the house; but Lucy saw a neat marble chimney-piece, and other merits. A sitting-room adjoining was to be the spot where Watson was to compose, or compile his sermons—

"As wit and fortune will,
Or as the destinies decree."

As they ascended the stairs, accompanied by some itinerant hens, who were alarmed at this unusual intrusion, and ran before, to introduce them, as it seemed, to a red-eyed monster of seventy-five, who appeared with a sauce-pan in hand, the only human inhabitant of the parsonage, Watson and Lucy were joyously discussing plans concerning cupboards and ovens, to which Mr. Johnson occasionally threw in an improving hint; and Olinda also, from her former education being so different from her present habits, was enabled to bear a very respectable share in conversing on their alterations.

The upper story and attics were inspected with the deepest interest. The garden, where roses and fennel, charlock and gooseberry-bushes, strove in amicable confusion, was pronounced to be a present wilderness, but future Eden. However, one agreeable surprise was common to the whole party; the offices were excellent, and in good repair, being even now in use, and well attended to. The late occupant of the parsonage had been old and infirm; a long rheumatic fever induced him to lodge at the apothecary's in the village, where he might be constantly in the way of assistance. The parsonage had been for nine months in the custody of the aged matron, already mentioned, who

"Did not watch her charge too well."

Miss Boyd and her friend proceeded homeward when the scrutiny was concluded, accompanied for one mile by their clerical convoy, who then bade them farewell.

They arrived at home dog-tired, but in time

to dress for dinner, at which Olinda looked very handsome to all eyes, particularly those of Fleetwood, though she never had felt less good-will to him. All she had seen that morning went far to persuade her that poverty was not to her taste. The dilapidated parsonage was in her eye, and the homely employments that Miss Boyd seemed so ready to engage in. She pondered on the pigs and the nettles, the pond and the toads, till she felt the sincerest commiseration for her friend, and surprise at her rushing madly on a destiny so deplorable.

"There must be a touch of madness, after all, in Lucy's composition; it is not from ignorance of the elegances and comforts of life: she has seen Fanover, she loves reading, she draws well, she is fond of embroidery, and is ingenious in all sorts of ornamental work; surely she will not have time for any of these things; she must work like a servant all the morning, to sit with Mr. Watson all the evening!"

She determined to talk to Miss Boyd on the subject, but cautiously.

In the evening a young man of large fortune, named Sir John Creswell, who had been the latest arrival at Fanover, struck by Olinda's appearance, began to talk to her with some animation, which roused Lady Maria's ire, who directly joined, that she might divide them. She was so pretty and so coquettish, that Sir John Creswell, who had a good deal of ready admiration at every body's service, speedily gave her more than an equal share of his attention; and Lady Maria, who had the advantage of three years' experience more than Olinda, by the position of her chair and other dexterous manœuvres, gradually cut off the sunshine of Sir John's conversation from her rival, who, however, having no particular wish to retain it, at last rose up, and was going to the piano forte, when Lady Juliana said,

"Oh come here and take my part, Olinda, against Mr. Fleetwood."

Olinda came, saying, "Are you then so deep in a quarrel as to want a second? perhaps I shall say, like Sir Lucius O'Trigger, 'tis a very pretty quarrel as it stands;' and not choose to conciliate matters. But what is it about?"

"Why, he says he cannot bear the slightest allusion in poetry to any of the persons in the pagan mythology."

"Nay, Lady Juliana, I did not go quite so far as that, I only objected to those very trite acquaintances, Jupiter, Juno, and their *société intime* of Venus, Cupid, &c. whom I am so very happy to find gone out of fashion. Some of the obscure nymphs could be turned to account; I have often besought poets of my acquaintance, to make some use of Chelone in her tortoiseshell, if it were only to turn her into a comb."

"A very good thought indeed," said Mr. Thoresby.

"Perhaps," said Fleetwood, "nothing could

be more provoking than the manner in which the Grecian machinery used to be dragged into poetry, the simplicity of which one had before been admiring. When Andrew Marvel's nymph has lamented her fawn in the most natural and girlish manner, she suddenly says,

'The brotherless Heliades
Weep in such amber tears as these.'

"Allan Ramsay, after his striking comparison of the flaxen-haired Bessy Bell, and her dark and diamond-eyed friend, or rival, Mary Gray, exclaims,

'O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.'

"I am convinced all poets had learned to groan under this tyranny, long before any attempt to shake it off was made. Pope only used his sylphs in mock-heroic poetry; Hayley was not sufficiently powerful to set a fashion; Mr. Thomas Campbell interested us for the Honourable East India Company's gods,

'Camdeo bright and Ganesa sublime!'

but we could only figure them to ourselves as

a golden Venus and Cupid, disguised in white shawls and bangles. The fact is, that story and song, statues and pictures, have rendered the Greek gods and goddesses so distinct in and familiar to our minds, that we remember them as human creatures.

"It was reserved for Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron to recall the most general and natural superstitions of human nature to their lost empire. Ghosts and witches, from their vague powers, shadowy, mysterious appearances, unsatisfactory and oracular replies, are so much more imposing and interesting."

"I am sorry," said Olinda, "to vote against you, Lady Juliana, as you called me in as your auxiliary, but I must side with Mr. Fleetwood; a thin, pale ghost is infinitely more touching than a jolly god or cheerful goddess; and I agree also in thinking, the less that is seen of our friends the ghosts, the better."

"Fauns and satyrs, in reality," said Sir

George Hanbury, "must have proved as great a nuisance as footpads; but what would be pleasant in that case, would be, the impossibility of being condemned to a solitary walk; go down a long avenue and you find a Hamadryad in every tree!"

"Now I think fairies a pretty, cheerful sort of superstition," said Mr. Thoresby.

"Oh yes, and so truly pastoral!" rejoined Lady Juliana."

"The supposed agency of fairies is too like that of monkeys and mischievous children to make them interesting. Beings who drink out of acorn-cups, dance in rings, bewitch the cows, and put sixpences in the housemaid's slipper, we cannot fear or care for; and the only story of the kind in which a fairy excites our sympathy, is when Tam Lune declares, that

'Aye at every seven years' end
They pay a tiend to hell,
And I 'm sae fair and full of flesh
I fear 'twill be mysel!'

You see the horror of his chance, without

perfectly comprehending his situation, and this is essential to the participation of supernatural distresses. There is a story," continued Fleetwood, "which it is said was originally printed as an addition to 'Drelincourt on Death,' by a publisher, who found that work would not sell, and who succeeded in getting it off by the device. The ghostly heroine, named *Mrs. Veal*, whose intention seems to have been to give an afflicted friend comfort and advice, is induced to talk of trifling and mundane matters with so much simplicity, that on her friend observing her silk riding-habit 'looks even *better* than when she saw it last,' Mrs. Veal replies, that 'she has had it dyed and made up again.' The distinctness of this fact spoils the tale, which, as it was published long before we had become familiar with a thousand delicious German impossibilities, must have been invaluable in the dearth of horrors our grandmothers laboured under."

This discussion was here interrupted by

Lord Portbury, who brought Sir George a letter, and apologised with civil fervour for having omitted to send it in the morning, when the cover was opened, but the letter mislaid till then.

"A very stupid thing of me indeed, my dear Sir George; nothing of the kind ever happened before,—except, by the by, once in Scotland, when I was on a visit to Lord Kirk-Andrews, a Scotch cousin of mine,—his place is near Cupar, and is called Monyhavers. Now we were going from thence to a moor he had (a small house); it was called Glenreestle. No, we were coming from Glenreestle to Monyhavers—I'm not sure — stay — no, we were going from Monyhavers to Glenreestle;—yes, I remember, two very fine dogs were sent me that morning, a present from Macnidrie of Lubberlaw. I lost one of them the next year in the most provoking manner. I must tell you about it: he was tied up in the stable, and I always like a short halter, *that* Carper knew — but

he was the most careless fellow! I could *not* keep him. He went afterwards to live with Colonel Dauberley in Devonshire, where he set fire to the house. It was burnt to the ground! and the insurance——"

"Lord Portbury! Lord Portbury!" said the languid voice of his wife from the écarté-table; "do lend me your purse, I am losing money shockingly."

The fact was, that Lady Portbury thought with compassion on the situation of Sir George, who had with equal courage and politeness placed himself in an attitude of attention, and prepared a face of interest with which he meant to hear the details of Colonel Dauberley's misfortunes. Great was his joy at being spared a history that would have certainly lasted the remainder of the evening.

The next day brought an arrival to Fanover that was expected to prove of value in the eyes of the young ladies. Lord Sedley and his sister Lady Mardiston came to fulfil the pro-

mise they had made in London. They arrived just before the first bell rang for dinner, and Lady Portbury accompanied Lady Mardiston to her dressing-room. Lord Sedley followed them to the door, bearing in his arms a small white dog belonging to his sister, saying, he always looked after Blanchette, for Pulcheria could not live without it.

As they shut the door, Lady Maria observed to Sir John Creswell, how touching it was to witness the devoted attention Lord Sedley paid his sister. It proved such a good heart, so much sensibility, such a disposition to fulfil his duty in all respects and relations; and, added she, "to such a disagreeable person as Lady Mardiston, there is twice as much merit in being so full of *égards*."

"Say no more on this subject, Lady Maria," cried Fleetwood; "we are all convinced, and to-morrow all the men at Fanover will appear, each bearing a little white dog, the property of some near female relation: it will become a uni-

versal fashion, now that we know it is the way to win the 'golden opinions' of Lady Maria Winterton."

The dinner bell dispersed them.

Olinda felt some curiosity to see Lady Mardiston out of her travelling bonnet. She was very unlike her brother. Lord Sedley was slender, fair, and rather good-looking, though insignificant; the sister was very tall and thin, with a good and distinguished figure, but plain face, and common features; all that could be remarked in her was uncommonly keen grey eyes, with rather a disagreeable expression, and that kind of cool self-possession, which belongs to those who highly esteem and place great dependance on themselves. She was a widow, and many years older than her brother.

When the company assembled before dinner, a single glance sufficed to convince Olinda that Lady Mardiston and Lady Maria entertained no small portion of ill-will to each other.

The latter had placed herself in a somewhat

embarrassing position; before the arrival of Lord Sedley, she had taken great pains to attract the attention of Sir John Creswell, partly because he was a rich young man of fashion, and partly to prevent Olinda from pleasing him. In this scheme she had entirely succeeded; but the arrival of Lord Sedley, on whose conquest she had long set her heart, made her very much wish Sir John's visit was ended: she did not choose absolutely and rudely to get rid of him, far less to make him over to Olinda; but she found him very much in her way, and such a secondary consideration, that she instantly renewed her attack on Lord Sedley with such diligence and vivacity, that before the second course was placed on the table, the sharp eyes of Lady Mardiston shot fire. She did not wish her brother married at all, and least of all to Lady Maria, who for the last two years had given her the utmost alarm.

She looked round for a counter-charm, and thought Olinda might prove an innocent spe-

cific. She had not witnessed the short flirtation their musical consultations in town had produced, or she might not have liked such an expedient; but she considered, if he took too much notice of Olinda, she was easily got rid of. The want of fortune and rank were reasonable objections wherewith to confound any matrimonial project respecting her, should Lord Sedley conceive so rash a speculation; but the worst of Lady Maria in this point of view was, that, according to the usual worldly estimate, no objection could be made to her as a wife for Lord Sedley. Well born, highly connected, handsome, accomplished, with a suitable fortune, it was difficult to say why he ought not to marry her; yet her violent and determined temper, and the open defiance she had always shown to Lady Mardiston, proved that such a woman would entirely overthrow the influence she wished to preserve over her brother.

Lady Mardiston had early in life, contrary to the wishes of all her friends, married a man

perpetual and bitter. Sir Robert
thrift, and his wife penurious a
their affairs soon became so much d
they were obliged to live abroad,
many years of—

" Accursed and unquiet wrangling da

Sir Robert for once obliged his wife
her a widow.

A small and ill-paid jointure fr
heir, would have obliged her to re
for ever, had not Lord Sedley, her h
when on his travels, arrived at Ge
her a visit. He was good-natured an
she made every one, of whom she cou
obtain anything, a sort of prey. She

either that he should not marry at all, or that he should marry a woman she could rule.

When the ladies retired to the drawing-room, Lady Mardiston accosted Olinda with great civility, and took occasion to make her many compliments, deserved and undeserved, not forgetting to praise her particularly for those points in her exterior in which she excelled Lady Maria.

This awoke the demon of envy in that young lady's bosom; she joined the conversation, and endeavoured to throw in a seasoning of mortification for Olinda, by making a number of spiteful observations, and talking contemptuously at her.

Olinda's temper was good, and she was timid in conversation from being unused to society. She bore all Lady Maria's taunts with good humour, and without appearing to appropriate them to herself, though her colour rose, and she looked a little disconcerted: which made Lady

in her opinion "an oak with one gr
it," would have answered Lady Maria

"This is," thought Lady Mardisto
proper flirt for Sedley; pretty and
enough to occupy him, and easily que
likely to please too much:" and here (
astute persons who judge others by th
she was egregiously mistaken. In
Olinda's apparent moderation, "*le diabl
dait rien;*" she was in fact, to the las
provoked at Lady Maria's attack, an
first time a vague idea of vengeance s
itself to her mind.

When the gentlemen came in, Lady
ton called Lord Sedley to her, and was
introduce him to Olinda, had not both
gentleman avowed a previous acquai

play on the guitar, and having arranged herself and instrument in the most becoming manner, began to play "the fairy bells," and called Lord Sedley, begging him to tell her if she played it right, as she had only learnt it by ear.

He hastened to obey, and she detained him to sing a second to some other songs. As he was known not to have a voice, and possessed a very imperfect ear, he had seldom received such an invitation, and was both flattered and delighted. A good deal of husky and tuneless chirping on his part accompanied Lady Maria's sweet and clear voice, but she looked all beaming approbation. When he was tolerably in tune she said, "Very well indeed, Lord Sedley, this song suits your voice;" when he was lost in a maze of discord, she said, "No, you have not this passage quite perfect, we will practise this again to-morrow."

In short, the pink and silver ribbon that tied the guitar, seemed also to bind Lord Sedley, who remained at Lady Maria's elbow all the

idiot she had ever seen, and scarce
be the cat's-paw she had intended t

What very much added to Lady
uneasiness was, that she was oblig
Lord Sedley exposed to the enemy
an unlucky promise she had made
uncle, from whom she was trying to w

General Cartwright was one of th
tempered, fidgety, bilious, and capricio
tlemen that ever left Bombay: valets
ble, submissive Indians, sly Italians,
Scots, sharp Irishmen, patient Frenc
tried in vain to please General Cartw
departed with broken heads and baffle

Of all who had ever approached hi

when she had the dexterity to persuade him that a dish of "Pish-pash" (or rice and chicken) which he d——d his cook for having over-salted, was not salt enough, and actually added more of the condiment, assuring him it would be improved by the addition, he was so pleased by this novel treatment of his assertion, that he presented her with a large sapphire, and soon after invited her to accompany him to Nice, where he meant to spend the ensuing autumn and winter. She had eagerly closed with an offer that would not have afforded as much pleasure to any one else, and the engagement was to call her from Fanover in three days.

She could not in the present case take her brother with her, and she dared not caution him against falling in love with Lady Maria, as that precaution would in all probability have contributed to its defeat; but she took him with her in a little walk to air Blanchette, the day before her departure, and after various desultory remarks, asked if Lord Sedley had heard

for music — plays so much better tha
Maria, which I am very glad to know."

"And why, Pulcheria?" said the simp

"Why, you know I am anxious you
excel in any talent you wish to acquire.
are anxious about your music, and Lady
said something that was so discouraging

"Did she? why she tells me — but wh
you hear her say?"

"That she would not tell *you* so, but
could sing very few airs who had not abo
notes in his voice."

"Six notes! You don't say so!
how very insincere she must be! That'
good, by Jove! Six notes! How very
very of Lady Maria!"

be wrong, because Miss Vavasour (who is much the best musician of the two) said, that she was quite of a different opinion; that with a little more cultivation you would sing the most agreeable second she had ever heard."

"Well, that was good-natured of Miss Vavasour, and I should think she was the best judge; she plays very well. I must say, I am surprised at Lady Maria."

"Don't take any notice of what I have told you, Sedley; it was not intended I should overhear it, and I do not know why I repeat it now."

Lady Mardiston departed, with the pleasure of thinking she had sowed "deadly division" between her brother and Lady Maria; but her care proved to have been needless, as that young lady's father, being seized with a dangerous fit of gout in the stomach, thought proper to call her home, and by that means dispersed one of Lady Mardiston's terrors.

The day after Lady Maria's departure,

house. In her walk she encountered M
resby, without his hat, which made her
him with some surprise. He inquired
she was going, and begged leave to acco
her: a request she could not well refuse,
she by no means thought it would add
pleasure of the expedition.

They walked for some minutes in
but from the diligent sighing of her com
Olinda began to comprehend that he con
himself in some distress or affliction;
eyes were as round and vacant as usu
cheeks as red, his hair as neatly curle
divided on one side. He was too poet
wear much neckcloth at any time, and
present occasion his collar was entirely

ship-wrecked mariner at Astley's, when he swims ashore out of a pasteboard sea.

"Mr. Thoresby," said Olinda, "are you aware you have forgotten your hat?"

"Have I indeed, Miss Vavasour!" he replied, in a melancholy and hollow tone; "have I really! How strange! how like me! But you must forgive, and not wonder at any part of my conduct. I am in a very peculiar state of mind, I may say a most singular situation."

"What has happened?" asked Olinda, beginning to feel some curiosity.

Mr. Thoresby was silent for a moment, and then heaved two of the deepest and most poetical sighs that ever were breathed in that county, but spoke not even then.

"I beg your pardon," said Olinda, "for my indiscreet question;" surmising that Mr. Thoresby would release his secret when he found she made no further effort to extract it.

Mr. Thoresby, after a very short pause, said,

me to claim your secrecy. It is a
discuss one's feelings with a friend like

At the recurrence of this phrase,
dreaded she should hear some further
Mr. John Pounceford's delinquencies.

Mr. Thoresby, however, continue
must, besides your secrecy, claim you
gence not to think me the vainest of me
revealing two discoveries I have mad
highly painful to a feeling heart; th
the most exhilarating and transporting
other circumstances than mine, alas! c
made; and I will ask you to communi
a friend, your opinion of the line of co
ought to pursue in a situation the most

species of emotion, as you must perceive mine ever are.

"Undoubtedly, Miss Vavasour, you remember a blue satin port-feuille, and a few lines I wrote on receiving it, when I imagined it might be the gift of a person to whom I have since become devotedly attached. I was mistaken! and the melancholy truth was thus revealed to me:—passing from the breakfast-room the other morning, with the port-feuille in my hand, I met old Mrs. Johnson, of the Vicarage, getting into her pony-chaise. I naturally offered my arm, which she accepted, and seeing the port-feuille, said, 'Ah! Mr. Thoresby, I see what Lucy Boyd has given you; but I won't tell Watson — I never make mischief among lovers;'—and the foolish old lady went laughing to her pony-chaise, regardless of the mortal stab she had given to my peace!

"The blue satin book, then, is the gift of Miss Boyd! from which circumstance, and other indications of preference which I have

and Lady Maria picking it up, cri
Mr. Thoresby, I make *you* a present
"And do you infer from *this*," re
da, "that Lady Maria loves you?"
"My dear Miss Vavasour, words a
on these occasions; manner, expressi
thing, and Lady Maria's expressio
tainly very marked at that moment.
last man in the world to flatter myse
imposaible I should be mistaken."
Olinda was not as anxious to jus
Maria as Lucy, and began to be m
that any thing she might herself s
be construed as a proof of attachme
fore, when Mr. Thoresby again requ

encouragement from Lady Maria; and this conversation brought them to the hall-door, where they separated—Mr. Thoresby to hammer out a sentimental sonnet; and Olinda ran up stairs to Lucy's room, to whom she recounted the extraordinary scene, and both laughed for some moments.

"What a pity," said Lucy, "that Mrs. Johnson should have told that I sent the portfeuille! he was almost certain that it came from Lady Maria:—it was the only thing that did not sell at our charity-sale; and it was such a good thought, sending it to him!"

CHAPTER V.

As for sailors—I don't admire 'em ,
I would not be a sailor's bride,
For in their courting, they 're still discourin
Of things consarning the ocean wide.

B

I BEG to dissent entirely from the
that heads my chapter, as I do most
admire and respect that frank-hearted, g
and friendly body of men, who are mo
than any of our fellow creatures to c
interested kindness to any one who st
need of it.

sessed an estate affording an income of 2000*l.* a-year; he had, among other good qualities, that singular facility in falling in love which we have often heard is ascribed to his profession; and he had a singular facility in falling out of love, which may be seen in a great many professions.

He had not been many days at the Castle before he testified a very marked interest in Olinda. This predilection was viewed in a very different light by various members of the society then at Fanover. Lord Portbury highly approved of the probable establishment it opened to Olinda. To Lady Portbury, who considered every condition that did not offer immense wealth as abject penury, and marriage as a kind of barter, it seemed that Captain Aubrey was not worth marrying, and that if Olinda accepted him, it would be like risquing your whole fortune in a lottery where there were but small prizes. She computed the value of Olinda's eyes and complexion in the matri-

Captain Aubrey's success; she saw n
that could reasonably be made to hi
justly considered his situation would
the real comforts of life: why shou
wish for more?

But the person who appeared the
pricious, unfair, and ill-judging on
sion, was Preston Fleetwood. When
Aubrey first arrived, Mr. Fleetwood
approved of and praised him, but tal
with and to him than he had done
other of the guests, and he rather eng
in conversation with the young ladie
Captain Aubrey had improved his acq
with them, however, and grew to di

Olinda was vexed; but Captain Aubrey was too much occupied with his present pursuit to observe how it affected Fleetwood. Olinda did not feel disposed to like Captain Aubrey more than as an acquaintance; her present existence (now that Lady Portbury had recovered her good-humour) was agreeable enough. At eighteen, people are rarely very anxious about the future; she did not, therefore, see why she should marry at all then; and at the bottom of her heart there lurked a suspicion that Fleetwood did, or would love her, and a kind of confused expectation that he would either get a prize in the lottery, be made Prime Minister, find a mine, be adopted by some childless duke, or turn out to be somebody's son; in short, become rich and great by some of those short processes by which novelists make all things easy in the concluding chapters of their instructive works. Where the heroes and heroines are separated, it is only to live in elegant and wealthy discontent; you may observe they

[illegible]

This was very wrong; but Olivia had not received either wholesome counsel or good example on these subjects since she had lived in the world; and while under the protection of her mother, Mrs. Vavasour had considered her as too young to discuss such topics

with, and had, therefore, reserved her advice upon them, (as parents frequently do,) for a time—that never was to come.

If, therefore, you cannot take an interest in persons of faulty conduct and erring judgment, I fear you will be but disappointed in your "Aims" and my "Ends." Have a little patience with Olinda, then: time and experience may yet do something for her, and if not——

"See how the world its votaries rewards."

"Olinda," said Miss Boyd one day, "do tell me, do you mean to accept Captain Aubrey when he proposes? Have you quite made up your mind? I hope so, I am sure."

"I think I have made up my mind, Lucy; but I assure you it is 't'other way—t'other way.' The man 's a good man, but I cannot resolve to marry him. Just consider: marrying is a serious matter. You have had time to make up your mind—to know Mr. Wat-

son — to think how you will live afterwards. Then Lady Portbury says it would be a very foolish thing to do; that we should be very uncomfortable, and not have enough to live on. She says it would be the silliest thing in the world."

"If you really do not like him, you are quite right not to marry him. If your principal objection arises from not knowing him sufficiently to decide whether his character will suit you, I dare say he would gladly agree to give you time to know it better. But, dear Olinda, do you think Lady Portbury, who spends so much, and has so much to spend — do you think her a judge of what would be sufficient for you or me? We have both been used to a very moderate scale of expense. The price of the bracelet she bought last, would dress either of us handsomely for a year; and an income that would seem poverty to her, might include every rational comfort in life."

"What you say, Lucy, is very true, and I should have said the same, if I said what it is right to think, and what I should have thought before I lived in the world; but since I have seen what it is to be a fine lady, I honestly own I should prefer it infinitely to living quietly and economically as you intend to do. When I was at home I seemed to have every thing I wanted, because I had never seen the splendours and gaiety of the world, or the position of the rich in it; I did not know then, what is now quite obvious, that there is something ridiculous in being poor!"

"Ridiculous, Olinda! I cannot understand you."

"I mean that I should in a certain degree feel mortified by having my door opened by a maid covered with soap-suds and her cap awry, instead of a smart porter. Don't you remember when we called at Mr. Spriggins's door, how Lady Portbury laughed with Sir George Hanbury?"

"Yes," said Lucy; "and another instance of the same sort which you may remember, was the mirth occasioned in the breakfast-room by Mrs. Johnson's shabby pony-chaise when Watson drove me to the vicarage. While I was arranging myself and cloak in it, we heard every word they said. Now, Olinda, you would have been vexed."

Olinda coloured and hesitated; she feared Lucy would be mortified by her confesing the truth.

"Well," said Lucy, "Watson and I only laughed: and he said, 'How things go by comparison; poor old Mrs. Johnson thinks this a very distinguished equipage, and you, Lucy, will not have a better one when we take possession of the parsonage; yet we are very comfortable in it, and are kept as completely from the wet road as if we had a carriage as gay as Cinderella's transformed melon.' And now, Olinda, I will say something that sounds both ill-natured and ungrateful to a person who is

the best friend I have, but it is only to you in confidence, and for your good. Suppose you were driving from this great hall-door with Preston Fleetwood in such a carriage,—Lord Portbury's guests laugh, and you are mortified, though you are with the cleverest, the most agreeable, and (personally) the most distinguished man at Fanover. Suppose yourself, after driving in Lady Portbury's beautiful carriage as its mistress, to hear its master talk,—as poor Lord Portbury always talks, as half the men we see talk,—should you not feel that a humiliation?"

"Yes, certainly!" said Olinda.

"And which do you consider as the most legitimate and durable cause of mortification?"

"Undoubtedly, to have a husband of whom I should be ashamed."

"Then, dear Olinda, if hereafter you find that you cannot have both the carriage and the man to suit you, remember which is the most necessary to happiness."

"Yes," said Olinda, "you are right, and it is only at some moments in the day, while I hear and see these people, that their way of thinking acts upon my mind."

But it was not Olinda's fate to hear the same doctrine from all her friends; the next day she was summoned to Lady Portbury's dressing-room.

"She of that Peri cell the sprite."

was working the third row of a bead-purse, which had been her most arduous task since her arrival from the country. From time to time she regarded the well-flounced Mrs. Shuldham, who was arranging a wig upon a wig-block, in various braids, and puffs, and ringlets, in order to choose a mode in which Lady Portbury's own hair should be dressed at dinner-time.

None of the methods pleased the destined wearer, who at last said, "Well, Shuldham, you may go; I want to talk to Miss Vavasour. Olinda, I want to talk to you seriously, and I

never can find a minute; I never know what leisure is. By the way, do you think that would be a becoming way of doing my hair? I can't think it; the hair is too much off the forehead; it does for dark women who have a great deal of shade about the eyes, but I am too fair for it. Shuldham has no imagination; she goes on always in the same way; it is so tiresome! shocking! to be obliged to spend all my time in settling how I am to be dressed. Ah, if I could have kept Eulalie! it was too beautiful the way she dressed hair; nobody ever had such a little perfection of a maid."

"How did you happen to lose her?"

"Oh, though she was charming, she had some faults! You know every one has, and must have, some little fault; and Eulalie had ways:—she used to steal my trinkets, and wear my clothes, and, poor creature, she spoke not a single word of truth; and I could not keep a sovereign in my purse, she was so apt to take money; besides, she was very pretty, and allowed

all the men to make love to her:—but the way she dressed hair! and such trimmings as she used to invent! Ah, I shall never again be as well dressed as when she lived with me, poor thing. And she was so attached to me: if my gown did not sit properly, she was in despair; if my hair did not curl, or I looked ill, I was obliged to console Eulalie—she was so affectionate;—a little hot-tempered, as all kind-hearted people are; and those horrid cold English servants made such a fuss, because she one day ran at the French cook with a knife: he was her lover, or something.

"That was the only time I ever saw Lord Portbury absolutely disobliging; and Spriggins, the agent, bored me to death, by talking all sorts of nonsense to him. Now I said 'It's all very well for you, Lord Portbury, who are growing bald, and for Spriggins, in his brown scratch wig, to talk of honesty and virtue, and all that kind of thing, very properly, because hair-dressing cannot signify to *you*; but to me

it is of the last consequence; and if you brought me a saint instead of Eulalie, of what use would she be, if she could not dress hair?'

"Is not that the half-hour bell? Heavens! is it not dreadful never to have a moment's peace? I am torn to pieces for want of time, and I have quantities of things to say to you, Olinda, and advice to give you, but the hurry and struggle I live in is too much for human strength: ring for Shuldham, my dear: what would I give not to be married to a punctual man! Well, Shuldham, is that the dinner-bell? is it half-past seven?"

"No, my Lady, it is the hall-door bell; your Ladyship has an hour and a quarter to dinner yet: my Lord is not come home."

"Ah! well then you may go down, and return when Miss Vavasour goes. What was I saying?—oh! I wanted to tell you that I am quite certain Captain Aubrey will propose: I hope you do not mean to marry him, Olinda?"

To this inquiry Olinda replied by disclaim-

ing the expectation of a proposal, this being the rule in similar cases: but Lady Portbury said:—

"Nonsense, Olinda; you see he will;—but do not marry him; it would be excessively foolish. You will have twenty better opportunities of marrying. He is quite poor. There is nothing so melancholy as marrying with what 's called a *competence*."

"I do not wish or intend to marry Captain Aubrey, though I did not know he was poor: I thought he had 2000*l.* or 3000*l.* a-year."

"So he has; but you could hardly have the commonest comfort on such an income."

"Lucy Boyd would call that riches."

"My dear Olinda, it would be riches to her; and so it should be: but any thing is good enough for Lucy. She is quite a plain girl, and rather vulgar-looking; of course, she can only expect to marry some *horreur* of a man. But you, who are so handsome,

and look so distinguished, you ought not to think of making a poking match, like Lucy. *You* ought to marry *well*. Every body thinks well of themselves. I dare say Lucy thinks Mr. Watson, or somebody of the same sort, would be a very suitable husband for you; but just look in the glass, and see if Lucy and you ought to have the same expectations."

Here Lady Portbury set the example, and Olinda willingly profited by it. Both ladies fixed their eyes on the glass, and remained lost in that agreeable contemplation for some minutes, when Lady Portbury resumed the subject, and talked with such contempt and ridicule of all humble plans and prospects, and in particular those of Miss Boyd, that Olinda departed, on Mrs. Shuldham's third avatar, convinced that Lucy, though an excellent and sensible young woman, and a sincere friend, had formed too humble an estimate of what ought to be the views of a beauty; and she internally acceded to the position, that

Fleetwood, in which case an except
be found to the rule.

This benevolent speculation, hov
ceived a considerable check when
vasour encountered its object. To
of the uninterested, a man often see
ordinary state of mind, when, to t
think it worth their while to study
tenance, a slight curve of the brow
solent independence about his chin—a
contraction of the nose, may give t
assurance that the gentleman is seri
fronted, indignant, and prepared for w

No sooner had Olinda caught a gl
Fleetwood in the drawing-room, than
mentally:

merated were depicted in the most flagrant distinctness. What was to be done? She had entered the room full of conciliatory intentions, in a "very holiday humour," as Rosalind says, and here was this perverse man fighting against his own cause.

All that a young lady can do, (consistent with the dignity of a beauty,) Olinda did do, to disperse the thunder-cloud, but without success: indeed, a number of small overtures for peace failed, from the dextrous manner in which Mr. Fleetwood kept himself aloof, from his great attention to every member of the society, from Lady Portbury to the lap-dog, Olinda being the only exception. The enemy would not even treat of peace!

Captain Aubrey, on the contrary, was very assiduous, and in high spirits; and the rest of the company saw nothing of the pantomime thus acted before them, except Miss Boyd, who, from her sincere attachment to Olinda, witnessed the whole with deep interest.

by Lady Portbury, who saw his
proximity to Miss Vavasour with
approbation; and Olinda sat down b
which had now been, for some days,
ment of the drawing-room of an e
for an ornament it is at all times,
when the heat of the weather compe
relinquish it, something always seems
to the apartment.

Fleetwood suddenly drew near
trifling pretext, and remained talkin
different subjects. Captain Aubrey
having occurred in the conversation,
of that gentleman with some ill-hum
ridiculed an opinion he had expressed.

capricious and changeable as you are. When Captain Aubrey first arrived, you did nothing but praise him, and press us all to be acquainted with him; now that we all know and like him, you take every opportunity of finding fault and laughing at him: do explain this."

Fleetwood did not answer for some moments; at last he said, "I wish, Miss Vavasour, to be an example of candour, as I am of every other merit; and, in pursuance of that laudable design, must confess, that it was simply ill-humour — a kind of bilious affection of the mind, which has made me latterly unjust to Aubrey, whose character and society, in cold blood and impartial humour, I esteem and like; but he need not break my head, for I reform from this minute, like the hero of a comedy in the last act."

"I had no idea," replied Olinda, "of the power of my rebuke; but I am delighted to have drawn forth your recantation, and it will give me quite a taste for reprehension in

future, having found it so effectual on the present occasion."

Fleetwood continued to speak of Aubrey, and not only made amends for his past injustice, but talked at last with absolute partiality of him, and appeared to have entirely vanquished the evil spirit that had possessed him in the early part of the evening. When Aubrey returned to his post by Olinda's side, Fleetwood immediately yielded it, and retired with great good-humour.

Those at all disposed to interest themselves in Olinda's walks, had all learned that she daily sought to bring a nosegay from the greenhouse to wear in her hair and bosom in the evening; therefore Captain Aubrey had no difficulty in finding her, on the following afternoon, as she returned loaded with China-roses.

He took that opportunity of making his proposal, with the details of which I shall not trouble you more fully, because he said

nothing very new and brilliant, though he expressed himself very prettily; and a man in earnest (if he is not a fool) is always eloquent upon any subject that interests him deeply. But nobody cares to hear these sort of professions at second-hand; and I repeat, Captain Aubrey said nothing but what you, my dear Sir, have said, perhaps very often — though I hope you received a more favourable reply, because that elicited from Olinda was a decided rejection, which though politely expressed, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, while she pulled three of her finest China roses to pieces, still it was decided; so much so, that the gentleman was convinced it would be of no use to return to the charge on some future opportunity. Therefore, when they reached the hall-door, each bowed; Olinda ran up-stairs in some trepidation, and Captain Aubrey returned to the grounds, and afterwards to the Park, where he walked till the first dinner-bell rang.

Olinda took off her bonnet and sat down. Just then, Lucy bearing a gown on her arm, entered, saying, "Olinda, how shall I have the sleeve trimmed? this way?—or so?"—and then proceeded to state the *pour et contre* of each arrangement; to which Miss Vavasour made no reply. Lucy repeated her question, amplifying her former address, and standing in the attitude of expecting an answer, which at last compelled Olinda to say, mechanically,

"I—really—don't know."

"You do not know! why, my dear, you seem to have caught Mr. Thoresby's 'melancholy abstraction.' You do not know! Oh, oh, Miss Vavasour! I see something; and to save you the trouble of denying it—Captain Aubrey has proposed: I see that. Now tell me what was your reply, for that is all I am curious to learn."

"Since you have found me out, Lucy, my reply was a civil *no*, which you might also have guessed, as I was predetermined, and you

knew it. And I was thinking when you came in, how disagreeable it is to say anything people don't like to hear; and how awkward it will be to sit next him at dinner, and with the fear of the company guessing as you did."

"If you do not look conscious, and Captain Aubrey behaves as usual, why should anybody guess anything?"

"Well, I hope they will not; but you will allow it will make the dinner uncomfortable."

The company assembled: Captain Aubrey came last, and things went on pretty well, and without any unusual appearance; but this was because no person was curious on the matter, except Mr. Fleetwood, and he, (the moment he saw Captain Aubrey looking dark and discontented, constrained and silent, and Olinda with a heightened and fixed colour, and something in her manner to Aubrey which seemed to beg his pardon for having tempted him to waste his time,) directly guessed how matters stood between the sailor and his "sometime love."

His conjectures were confirmed by Captain Aubrey lamenting to Lady Portbury that evening, that he had received letters which would compel him to relinquish the great pleasure he had hoped to enjoy in spending another week at Fanover. Lady Portbury combated this resolution with as much graceful earnestness as if she had really wished his stay.

Lord Portbury recited above fifty parallel cases, wherein visitors bent on departure, had been prevailed upon to remain; and concluded his harangue by saying, "Olinda, is not this shabby of Captain Aubrey to deprive us of a whole week, which we considered we were quite sure of? do help me to persuade Captain Aubrey."

Miss Vavasour was choked with horror at the appeal, and desperately stammered some sentences, she knew not what, which were intended to seem as the echo of Lord Portbury's; but of course all entreaty was vain.

Another day, and Olinda had reason to think

that the walk to the green-house was becoming a very popular promenade, for her expedition was scarcely begun, when she was joined by Preston Fleetwood.

"Miss Vavasour," said he, "I am very much tempted to ask, if you have patience to hear, not a justification of the apparent caprice which prompted me to give two contrary opinions of the same man in the same day, but a frank confession of the feeling which caused my injustice. Will you object to hearing me?"

"As I long since not only gave you leave to speak your frank opinion on all subjects, to advise and find fault, I am only surprised that you think it necessary to apologize, and to go through the form of again asking a permission you had already obtained," replied Olinda.

"I wished, however, to have it distinctly repeated, because I am going to speak with a freedom that is very likely to displease; I very much wish to say several disagreeable things."

"Well, I permit you to follow up this flattering commencement."

"When I first asked your leave to become adviser in ordinary, if I know myself, I was only actuated by a sincere wish to be of use, to supply to you the want of judicious friends, of counsellors capable of taking just views of life and human interests; to which, without any disrespect to your present protectors, they are not competent. Even then, Olinda, I observed your besetting sin was the fault of your humour, and not of your understanding; vanity, boundless vanity, and the disposition to coquetry, which it generally creates, makes you dependent on those who surround you, subjects you to understandings far inferior to your own, and, to win opinions which are not worth having, you would sacrifice your natural sense of what is right and wrong."

"Thank you, Mr. Fleetwood, for your good opinion."

"I beseech you to attend to me seriously.

I have your permission to offend. If this one fault could be conquered, all your other qualities deserve praise; the total absence of envy and design, your kind and generous feelings to others, and care to avoid offending or grieving them, the intelligence and good sense you show on all other occasions, all combine to prove, that if you were not vain, you would be perfect.

"So far I have spoken of your faults; I must now confess one of my own. I have for some time been conscious that it is my heavy misfortune to love you deeply, against all the warnings of my reason, and the knowledge of your character and my own, which give the assurance, that such a feeling is of all others adverse to peace and prudence. *That* would have been only a misfortune, but it has influenced me to sin against justice and integrity in endeavouring to prejudice you against other men, particularly Aubrey, who deserves your regard; and I was hardly aware how far I had

yielded to my wish of crossing his interest till you rebuked me yesterday; but it has made me resolve to be honest and just at the risk of incurring your ill-will.

"I have always believed that, however entire frankness may displease, on reflection it is approved, and that every departure from it, though from amiable motives, to spare the sensibility, or to make advice and reprehension palatable to others, somehow is afterwards productive of evil.

'For right before there is no precipice—
Fools tread aside, and so their footsteps miss.'

I tell you, therefore, Olinda, that you may trust me when I give general advice, or opinions respecting persons of your own sex; but you can no longer, I fear, rely on the view I take of those men who try to win your affection: I cannot see them fairly."

"In spite, Mr. Fleetwood, of the pains you have taken to define your avowal of what

would have flattered me, I *am* flattered, and *very* vain of *your* loving me."

"So you would be of any other man's attachment, Olinda."

"I do not think you have a right to say so. Surely you cannot suppose I should have listened so quietly, had any other person said all the harsh things that you have spoken in the last ten minutes! You cannot suppose it; though, I confess, they do not seem so harsh to me as you perhaps intended, because the fault (if it is a fault) of wishing to please, does not seem to me a very heinous one. I believe it is common to all women, and to men also: it is natural not to be indifferent to the opinion of those who surround us."

"No, it would not be desirable or right that a woman should ever be so independent of society; it is not the wish to please I condemn, but its intensity—the wish to captivate, and the pains you take to succeed at any expense."

They were here interrupted. People are

often long and frequently offended before they quarrel, but having once quarrelled, the battle recurs perpetually. A lover is sometimes a long time before he says he loves, but having once said, he is very apt to repeat it. In spite of the reluctant and almost reproachful profession of Fleetwood, it was not long ere he again spoke of his attachment, and finding that he was heard with patience, it soon became his favourite topic of discussion with Olinda, and her replies were gradually so satisfactory, that he explained his situation as to pecuniary affairs. It is a pity that those who begin by speaking of love, cannot proceed without speaking of money.

"So comes the reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning!—and men smile no more"

Fleetwood's situation was briefly this: for the present he had only 300*l.* a-year, but he was to possess an estate producing a clear 1000*l.* a-year, which came through the will

of an uncle, who had the whim of bequeathing the use of the income, till Fleetwood should attain the age of thirty-one, for the benefit of some other relation. In one year Fleetwood would be entitled to take possession, and he wished Olinda to become his wife at that time.

Thirteen hundred a-year was a great falling off from the high conceptions Olinda had been encouraged to form when speculating on her possible destiny; yet it is quite sufficient for real and reasonable comfort; and if you tell me it is not so in your estimation, allow me to retort, that he who thinks it is not, would be a good deal puzzled to say what is. He has lost himself in a vortex of unreasonable wishes, "which beget one another like Jews," as Congreve says; and as many thousands would find him wishing for more.

Fleetwood took great pains to explain to Olinda the style of living that his future fortune would sustain, that she might form a dis-

tinct idea of the situation she was choosing, and know what she would *not* possess; and she heard with perfect content and satisfaction all the abridgement that marriage was to make of the luxury and magnificence that surrounded her at Fanover. She was proud of Fleetwood and his talents—her lot seemed most happy and glorious; in short, she loved him.

They agreed to wait some months before they disclosed their engagement to Lord and Lady Portbury, partly to please Olinda, who thought it would make her situation awkward, and partly to avoid the opposition that Lady Portbury, at least, would offer to such a project, which she would think absolute madness in Olinda. Fleetwood laid down a plan for her studies, and made her promise to write to him constantly; and shortly after his professional business recalled him to London.

Miss Vavasour sighed, as in duty bound, and kept all his injunctions sacred—such as reading several dry histories, and many other

books, which did not interest her, except as enabling her to give him an account of the contents, and the impression they made upon her. In his replies he corrected her opinions, and sometimes her grammar; explained and commented on various facts and passages, and did, in fact, a great deal to the improvement of her education. Fleetwood, however, had not received a religious education; his opinions on that subject were sceptical at least; consequently higher motives for conduct than prudence, propriety, and temporal advantage suggest, he never adverted to, and the lessons she had received in her youth grew every day more faint in her mind.

It is not unusual for men of fashion to say they make it a rule to attend the Church when in the country, "in order to give their servants and tenants a good example;" as if their example in town went for nothing, and religion and piety were only to be thought of at a "*convenient season.*" In compliance with

these exalted ideas of duty, Lord Portbury did with immense fuss give "dreadful note of early preparation" every Sunday morning, and, heading all the inhabitants of Fanover that could be pressed into the service, proceeded to the Parish Church, from which, on his return, he invited the clergyman to dinner, and not unfrequently extracted Mr. Spriggins from the large brick house opposite the church, where there is a handsome iron-gate to the court, and seven straight poplar-trees within it: you have passed it a thousand times.

In this pious pilgrimage Lady Portbury did not join above twice in the summer, when she arrived about the time of reading the second lesson, dressed in a pelisse of the first order, and a bonnet emanating from Madame Herbault. All the females' eyes that had not been open more than forty years were immediately riveted on her and her bonnet; and the hearts appending to the eyes, (as in females they generally do,) beat with tumultuous admira-

tion or envy, according to the prevailing disposition of the possessor.

If this scene took place around the crimson-lined pew of Lady Portbury, a similar temptation was offered, in the gallery, from that which contained the company from the housekeepers' room at Fanover. While Lady Portbury glided slowly up the middle aisle below, Mrs. Shuldham seated herself with an authoritative flounce in the gallery above, having rendered her costume nearly a fac-simile of that exhibited by her lady, and was viewed with similar feelings by a less distinguished audience. These "angel visits" were "so few and far between," that their influence on the parish was not diminished as they might have been by more frequent recurrence.

Of a Sunday evening Lord Portbury would sometimes turn his head from the card-table to say, "Come, Olinda, or come, Lucy, as it is *Sunday*, give us a little sacred music." So they began with "*Adeste Fideles*" and end-

ed with Moore's Melodies; Lord Portbury concluding the day with an observation, "that, in his idea, Sunday could not be too strictly kept. I may be thought too exact on these subjects, but it is the duty of everybody at the head of a large family to stem the torrent of vice and immorality which is rapidly extending itself all over Europe. In my idea, Church and State go hand-in-hand; touch one, you pull down the other. I remember my grand-uncle, Sir Hildebrand Sawyer, who was a very pious man, used to say—by the by, the chapel at Sawyerby Hall was lined with gilt leather, and it had an excellent effect; I hardly ever saw any thing of the kind so handsome and suitable. It was exceedingly impressive to see the chapel at Sawyerby Hall! Certainly it was a shameful thing of my cousin, Sir John Sawyer, to part with Sawyerby Hall! When I first heard of it, I rode over directly. The most wrong-headed fellow!—I talked to him for more

than three hours, without ceasing for an instant—not for a *single* instant! He fidgeted a good deal, and sometimes cracked his whip: at last he became quiet, and seemed attentive; and when I stopped, quite fatigued, to ask for a glass of wine, do you know, he was fast asleep!—Spriggins, was not the land sold for much less than its value to an Indian?—absolutely a man of colour!"

"Dear Lord Portbury, let the girls pass! I am sure *they* will be *without* colour if we don't go to bed. We were up late last night, I am sure, and I have quantities of things to do to-morrow."

The whole company blessed the timely interruption, and hastened to their respective couches.

CHAPTER VI.

If when Lord Portbury thus attempted, as he called it, "to stem the torrent of vice, &c." by what he considered a strict observance of the Sunday, his sacrifices were so little intrusive on his general habits, it is not to be supposed that those other six days of the week, which he considered might be lawfully dedicated to this world's cares and pleasures, without any pious interruption, were likely to call Olinda to serious reflection. On the contrary, every circumstance of her present mode of living seemed so independent of any world but the present one, that there seemed no occasion to think of the

Miss Vavasour could not join in Lady Portbury's regret that Lucy had missed the opportunity of becoming Mrs. Toddle; but the lament grew more interesting when she said, "Well, Olinda, at least *you* will not marry some hoggish man one has never heard of; *you* will have a different sort of establishment."

"Perhaps not," said Olinda, blushing.

"Why," said Lady Portbury, "you do not mean to say you could endure such a fate? Think of looking to all the details of a small house, doing all for one's self that a housekeeper should do, travelling in a stage-coach: there is no knowing all the *horreurs* that Lucy will be compelled to endure."

Olinda felt an unpleasant sensation, and thought of the moment when she should be obliged to own her intention of becoming Mrs. Fleetwood. How inexplicable it is, thought she, that one may not be allowed to be contented with one's own choice, but that everybody expects his neighbour to see with his spectacles!

Lucy laughed when she heard how thoroughly Lady Portbury despised her lot. "However," said she, "her contempt has produced a gift that delights me, and which the poor curate's wife had no right to expect: I shall enjoy having an Indian shawl, of all things. Poor Lady Portbury! how very good-natured of her to give it at a time when I know she scarce considers me worthy to live!"

The day being fixed for Lucy's marriage, Olinda was to attend her as bridesmaid, and Lord Portbury to give her away. Old Mr. Johnson was to perform the ceremony, his wife to chaperon the ladies, the Clitheros to look on.

The whole proceeding was so repugnant to Lady Portbury's feelings, that she never thought of being present; but had she been able to master them, there were some particular objections which would have proved insurmountable. The hour—could she have been at the parish church at ten? the bridegroom—a curate! —was she to stand by when Miss Boyd agreed

Lucy wished to have the ceremony
as possible, and the only other perso
was Mr. Thoresby, who having been
and intimately known to both parties,
sidered almost as part of the family at
Mr. Watson had requested the pleasu
company, to the great embarrassment
sensitive person, who as usual had re
Olinda for advice how to act in wha
pleased to term "his embarrassing posi

"Dear Mr. Thoresby," cried Olinda
is your position?"

"Why, Miss Vavasour, poor Wa
absolutely asked me to his wedding!"

"Well, you will come, of course."

"That is precisely what I wished to

lutely necessary I should appeal, that I may be enabled to avoid wounding the heart of Miss Boyd on so trying an occasion."

"Oh, you may be quite certain that Mr. Watson has consulted Lucy first, and I am certain she can only feel satisfaction in the attendance of an old friend like yourself."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Vavasour; I cannot have that cheering certainty. It is painful—it may perhaps seem vain in me to recall to your mind a discovery, a most unpleasing and fatal discovery I made some weeks since, of the attachment that poor Miss Boyd felt—towards—myself."

"Bless me, Mr. Thoresby, is it possible you still retain that very odd fancy! Do you, can you suppose that Lucy, on the eve of marrying a man of her own choice, could prefer you?"

Vainly did Olinda combat with the self-complacency of Mr. Thoresby to the last minute; she saw that in his own mind he had determined

the marriage, as he had in fact always
to do; for his communication with
that subject was only made to procu
portunity of deploring his own unfor
tractions. Indeed, he looked forward w
pleasure to the peculiarities which he
would mark the bride's agitation when
his appearance, and the perplexity
made no doubt would in consequence b
ed in the countenance of the bridegroo

To the learned in the etiquette of
remony, it is well known, that if you
and great, you must borrow a frien
in which to spend your honeymoon,
you depart in a chariot and four.

If you are a very private gentleman

any luck, you will in your search after the picturesque, stand in such heavy showers of rain, in that land of the mountain and the flood, that your bride will have an opportunity of seeing as good a cascade from the brim of your hat, as that which

"Comes down at Lodore,"

and her new pelisse will close its short career under the pelting of the pitiless storm.

There is a third approved method, of adjourning from the church to the inn at Salt Hill, which is more favourable to your coat, but less so to your pocket.

If you are a tradesman, it will be sufficient to put on new topped-boots, and, taking the bride and female party in smart array, proceed to Hampton Court, where you may see the Cartoons, and dine at the Toy; making the journey in a series of gigs and a glass-coach.

But there are exceptions to every rule, and by none of these expedients did the Watsons celebrate their nuptials.

which has already been so often co
rated.

Mr. Thoresby was much disappoint
quiet and matter-of-fact manner in whi
received. He was furnished with a
sels musqués, which he had designed t
in case Lucy fainted; bearing in mind
de Genlis' assertion, that an Englishw
affliction always holds a bottle of salt
hand. I confess I have witnessed s
solation sought by the mourner ma
since, but modern sensibility is conten
a sprinkling of Eau de Cologne, and h
was no need of either.

Lucy did not quit the protection

though it interrupted a story, or rather a collection of stories, which he began to tell at Fanover, and (only pausing while the marriage and consequent adieus were taking place) continued during the drive to and from the vicarage; so, though a large audience had the first fruits of his discourse, (which only ended on their return to Fanover,) the peroration was the exclusive benefit of Olinda and Mr. Thoresby; the first civilly exclaiming "No!—really!—dear me!" and other indications of lady-like surprise and interest; Mr. Thoresby only contributing an occasional hem! or ha! for he considered the space of his drive should be devoted to the Muse; and he travelled through the composition of half a sonnet with tolerable comfort to himself, in spite of the information Lord Portbury was pouring forth.

The marriage of Lucy was disadvantageous to Olinda: she not only lost an amiable companion, but the only person who thought *sanely* and acted consequently; who could neither

It would not be quite fair to consi
so entirely Olinda's superior as circu
sometimes made her appear. In scar
man merit, some charitable allowance
made for human temptation; we sh
judge the opinions uttered by a friend
just drunk two bottles of champagne,
same scrutinizing severity as if his pota
been spring-water; and there are some
which intoxicate the possessor more co
than champagne, and unhappily ther
intervals to sleep off this intoxication
the gift of beauty is in female eyes,
judge by the declaration ascribed to th
of our own time who indisputably

Fleetwood and Lucy being now removed, Olinda was thrown more into conversation with the rest of the society; she talked more to the men, and offended the young ladies more than she had yet done.

The person most disposed to dislike Miss Vavasour was Lady Maria: she became greatly irritated, on this her second visit, to find Olinda more *en evidence* than she had left her; and Sir John Creswell, whom Lady Portbury had civilly invited as soon as she expected Lady Maria, had relapsed into his original admiration.

Men are fully as envious as women of each other's personal qualities, but I fear the softer sex is the most spiteful; not, perhaps, from a taste for petty aggression, but from a position in the world which limits their vengeance to small injuries.

The first retaliation that occurred to Lady Maria was a contemptuous manner of treating Olinda as an inferior, which she would have

She saw Lady Maria disliked her, a
was all: she rather avoided talking
but neither showed nor felt resentmen
rival beauty grew more provoked, a
ill-bred, and occasionally said things
and so angrily expressed, that Olind
the infection, and began, in her turn
some enmity to her foe.

"Lady Maria shall find," said
ternally, "that her rudeness will not
me from talking to Sir John Creswe
she encouraged him to converse with l
was sensible of the effect, but did
the cause, of a complaisance which ve
flattered him: he therefore modestly a
to his own extraordinary merit the

Things were in this position, every body breathing love or war, when one of the many sketch-takers with which the house abounded, produced a view of a ruin about ten miles off, called Worgham Abbey, which struck every body as the representation of a most beautiful scene. Several of the company expressed a wish to see it, and Lord Portbury proposed they should make a party and dine there. This was an alarming proposition to Lady Portbury, who was a sworn enemy to rain, dust, wind, and all elemental accidents: she equally abhorred riding, walking, climbing, staring *for*, rather than *at*, distant objects—losing the party—whooping to call them, and listening for their whooping reply. In short, all the ills that a gipsy-party is "heir to," rushed on her apprehensive mind, and filled it with dismay.

Some of the gentlemen, as well as ladies, sympathised in her alarms: but the house contained so very large a party of restless young

pare innumerable fowls, lobster-sala
the next afternoon; and these rural
with many others, were despatched
ham Abbey early the next morning.
pany were to follow in the afternoon.

All who have any experience in
pleasure, know that three in a
its members, — say A. B. C. — c
a matter of vital importance to sit,
walk next D. E. and F.; it is eq
known, that G. H. I. may, from
lar malice, or the rest of the alph
accidental intervention, destroy this
felicity; and that the least evil that e
be A. B. C. and D. E. F. continuin

less by the whole party: nay, there are the collateral huffs, such as that of D.'s mamma, who frets that her daughter has not the right beau by her; of E.'s husband, who sees his wife has got the wrong beau, &c.

Unfortunately, these untoward circumstances must occur to human interests; and we cannot guarantee the party to Worgham Abbey from its share of malcontents.

Though Lady Maria considered Lord Sedley her main object, yet, as he preserved a sort of neutrality between her and Olinda, and did not yet appear to wish to marry, she considered the necessity for looking after Sir John Creswell as more pressing and immediate; as when she had been last at Fanover he seemed almost her property, and a lover who seems escaping grows of immense value in the eyes of a coquette.

The party were to be divided to fill various vehicles. Lady Maria chose to go in the open barouche with Lady Portbury, who, to oblige

because when he went in the same
with his wife they were apt to squal
to all other women he was very atter
well-bred.

At three o'clock, when the compan
bled, and the carriages were prepared
Sir John appeared, saying that he h
his hand so much with a tennis-ball
dared not offer to drive; but that Sc
so very desirous to take his place,
believed he must have bribed the te
his hand was bound up with a handke

He lamented his incapacity with
appearance of sincerity as satisfied L
bury, who, not choosing to dispossess
Mirval and Mr. Danby, said "But

Lady Portbury was satisfied, and considered that so important a substitute as Lord Sedley would be considered as an ample amends to Lady Maria. But the latter did not feel so entirely contented: a certain preoccupation which lurked in Sir John's manner, gave her some slight distrust. She thought, too, that he smiled and bowed with a suspicious alacrity, for a man who felt disappointed.

The astute Sir John knew that Mr. Thoresby was at that moment engaged in driving Mrs. Danby, and repeating his own verses to her with so much *onction*, that it was lucky for that lady's bones that the road to Worgham Abbey presented no extraordinary difficulty. Sir John nimbly passing the gig, ran to a jaunting-car, which contained Olinda and some more young people; he quickly obtained a place next her, and secretly applauded his own *sçavoir faire*.

Olinda saw a part, and guessed the rest of what had happened; she did not care for Sir John Creswell, but the preference he had

had its full effect. Sir John grew
technically called *particular*, and Oli
all that lay in her power to make him
that he was heard with pleasure and
Yet she had no deeper design in so
than to reward him for the triumph
procured her that day.

The party was extremely gay, an
could hardly believe they had gone te
when the ruins of Worgham Abbey fi
their eyes.

As the car was the most loaded, a
least capable of speed of all the carriag
ployed on this occasion, it was the la
arrived: the rest of the party had al
and were rambling about. How can t
may of Lady Maria be described!

whose appearance was to portend her own doom, was infinitely less startled. Nay, "the friars five," when they learned the decree of death with which the "bloody Miramolin" had resolved to close their pious labours, might have heard it with more sang-froid than Lady Maria saw Sir John hand Olinda from the jaunting-car.

Now came the "tug of war." Lady Maria, though in full beauty, and attended by Lord Sedley, felt herself injured and oppressed; and Olinda was proportionably elated, yet took no interest in Sir John himself; and even the satisfaction she derived from his adulation only arose from the proof it seemed to afford that she was so much more charming than Lady Maria. The conviction raised her spirits so much, that she bestowed some leisure moments in flirting with Lord Sedley.

Lady Maria had been too much an idol at home and abroad to restrain her displeasure within due bounds. She endeavoured to dis-

tress her rival by a number of spiteful little speeches, which those who seek are sure to find, and vex Sir John by saying what she thought most likely to mortify and irritate him: in this undertaking she was more successful than in her attack on Miss Vavasour.

As the temper of the latter was good, her vanity intense, and entirely free from any mixture of envy, her anger at Lady Maria was only momentary, while actually sustaining some act of aggression.

Sir John's mind was less happily constituted: he sometimes grew ill-humoured, and on other occasions was entirely disconcerted; but the chief result of Lady Maria's warfare against him was a great dislike to her, which it gradually produced, and though she saw its progress, she was not sufficiently mistress of her temper to endeavour to avert it.

The members of the party to Worgham Abbey were summoned to a grand debate, as to which way the party should direct their steps

and observation. Lady Portbury, and a few of the least enterprising, arranged themselves with sundry novels, newspapers, and telescopes, in a large tent which had been prepared for their accommodation.

While the servants prepared the dinner in another, some of the young people went to survey the ruins, and others had recourse to the less humane and dignified expedient of fishing in the little river which ran by the Abbey, and were soon deep in the mysteries of flies and gentles.

Mr. Danby was addicted to geology, and always carried a hammer and a blow-pipe about with him. Now everybody knows that a geologist breaks a bit of every stone he passes near, putting it carefully into his pocket, then insisting that several ignorant friends (who do not know chalk from granite) should tell him of what each piece is composed; after hearing their ineffectual guesses with contemptuous laughter, he *submits* the stones to the blow-pipe,

and assures the admiring beholders, that they are turned into a black *slag:* which satisfies every body at once, though the majority go to their graves without knowing what slag means.

Mr. Danby, in obedience to this scientific passion, proceeded to break the stones about the Abbey. Mrs. Danby stayed in the tent with Lady Portbury, where she made several yards of tatting; while Mr. Thoresby repeated his own sonnets, and then sang songs of his own composition, which the listeners assured him were much better than any of Mr. Moore's—an assertion he thought was very just and moderate praise.

Mrs. Danby was a very stupid woman, just pretty enough to be heard with patience when she talked of "unhappy unions,"—"joined, not matched,"—incompatibility, insensibility, error of destiny, &c. to men entirely *désœuvrés*. Having found out that this topic was the most favourable to her style of eloquence, it was the

subject she was most fond of discussing, not so much with females, old or young, or elderly clergymen, but with those persons whose way of thinking seemed to invite such intimate confidence: these were generally young officers, idle men about town, particularly those who had, in her hearing, been called "sad *roués*," and reckoned "rather wild."

No sooner had she seen Mr. Thoresby's guitar, heard half a stanza, and above all observed the aspiring and poetic arrangement of his open collar, than it seemed she beheld a volunteer Werter, and she enlisted him in her band of confidants, and frequently enumerated Mr. Danby's faults and her own virtues with great pathos. He lent an attentive ear apparently, and repaid her communication with sentiment and metaphysics; nay, he addressed a very laborious elegy of twenty halting stanzas,— "To an amiable Lady unhappily married,"— till a friend reminded him that it was very old-fashioned to head his poem in this manner, as

such an address enabled the reader to guess what he was going to say, whereas, if the poem is called "Elegy to ———," you are obliged to read it through before you can possibly guess the nature of ———'s afflictions. Mr. Thoresby adopted the advice of this critic with many acknowledgements.

The party that chose to survey the ruins consisted of some of the most youthful and frisky of the chaperons, and all the maiden belles of course: Lady Maria and Miss Vavasour were included; and they proceeded in inimical union to clamber through broken walls, covered with ivy. Those who drew, expressed their admiration of what appeared picturesque; those who were most dull, and therefore chose to be witty, repeated all the ancient and common-place jests upon convents, monasteries, and their inhabitants, which have been in use since the Reformation, and perhaps before.

Lord Sedley wondered what sort of choir had

sung there, adding, "By Jove! I should like to have heard them sing."

Lady Maria said that she thought, after all, it was a pity convents were done away with; it was certainly the best way of disposing of a number of portionless girls who were always in the way in England, and as they could not all be governesses and half-boarders in schools, led an uncertain and disagreeable life as humble companions, and if they were at all pretty, had their heads turned by the flattery of idle and inconsiderate men, who, to pass away a vacant hour, made no scruple of misleading the poor things into thinking themselves goddesses, and perhaps prevented them from accepting matches in their own line, as tradesmen, attorneys, curates, &c.

The short and scornful laugh, flushed cheek, and wandering eye which accompanied this tirade, would have told a duller person than Olinda that it was spoken solely for her bene-

fit; she so understood it, but was only surprised that Lady Maria could suffer her envy to master her politeness so entirely.

Sir John Creswell, who now feared some epigrammatic observation against himself when Lady Maria spoke, listened uneasily, and dared not answer; but Lord Sedley said, if all parents, friends, and guardians took care to have girls so situated taught music properly, had their voices cultivated, and made them perfect mistresses of thorough bass, there could be no difficulty in providing for them, as long as there were so many theatres existing.

This he said in perfect innocence, but Lady Maria, enchanted at what she thought an attempt to second her in mortifying Olinda, laughed triumphantly, and flushed still deeper, little thinking that Lady Mardiston had, by affirming that Lord Sedley's musical talents were undervalued by Lady Maria, entirely secured his heart from her attacks.

After a fatiguing walk, enlivened by many

ebullitions of ill-will, the party once more collected in the tent, and hunger produced a truce.

The scene was beautiful; a bright autumnal sun and mild air, plenty of cloaks and tippets, allowed the ladies to gaze on the prospect without shuddering with cold—a rare advantage in the contemplation of English scenery!

The table was long, and as Lady Maria and Olinda were seated at the same side, though with several persons between them, Sir John had the comfort of not being under the eye of the former, which enabled him to be gallant with less restraint: he made several of those vague and complimentary professions which young ladies are not *obliged* to consider as serious enough to be discouraged, and which Olinda received with so flattered and flattering a manner as might have misled a man less vain than Sir John Creswell.

Opposite to them sat Mrs. Danby and Mr. Thoresby. She asked for some of the dish

to eat raw meat! Now, Mr. Thoresby, you insist upon your wife eating every quite raw?"

Mr. Thoresby exclaimed with terror bare supposition that females of refin could be treated with such indignity. Danby sighed and shook her head.

Soon after, somebody admired a ph which had been among the carriages brought the company. Mrs. Danby excla "Yes, that is a delightful carriage: I wish was a phaeton; but we have but one car and only think of Mr. Danby, though he l I like a phaeton, he will always have a ch Now, Mr. Thoresby, would you insist

pended on it, till he had expressed his unqualified abhorrence of such unexampled tyranny; adding, "that were he fortunate enough to be a married man, he should only consider himself, and desire to be considered, as the most devoted of his wife's servants." Mrs. Danby sighed and shook her head.

She took Mr. Thoresby's opinion on several more of Mr. Danby's faults, and received an asseveration that he was perfectly free from similar errors.

Meanwhile it was surprising to see how Sir John's attentions grew more marked, and Olinda's manner of receiving them more gracious; yet she looked no farther than the present moment, and wished him to admire, perhaps to love, but had not an idea of his proposing, and was herself determined to marry Fleetwood.

I will not record Sir John's pretty speeches, because they were not a jot better than those Captain Aubrey had spoken a short time since,

perhaps not so good; but they were new, and therefore welcome. In the midst of a rather encouraging and flattering reply from the lady, she raised her eyes to behold whom Lord Portbury was greeting as a new accession to the company, and beheld—Fleetwood, who she saw had already taken a survey of the party, and was perfectly aware of the nature of her present entertainment.

Vermilion, lake, madder, carmine, and every other shade and sort of known and unknown red, are pale to the varieties in the long and painful blush which this discovery forced into Olinda's fair cheek: she was angry at her own coquetry; she was angry at Sir John for exciting it, and with Fleetwood for being a witness to it. Fleetwood, being a very dark and pale man, could not conveniently blush, but a little spot of dusky-orange appeared on his cheek, as the nearest approach to that process which anger could produce, and his eye gleamed all manner of dark threats at the self-condemned

Olinda. Her gaiety evaporated directly, and Sir John found her much less agreeable and animated than he had hitherto seen her. Meanwhile, Fleetwood paid his compliments to the more important married ladies of the company, and explained his unexpected visit as proceeding from a journey on business, from which he was returning, and finding he was not far from Fanover, he could not refuse himself the pleasure, &c. He was very kindly received by Lord and Lady Portbury, who prevailed on him to stop for a few days.

In due time he approached Olinda, and addressed her with divers sarcastic compliments on the benefit her looks had derived from the quiet repose of the country.

After a dinner, pleasant to some, and endless to others, as is the case in most large parties; after much champagne and many moderate jokes, and less than moderate puns, from those who undertook to provide wit for the rest; after duetts sung by some who had voices, and

pensive and reserved when returning over.

CHAPTER VII.

It availed little to Olinda to receive Sir John Creswell's attentions with indifference *now*, her previous encouragement had done so much to satisfying his vanity, that her change of manner was hardly observed. Vainly did she vow, if she could once civilly rid herself of this man, never again to suffer the least spark of coquetry to appear in her manner in future, to behave with the utmost simplicity and reserve, never to give Fleetwood the slightest reason to find fault. Meanwhile, she saw she must encounter a lecture from him; and her apprehensions were well founded.

design, at the time she was affianced
repeated with great force and tru
has ever been said on this subject
thing had hitherto remained unsai
he brought it forward on this occa
that been all, he would have done w
people who reprove, are apt to gr
by the bare enumeration of the offen
quencies, he grew angry; and after be
a sensible friend, he concluded like a
and jealous lover, with the bitterest r
urged in the most furious manner.

Olinda wept—first excused hersel
guilty of want of reflection, then con
was wrong, promised amendment, w
but experienced a very disagreeable su
had always imagined

a surprising effect even on a man who is indifferent—but that on a lover! it was almost too powerful an engine to employ!

She had now an opportunity of observing the extraordinary *sang-froid* with which she would be allowed to weep by Mr. Preston Fleetwood, and was quite alarmed at his stern insensibility to her affliction. It was astonishing—unaccountable. Can all men be so harsh and unrelenting, or is it only his disposition? This was an important consideration, upon which it would be very desirable to satisfy her mind. Moreover, as lovers are more obsequious and humble, it is supposed, than husbands, and Preston, in this chrysalis state of lover, is such a tyrant, what will he be when he attains the dignity, and is, as Congreve says, "beyond measure enlarged into a husband?" This was a frightful subject of meditation.

Yet nothing alarmed Olinda more than his concluding thus:—"Though I think your con-

cessions in my favour, Olinda,
destiny offered by any other ma
mise a life more consonant to
happiness, you will find me ready
to sacrifice my claim on your rega

Olinda wept more abundantly,
assurances called for by this decl
at last appeased her arbitrary h
not without retaining an impres
would make a most awful and bl
husband.

This disagreement and its cau
also some ill effects on Fleetwood's
had a natural tendency to jealous
picion, which was aggravated by
he had received of Miss Vavasour'
and indiscretion. He grew unjust,

If he entered a room, and found her speaking to any man, particularly if she seemed in gay spirits, the scrutiny of his eye and the coldness of his manner gave her an embarrassed and anxious air, which seemed to him an evidence she had been flirting. When any man spoke to her with an appearance of interest, he examined the manner of each with so much grave attention, that her whole soul was bent on avoiding all offence. She was, therefore, under a sort of constraint in his presence, and thought him rather *exigeant;* and when any person's presence is a constraint, their absence is a kind of relief, little as you may choose to own it to yourself.

Fleetwood, therefore, was frequently able to convict Miss Vavasour of talking and laughing more before he came into the room than afterwards, and this gave him great offence; and though Olinda wished to see him every hour in the day, she was fatigued with watching her own words, and regulating her own

looks. So that, upon the whole, this last visit of Fleetwood did not conduce to the harmony and good understanding of the lovers.

Luckily he could not stay more than a few days; still they both had opportunity, while it lasted, to fret a great deal at each other's proceedings. If either could have mustered patience enough to make the trial—had Olinda persisted long enough in her abstinence from flirting to convince him she was in earnest in renouncing it,—had Fleetwood been content to watch her with unprejudiced eyes till he had satisfied himself, both would have been spared much disquiet: but neither were at that time equal to such an exertion of reason, and he returned to town displeased and distrusting.

Olinda, who was now very anxious for Sir John's departure, out of respect to Fleetwood's will, had avoided giving the former any opportunity of speaking to her apart, and hoped that his apparent *penchant* and visit would

blow over together. But Sir John, who admired himself as much as he could admire another, thought her avoidance was owing to accident, and never dreamed it was possible that she could like another better.

One morning, at post time, there arrived a quantity of new music. After breakfast, Lady Portbury said:—"Come, Olinda, and practise these things: I want so to hear them, and I know they are very difficult."

The ladies repaired to the drawing-room. But a moment afterwards, Lord Portbury entreated his wife to come to the hall-door to view a horse which he was in treaty to purchase; and as it was one of those peculiarly dedicated to Lady Portbury's use, and she was very fastidious respecting their appearance, the examination was likely to be long and minute.

Sir John, who was following Lord Portbury, deserted the horse-committee for a place by the piano-forte, which he held long enough to de-

relief to her, to refuse Sir John Cresw
entertaining an erroneous idea that a v
and complimentary refusal ought to kee
in good-humour as much as acceptan
gracefully and politely declined Sir Joh
at once.

Great was her alarm and confusion wh
saw him as much irritated as a well-br
can be, and, perhaps, a little more: h
whelmed her with reproaches for the
ragement he had previously received, a
all that a vain man under mortification,
ill-tempered man under disappointment,
supposed to think and feel; but whic
haps, he would not have expressed, had
secretly entertained an idea that his o

Though Miss Vavasour's conscience smote her in some degree for her past civility, she could not help considering Sir John's uncourtly vehemence and unmeasured reproaches as more than the offence deserved; for, after all, she could only accuse herself of listening attentively and smiling sweetly; she did not take into the account the *expression* of her manners.

Sir John accused her of more blame than she deserved, and she assigned herself less—the real balance was between. However, she was both shocked, frightened, and mortified by his anger and want of consideration; and when his indignant harangue ceased, she retired to her own chamber, wishing that she had been bred in the Romish faith, that she might instantly enter a nunnery of the strictest rule known, in order to shut the male division of human kind for ever from her sight and hearing.

People must suffer very often from their besetting sin, before they are convinced their suffering arises from their fault, and not from

The report of some of the visiters w
ted Fanover at this time, led Fleet
guess with tolerable accuracy what had
there relative to Sir John; and his le
Olinda, in the double office of love
censor, were more filled with what belon
the latter than the first of these situatio
reproaches and animadversions were sever
proved as grievous to Olinda's heart as
fying to her vanity.

For a fortnight, a whole fortnight, d
preserve inviolate the good resolution
made; and then she again began to bea
complacency the flatterers of her society.
forgot her late severe lesson, acquitted l
of all fault upon reflection, and began to
Fleetwood's presence

presenting itself, he came thither, and a few days elapsed without any reproof on his part. But there was something in his manner that she did not feel quite easy in observing.

One day he asked to speak to her, and said, "Olinda, I have said nothing till now on a subject most important to us both, because I would not rashly, and from the impulse of a sudden feeling, decide on a step, and risk repenting it when under a different state of mind. I think I now see with unprejudiced eyes the line I ought to pursue for your welfare and my own peace. In spite of your natural disposition, which is excellent, and of your understanding, which is superior to most young persons of your age, your vanity is so impetuous and overwhelming, that you are not to be depended on. You would not be content in the situation I have to offer; and I tell you honestly, I am naturally distrustful and suspicious—faults probably as likely to make you unhappy, as yours are quite certain to make me miserable.

against your errors, and in spite of the
(and I am quite sensible that you *do* ta
interest) in satisfying my mind, you can
quer that rage for admiration which mi
all you say and do. My dear Olinda,
not aware of the fearful tendency of thi
if you cannot obtain sufficient self-co
amend it, be assured you will betray
betrayed; you will never see what is rea
till too late to avail yourself of the perce

"Olinda, I restore to you the powe
your own destiny, which I was a few
since so happy as to claim, and which,
you will fatally misuse. Henceforth y
free. As a friend, you will still, perhap
mit me to counsel—perhaps you will hav
confidence in that counsel the

and durable for your single interests, as when I once hoped they would be inseparably connected with my own."

Every word Fleetwood uttered seemed to Miss Vavasour as a thunderbolt; she could hardly believe she was awake. The fear of being unable to speak without weeping bitterly, kept her silent a few minutes, and prevented the eager abjuration she was going to make of her faults; but it occurred suddenly to her that promises of amendment would seem as if she wished to avert the relinquishment Fleetwood had so readily made of his right in her heart—it was almost beseeching him not to abandon her. No, the best plan for her was to acquiesce in his quitting her, and to show him by a long course of prudence and reserve, that she had conquered the propensity of which he had complained, even without expecting it would concern him personally; and then what might she not expect from his penitence for the distrust which had induced him to resign her?

saw her conversing with them——Olin
even then beginning to coquet in imagi
though unconsciously.

These reflections passed rapidly throu
mind, and restored her self-possession. I
of the humble and conciliating professi
first meditated, she replied firmly, and
very dignified air, that she entirely app
the frankness and decision with whic
acted; that where persons thought and fe
ferently, it was not likely their agreement
be durable; and that as his judgment o
conduct was entirely contrary to her own,
upon reflection, she readily agreed to co
him in future as a *disinterested* friend.

Olinda here would have added some
fession of the value she

feared, if she did so, she should say too much; and she also feared that if she once began to express her "compunctious visitings," she might not be able to say anything, at all, but be cut off by a violent passion of tears in the flower of her discourse, which would be extremely beneath the dignity of a young lady so lovely and so ill-used.

By this reserve she was enabled to conclude the interview with great appearance of self-possession, and so effect the greatest possible dis-service to her own secret interest; for Fleetwood, from the ease and insensibility which he thought she displayed on this occasion, was convinced not only that she did not love him, but that she was a heartless young person, and a mere coquette.

He applauded his own strength of mind for resolving on the sacrifice of so ill-placed an attachment; admired his discernment in reading her heart; made several severe reflections on the nature of womankind in general—their

vanity, worldliness, and frivolity. He thought of Eve, Dalilah, Jael, Cleopatra, and every treacherous and unworthy woman from their times to the present; but as he was obliged to mount his horse and ride with Lord Portbury, who very generously poured forth his own recollections upon all subjects, and required an occasional observation in reply, he could not even enjoy his uncharitable musings in peace.

Olinda retired to her room, and wept abundantly. So she had actually lost Fleetwood! offended him beyond forgiveness! and for what? for the pleasure of hearing all sorts of folly talked by all sorts of fools! She thought of writing a kind of exculpatory letter, reproaching him for his readiness to give her up and believe the worst of her; but it was beneath her dignity to do so—and he was unreasonable, very unreasonable, and unjust.

Well, he had lost an excellent wife, (and she wept,) and a great beauty, (and she looked in the glass,) but she vowed to herself no man

should ever again have an opportunity of telling her he loved: that was the only point upon which she was entirely resolved. She was to be a model to all future old maids.

But it was impossible to go down to dinner with her hair in disorder, her eyes red and swollen; Fleetwood must not suppose that he was regretted. She bathed her eyes in rose-water, and took great pains to arrange her hair and dress, which exercise offered a little distraction, and gradually her tears ceased, and she found very slight traces of her grief remained to mar her effect when she joined the company, with a determination to be in very high spirits.

Lord Portbury had that day increased the party that was staying at Fanover by several officers belonging to a regiment quartered in the neighbouring town; and Miss Vavasour found herself placed between General Carleton and Major Holt, directly opposite to Fleetwood.

As General Carleton had a little bottle put

therein, Olinda easily guessed he was an
real or imaginary, and she was but ill-p
with suitable conversation, and saw it w
difficult to have very gay conversation w
neighbour on the right.

Turning to the left, she took a sur
Major Holt: he was one of those agr
men, who having spent the time they co
best worth remembering always with th
giments, can only remember what was s
Mr. Such-a-one of *ours*, when we we
quarters at such a place. Olinda asked
he had ridden much about the neighbou
since his arrival—if he had seen Wo
Abbey? To which he replied, "that he i
ed to go there, but it must be a fine ruin i
if it was equal to

breakfasts to the young ladies of that neighbourhood,—particularly to the Miss Dawes—nine charming girls! all life and spirit! one of them in particular, Angelina, an absolute wit—very superior creature indeed!—the tricks she used to play us!"

A large gold basket, filled with flowers, in the midst of the table, partly intercepted the view which Fleetwood and Olinda might have had of each other, and limited their respective opportunities of investigating each other's proceedings to casual glances. Fleetwood was content to appear himself, that is, rather sulky and discontented; but Miss Vavasour thought herself bound in honour to be mirth personified. Foreseeing it would be easy to elicit a long story from Major Holt, she looked so delighted with his description of the Kilmagarry festivities, and questioned him with so much interest respecting Miss Angelina Dawe, that he favoured her with all the anecdotes of that gifted person his memory afforded.

morning, when they looked for their
were sure to find them full of s
feathers cut to pieces, and perhaps
water poured upon their heads when
going to mount their horses. Never
a clever girl in my life!—most talen
ture! She would hunt!—ride *any* h
out a saddle! A cricket-player!—
her bat for hours, and never get bow
Never saw such a talented creature!

"And Rosabella Dawe was almost
I have seen her land a salmon that
fourteen pounds as if it was a minnow
half a dozen swallows flying! And
Dawe often told me, her daughter
tion had never cost her a single
Never taught any thing

make about governesses and masters. Well, I assure you, Mrs. Dawe always said, she should have been quite ashamed to put Mr. Dawe to such an expense as educating nine young ladies would have been; so she let them educate themselves, and gave herself no sort of uneasiness.

"She was a very superior woman, Mrs. Dawe; and they all turned out perfectly well, except, indeed, Annette Seraphina. She ran away with the riding-master of our regiment; but old Dawe was after them directly, and brought her back. It blew over. She was a quiet lump of a girl, not as clever as the rest; and, as Mrs. Dawe said, 'Girls will be girls, and you can't put an old head on young shoulders; and you know, Holt,' she said, 'girls seldom run away *twice*. I dare say Annette Seraphina will be wiser another time.' Mrs. Dawe was so sensible and quiet; she took every thing as it came."

During this speech, or rather harangue, of

...the Dawe memoirs,
very small part of Major Holt's co
in reality was heard and understood
but her manner of listening was very g
tomimic acting.

Fleetwood felt provoked at her be
he attributed to coquetry and indiffere
which was really the effect of pique a
tification.

A man will sometimes admit that
do not know themselves, but he recko
self an exception from the rule; and fe
an idea how imperfect our knowledge
neighbours' characters must always be.
itself is an education—a course of instr
Each event that interests us is a proc
experience, by which our dispositions are
times entirely ...

discreet, and confiding, may suffer so much from these qualities, as to obtain in maturer age the reputation of being cunning, reserved, or prudent. Our minds are changed, like our faces, by time; and we can no more expect to have our friend's way of thinking and temper the same at the end of ten years, than we can expect to see him look the same.

"When Time's transmuting hand shall turn
Those locks of gold to silvery wires,
Those starry eyes must cease to burn
As now with more than heavenly fires."

How often, if some superior intelligence would predict our conduct on some distant future occasion, we should reply, like Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing!" How differently, on reflection, does every candid being judge his own conduct in former scenes, to what he thought while those scenes were passing.

May not Olinda hereafter lose her coquetry, as she has now lost her simplicity, and be quite

jealous persons, he was subject t
fits of affection and disapprobation;
either was unusually keen, the re
pace with it. However, he resolve
natural disposition fight with its
before he again essayed a word of in
even as a *friend*: and for any o
ference, "never more," &c.

Here followed a plentiful stock o
vigorous good resolutions on his pa
table, while Miss Vavasour, catching
pearance of thought on his countena
napni *coup-d'œil* taken between two c
and the handle of the gold basket,
ternally:—"So, Mr. Preston Fleetw
are not then so entirely *dégagé* and in
as you would

Of course this *will* pass by, and we shall be friends. It is impossible he can resolve on giving me up so readily; it is not natural: no man can do so. Of course, next week—but he shall beg pardon for his injustice and harshness. Still I do not like his looks:—how very unfeeling, when he knows how I must be grieved! To be eating truffles, when he saw me weep!—to talk of Rome and Naples to Mr. Danby! Men are all brutes—no feeling! I will not forgive him for five weeks—perhaps not so soon!"

But Olinda had leisure to form and reform her plans; time wore away, and her forgiveness was not sought: nay, Fleetwood actually completed his visit and returned to London, without having given her an opportunity of executing her various schemes of vengeance, without her obtaining from him one word of more distinguishing interest than might have been addressed to his great-grandmother.

Miss Vavasour remained sad, angry, and full

agreeable to her; and strange to s
to all the "fixed and settled rules"
for the government of the heart an
in the absence of a beloved obj
pleased, and was pleased to please.

For one week, indeed, she though
use is it to engage any heart bu
Fleetwood's? A few days afterward
sidered he was very unreasonable, a
too rigid in his ways of thinking. W
that fault of his make her condem
Then of what use is it to fret for
can't help? When this reflection occ
mind, the proprietor may be assured
is more than half consoled: it is the
of the shower.

Then she wished Fl

reproach to him! Would it not alarm and make him try to save the portion of her regard he had so lately appeared highly to value? She often pondered on the possibility of bringing him back by an acute fit of jealousy, and resolved the pretensions of various beaux should become the instruments of this infliction.

Miss Vavasour forgot how heartily she had repented the encouragement bestowed on Sir John Creswell, and the many vows she had made against repeating the experiment; and now speculated on the wish Fleetwood might have in her remaining single. She thought that he saw some splendid establishment offered by some man sufficiently pleasing to save her from incurring the imputation of marrying for money: he could, would certainly be tempted to try to dissuade her from accepting what would place an eternal bar between her and himself; he would re-assert a claim resigned in sudden pique.

Suppose Lord Sedley, who always paid her

of grief if refused; and he was n
tempered than Sir John Creswell-
creditable lover for any girl: it wou
look alarming to Fleetwood to r
Morning Post,

"A treaty of marriage is said to
tapis between Lord Sedley and the
Miss Vavasour, a near relation of th
Portbury."

Surely it would frighten him!
write, or perhaps come down to Fano
treat for pardon; she would make hin
of his past folly; he would swear nev
distrust and jealousy again without du
cation, and she would, after a decent i
penitence, forgive and marry him. The
life would be all the more

This plan was dramatic; it would close a comedy admirably, but in real life catastrophes are not always complete and satisfactory. However, the private meditations of Olinda were much soothed by the sketches she drew in her own mind of the letters of passionate apology she should receive from Fleetwood, and of the sensible apophthegms with which she would intersperse the short sermons she meant to address to him on the subject of his faults.

Such speculations beguiled her solitary walks, and sometimes made her absent and dull in society. But Lord Sedley was more graciously received from their influence; she viewed him as an angler contemplates a good fly-rod, with which he hopes to land the finest trout in the stream.

Lord Sedley was a fair, slight young man, without much countenance, with the animal vivacity and cheerfulness that youth and health usually bestow; perfectly good-humoured, having the obliging and graceful manner of

standing forth in the salient prom
acquire from years. He admired
much as any one did; and though
pliant disposition, and vehemently
many young ladies who desired
Lady Sedley, his attentions were
forcibly diverted into other channe
obtained a moment of free will and o
he showed her decided preference, an
to Fanover Castle were more frequ
she became a part of the family.

The autumn passed rapidly witho
ing any great change in the sentimen
Portbury's society

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTMAS filled all the vacant chambers of Fanover; winter walks tinged with unwelcome rose the fairest noses that dared to encounter the cold and eastern blast, even enveloped in black lace, and the proprietors fortified with ermine and sable. The gentlemen often preferred the billiard-room, and the most leisurely dawdling in the stable, to a more varied excursion. The small birds hopped near the buildings with blank eye and ruffled plumage. The whole society of the castle felt more ennui, and inspected each other's looks, manners, and mind, with a keener desire to disapprove, than during the careless hours of a more genial season.

thing she wished to see. One day
brought her, which, being folded s
gentleman's letter, and not the fatal
patch of a dun (which often excit
much agitation in the bosom of t
fair), seemed directed in a free
Olinda, before Lord Portbury (wh
it was to distribute the letters) had
tained the address, already ruminat
answer she should give. She would
wait a few days for it; she would
some well-deserved reproaches; she
forgive him directly—this would
more careful in future of offending.

She opened the letter, and the
delivered, which headed the paper, u
even to mourn over th

mercer's bill! Poor Olinda! this disappointment humbled her; and the next day, and the next, she looked with less hope and more anxiety to the avenue leading from that lodge by which London visiters approached the castle.

"Why should I (thought Olinda) be unforgiving? Five weeks is too long to bear malice to a friend. I will not keep Fleetwood so long in suspense — a fortnight will suffice for my dignity. *I was* in some degree to blame — a fortnight is enough. Heavens! do I see a yellow hack chaise, covered with mud, coming from the London lodge? I do!—one man in it — that must be he!—Why, this is better than writing. Poor dear Preston! — it shows his anxiety. I need not, and will not hold out a fortnight; I will forgive him this evening,—or to-morrow at farthest. Poor Fleetwood! I hope he will not guess why I walk in this avenue: no, impossible — I will pass the chaise slowly without looking up."

fringed not with willows, but a bro
wig;—it was Mr. Spriggins! who
"Miss Vavasour, Ma'am, I beg ten
pardons, but will you allow me to
Lordship is at home to-day?—somet
particular here for his Lordship's ins
and he pointed to a roll of parchment
red tape, and covered with "*Whereas*

Olinda wished Mr. Spriggins's wig at
tom of a piece of artificial water that sk
walk; its calm and sleepy surface se
insult her agitation by the contrast. I
sure that she did not, for an instant, w
Mr. Spriggins to accompany his wig;
she did, it was a momentary ill-nature. V
civil a smile as could be got up at
notice, she answered his question, and p

they inflicted will easily be understood by those who have been anxious and disappointed.

Vanity, in persons of good understanding and dispositions, operates in paroxysms: between the fits, during the humiliation of failure, or the want of excitement, their perception of what is *real* in this life, their judgment on modes of action, and of their own conduct, are as just and complete as if they were not liable to temporary perversion. They feel, like Araspes, the war of a double soul; and that, to have acted as they did, they "must have eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner."

Thus Olinda saw her past folly exactly as the most severe censor or uncharitable foe could have done. But the penalty must be paid, and repentance was of no avail!—at least it was very doubtful that she should again engage Preston Fleetwood.

It seemed very unlikely, when a report reached Fanover that he was paying great attentions to Miss Montresor, an heiress of

This was disagreeable intelligenc
rendered less so by some one of th
claiming, "Is he really going to
Montresor? I declare I used to t
times he was in love with Miss Vava

"Think! sometimes!" said an ec
da's heart; "*only* sometimes!"—T
seemed to acquire more credit every
Olinda thought it was time to leave
ing another girl's lover.

From the interval of torpor and
induced by this conviction, Olinda wa
one day, after lazily singing the first
duet, while Lord Sedley sang the
little out of tune, by his eager prais
joint musical effect, which he ended b

every day we sing together." He then adverted to her other merits, mental and personal, and closed his eulogy with a formal proposal,—to which Olinda had no opportunity of replying, ere Lady Portbury entered, saying,

"Here is one of my prophecies coming to pass; Preston Fleetwood *is* directly to marry Miss Montresor; I knew he would—he so sensible! and she has seven thousand a-year!"

"But she is ugly," said Lord Sedley, "and not musical!"

"Well, it's quite settled," replied Lady Portbury, "I can assure you."

This intelligence was a shock to Miss Vavasour; in spite of the state of discouragement relative to Fleetwood her mind had previously endured, she was now convinced that all was over.

"You see, my dear Olinda," said Lady Portbury," (the first moment they were alone together,) "you see now the extreme folly of talking, and flirting, and wasting your time with a man entirely out of the question. You

Why, you may be dead of old age
Chancellor; and you could not think
ing him. I always said, &c."

"So that young man is going t
ried!" said Lady Grimthorpe: "Why
Miss Vavasour, is he not one of your
subjects? do you suffer them to ea
way?"

Lady Juliana Dixon "hoped her l
not interested in Mr. Fleetwood,"
"that a man who could prefer Mi
tresor to Olinda, could have *no soul!*"

Colonel Dixon said, "Money does ev
in these times; but never mind, Miss V
there are as good fish in the sea as e
caught!"

This metaphorical consolation of

At first Olinda grieved, but she soon felt mortified at Fleetwood's inconstancy, and began to consider whether Lord Sedley was as foolish as he had seemed to her at the beginning of their acquaintance; and if he was, whether a silly man might not make an obliging husband, an easy companion, a kind friend? To *love* again, was of course out of the question—such a thing was never heard of; but friendship—a marriage of esteem, was possible. She thought she could make an excellent wife to a good-tempered, kind-hearted man, though he was her inferior in understanding. Of course, she should have all the influence a superior mind must always have over a weak one; she should always use it for his advantage, and suggest the wisest line of conduct. It would be a good thing for Lord Sedley if she could make up her mind to become his guide for the future. And what would Preston Fleetwood say? He would be convinced that she did not care for him, and feel a good deal mortified and hum-

overwhelmed with repentance wh
see how entirely mistaken his viev
racter and disposition would prov
see her a model of conduct and
guardian angel to her husband—
all her acquaintance.

Olinda's presumption need not
rision. How is it that, severely
being may condemn his past conduc
feels a doubt that, in future, it w
exemplary — never supposes it po
passions may again mislead, or tempt
quer him? Sometimes, when thi
estimate of her future virtues struck
she would doubt whether she could
with a man her inferior in understandi
she remembered, that Lady Portha

hearted—gentleman-like in fe
think; and he is your choice."

Olinda had expected that
some reflections to the disadv
Sedley; she was touched with
and simplicity of Fleetwood's m
so great a disposition to weep,
obliged to recollect he was Mi
lover, and therefore said, with
pancy:

"Well, I mean to make a ve
so, when Miss Montresor is M
I know you will let us be friend
evil communication."

"Miss Montresor would no
replied Fleetwood calmly, "be

Marriage must, in your eyes, resemble a quadrille;—no sooner have you found a partner, than you seek for a *vis-à-vis*."

"Is it not true, then," said Olinda, "that you—that Miss Montresor—I thought—people say—we all heard?"

"If there was such a report," said Fleetwood, without noticing her confusion, "it is as entirely unfounded as any report of the kind ever was; *c'est beaucoup dire*."

Olinda coloured, and began to speak incoherently enough upon some other subject; to which Fleetwood replied in so grave and matter-of-fact a manner, that pure shame at being affected by a discourse in which he was so composed, restored her self-possession.

Why should we dwell on white satin blonde and plum-cake, silver-knots and orange-flowers? All these things contributed their interest to this civil and religious contract. Entreaty and reproach were lavished on tardy shoemakers and idle mantua-makers, who, in

All the younger brothers and
London, who had ever thought Ol
some, or heard her reckoned so, n
her, with deep sighs, that if the
50,000*l.* a-year, they would long
laid it at her feet: but elder brother
who considered themselves of imp
female eyes, contented themselves wi
phatic sighs, and the observation "
was a happy man."

All the elderly matrons who had
ters, now discovered that Olinda w
lovely girl, of whom each had al
dicted that she would make a very g
Those who had daughters retained
ginal opinion, "that she was pert,
ceited, plain, &c." adding, "that L

remembered some fault of conduct and character in every person of the name of Vavasour whom they had seen or heard of, and all predicted, that such faults would, if they did not already, appear in Olinda. Indications of every vice and folly under heaven were seen in her features and heard in her voice, and pointed out by friendly warnings to Lord Sedley, or his near relations.

A large division of society solaced their ill-nature, and that of their friends, by assuring each other, that such a marriage was impossible; that they knew, for a fact, that there was not the slighest idea of marriage in Lord Sedley's head; that he was deeply attached to another person, and had told them he rather disliked Olinda.

Some of the most active enviers wrote pressing accounts of Lord Sedley's danger to Lady Mardiston, advising her by all means to prevent the success of Miss Vavasour's artifices:

Lady Mardiston, like many oth
sons, and many more foolish ones
sidered *her* view of things the o
and seldom thought of revising
settled, that the person most to
a sister-in-law, was Lady Maria;
was a little simple girl, who had
or wilfulness enough to be dang
had a thorough knowledge of her b
racter, and knew what to fear.
she to quit General Cartwright
health and temper grew every hour
cal, she might lose the fruit of
of slavish attention. The same
now reached her, had poured in the
respecting a young girl whom L

rapidly. Miss Vavasour had sometimes moments of misgiving: she began to wish people should admire Lord Sedley; to watch with interest his replies, and the effect they produced on the hearers; and when, as frequently happened, they were not exactly what she had wished, how earnestly she longed to retrench some words, to explain others! Sometimes she longed to persuade herself and the listeners that they had mistaken what he said; and she blushed and sighed painfully when she detected that almost imperceptible expression, which will pierce through the mask of good breeding occasionally, when the evidence of our neighbours' folly is forced upon us.

Already the leaven of humiliation mixed with the vain pleasure which she had expected rank and riches would supply. Like Haman, vexation at the want of the gratification withheld destroyed the enjoyment of what was granted. She was sorry for Lord Sedley; he was good-looking, good-humoured, obliging, and very

much in love: all the other girls, she saw, wanted to marry him. It was not absolutely necessary a man should be sensible; Lady Portbury was happy with one very much his inferior. In the comparison of the men, Olinda had the humility to forget to compare the women and their tastes—to consider that what made Lady Portbury happy might not have the same effect for her; and "*que c'est par avoir ce qu'on aime qu'on est heureux, non par avoir ce que les autres trouvent aimable.*"

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Vavasour felt a slight chill when she repeated the irrevocable replies after the clergyman; she felt the truth of Madame d'Epinay's remark; "*qu'en se mariant on tire un parti du rideau qui cache l'avenir*;" but there was no time to "bolt this matter to the bran." The chariot was ready: Olinda departed for the villa in which her honeymoon was to be spent.

The weather was fine: Lord Sedley admired his bride—the bride admired herself: she sang to him; and he played the violin, as she had every reason to fear he would, extremely ill. She received millions of letters filled with pro-

most singular circumstance attend
that the persons who had dislik
most rude to, and envious of he
who expressed themselves with th
and animated affection. The n
been what they desired most on ea
sure would take place—they had al
and frequently foretold it, &c.

Olinda at first smiled contemptu
sudden change in her acquaintance
incredibly short space of time sh
think that their professions were
expression of their feelings, and th
fancied their anterior slights,—so
ascribe to our own merit the homa
fact is paid to our situation!

In the long *tête à tête* which

objects of comparison. There was nothing to humble her vanity, and Olinda was contented. She even argued with her own regrets, and persuaded herself she had made a happier match in accepting Lord Sedley than she would have done in becoming the wife of Preston Fleetwood.

"Surely I must be happier with a man who does not distrust me, who does not seek to read and criticise every feeling of my heart! If my companion is not clever and sensible, at least he is easy and good-tempered. I need not watch his eye when I speak, to see how he *bears* every sentence. I need not stop in confusion when I see Fleetwood looking thunder-clouds at me. It is much better to hear my husband say, 'By Jove! Olinda, you are right,' than to hear Fleetwood begin, 'I am sorry, Miss Vavasour, to be forced to observe.' It is such a comfort not to be obliged to think how one looks, and what will be thought of every word one says. No, Lady Portbury is right:

marriages."

Olinda recalled this conclusi
her mind, yet was not always
with its justice. She dwelt with
ever, on such traits of Lord Se
as seemed to indicate good qua
his devotion to her seemed to bo
happiness, but it pleased her to s
of his attachment to his sister, of
frequent proofs.

One day, soon after their arriv
try house, Olinda had been givin
tions to the gardener, when it oc
that one of the flower-beds under
might be altered in some way, a
orders for the purpose; but Lord
heard her, exclaimed.

cheria had that flower-bed laid out by her own directions, and she cannot bear to have any thing altered that she has once settled; you can't think how strict Pulcheria is about these things—it is one of Pulcheria's little ways."

He said this with an eagerness that showed how anxious he was to please his sister; and Olinda said mentally, "So kind a brother must be a good husband."

Sometimes, when he asserted an opinion with more than usual confidence, he would add (as if expecting to convince at once by the communication) "I assure you, *Lady Mardiston* thinks so," or, "that is my sister's decided opinion—I have heard her say so a thousand times."

From this much valued sister, there came letters of congratulations, or rather protestations of the most tender affection to her brother, and assurances of her anxiety to return to England, that she might become the guide and friend of Lady Sedley. She "should ere now have been on her way, had not the attachment

and duty she owed her beloved uncle, General Cartwright, imperiously forbid her leaving him in so uncertain and distressing a state of health as he at present endured."

Lord Sedley was deeply touched by this information. "This is so exactly like her!" he exclaimed; "a sort of kindness you cannot meet with anywhere else. My dear Olinda, you will be so happy when Pulcheria returns! she will set us all to rights. She is one of the cleverest women in the world—and so ready to advise, and arrange any thing for her friends! I may say I am most fortunate in such a relation; in fact, I had not any decided opinions till I had conversed a good deal with her;—she taught me to *think*."

Olinda would not confess even to her own mind, that Lady Mardiston had not had much success in teaching her brother to think. It was her duty and wish only to contemplate his good qualities, and she promised herself such deference to Lady Mardiston's opinion, and rea-

dness to consult her on all occasions when she had need of advice, as should prove her anxiety to adapt her conduct to her husband's standard of excellence.

The remainder of the year was passed in visiting, and a few weeks at Paris; from which Lady Sedley returned, with a surprising accumulation of such purchases as handsome young women delight to make on that ocean of temptations.

Lord Sedley did not restrain her expense, he rather encouraged it,—though there was little need to do so, as few sciences are so easily learned as that of spending money, and Olinda found she had a natural talent for it, that hardly required cultivation. She was not, however, one of those ladies who consider it praiseworthy and expedient that all the money expended in their family should be dedicated to their own use and amusement alone; she served many persons in need of assistance with the utmost activity and judgment, and showed so much re-

direction and prudence in the exercise of her benevolence, as justified the regret of those who witnessed it, when they saw that, on other occasions, these qualities in her were often wanting.

Among minor instances of good-nature and attention, she did not forget to send Lucy Watson such pieces of furniture as she thought might be suitable to, and useful in, the more humble abode of her old companion, of whom she frequently thought with deep compassion, when she recollected her walk to the dismantled parsonage, and considered all the toils attendant on reducing such a chaos to order, and even then the limited comforts it could afford! Poor Lucy! what a melancholy fate! Yet the letters which occasionally came from Mrs. Watson were expressive of content and cheerfulness; she did not seem oppressed by her humble cares and mechanical activity.

Really as Olinda contributed to the expenses of Lord Sedley, and little as she had

hitherto known of the use and abuse of money, she was surprised at the unsatisfactory profusion of her husband, instances of which occurred every day.

Mr. Danby entered one morning, and began:—"You know my horse, Sedley—my horse Nutcracker?"

"Yes, I do; what of him?"

"Only that, having observed you like him, I have made up my mind you shall have him; and I do not know another man in England to whom I would part with him!"

"No, my dear fellow, I certainly will not deprive you of a horse you like; and I really at this moment do not want one, and I know you value him."

"I shall have, however, a particular pleasure in knowing he is yours; and I have ordered him to the door.—Here he is!" added Mr. Danby, going to the window, where he stood slapping his boot with his riding-whip, while Lord Sedley threw open the window, and pro-

ceeded into the balcony, making some commendation on the animal's appearance.

After some desultory conversation, Mr. Danby approached the table, saying:—"Well, Sedley, it is yours; and you shall give me but 250*l.* which is the offer Penrose and Grimsforth persecuted me to take. I will not hear of a farthing more."

Lord Sedley wrote a draft for the money, and his friend departed.

"Not that I wanted that horse," said Lord Sedley, throwing himself down on the sofa; "but Danby is a good-natured fellow; he would have been quite vexed if I had not agreed to buy it."

"Surely," said Olinda, "that is the creature which Colonel Brudenell said Mr. Danby had offered to him for 150*l.*"

"Well, perhaps it is not worth more than that; but Danby was fond of it, and would have been quite disappointed if I had not taken it."

Many instances of complaisance as expensive as the foregoing did Olinda witness in the course of two years' married life, which passed without producing any change in her exterior situation, though not without effecting much alteration in her view of it.

The new playthings which riches conferred on her had sunk considerably in her estimation: when she had worn her splendid jewels about a dozen times, she discovered that a couple of roses in her hair were more becoming than her diamond aigrette and comb; and though her well-stuffed carriage and handsome horses were as useful as when she first obtained possession of them, she quite forgot she had ever been without, or indeed that it is possible to have recourse to a less distinguished conveyance.

When habit has changed luxuries to necessaries, they cease to give pleasure, though their absence may give pain. All that her change of situation had bestowed, soon became a matter of course in her eyes; all it had in-

flicted, her silly and unsuitable partner, and the ceaseless humiliation of having chosen to depend upon him, remained in full force.

The only amusement which unfortunately retained all its early attraction for Olinda, was that of being admired; for that, she still haunted the crowd of London society, and toiled to look and talk her best; and might perhaps have continued for some time content with the hollow enjoyment her vanity afforded, had she been permitted to enjoy it in peace; but disquiets soon arose from a source whence she had not apprehended their origin.

Lady Mardiston had been freed, by General Cartwright's death, from the slavery imposed by his temper and her own avarice. She had not, however, been without unforeseen difficulties.

Soon after General Cartwright had established himself at Nice, he discovered a former companion of his Indian life, who having squandered all he had gained in Asia during

a few years' residence in England, which he had been obliged to quit, had settled in France. An immoderate love for play, and the reputation of being very unscrupulous in all transactions connected with it, made him an ineligible companion, though he was rather agreeable in conversation.

To General Cartwright he possessed a great attraction, from having been known in that early and better part of life, which we love to dwell upon and refer to in later and less cheerful years. He found, in a short time, he could not dine or spend the day without Mr. Bewdley. Lady Mardiston saw this increasing intimacy with great alarm; and all the indirect attempts which, from time to time, she cautiously made to diminish it, only seemed to add to the General's good-will to his friend,—particularly as Mr. Bewdley resembled his opponent so much in disposition and views, that he generally provided against her attacks with a foresight like her own.

injunction to erect an almshouse for five old invalid soldiers of the Honourable East India Company.

It may be doubted if Lady Mardiston continued to applaud herself for the share she had taken in her uncle's reformation: at all events, she returned to England directly, to fulfil Lord Sedley's prophecy that she would "set them all to rights."

She appeared anxious to do so, and assumed the right to argue on the expediency or propriety of everybody's plans and proceedings; and frequently seemed to have no better reason for opposing her neighbour's scheme, than its not having originated with her.

Olinda, who was naturally good-humoured and obliging, and wished to satisfy Lord Sedley's partiality to his sister by showing the same deference to her which he felt, followed the advice which Lady Mardiston so liberally bestowed in all her purchases and family arrangements, changed housekeepers, horses, as

interfered with Olinda's mode of livi

The opera-box was too dear—a pri
the play was needless—so many asse
balls would "ruin Sedley:" they had
number of horses they needed—and
London and a house at Brighton, an
nal furnishing and papering, would
ley:" if Lady Sedley would live mo
he would not be so much at club
have so many temptations to lose hi
play, &c. These counsels were be
trench upon Olinda's patience; whi
more likely to give way when she
followed by others yet more unpalat

"It was shocking to see the ho
the morning, of idle young men
dawdle in the drawing-room.—I

These remonstrances came so home, and threatened so much to interfere with Olinda's pleasures, that after a time they conquered the resolution she had formed to please and conciliate. Lady Mardiston, who resembled the storm-loving peterel, and appeared more active and prominent as gloom and disquiet increased around her, was not sorry to discover that her sister-in-law was more pertinacious and irritable when reproved for her real faults, than when limited in her expenses; and found to her surprise that there could be interests that were not pecuniary. She availed herself of her influence over her brother, and very soon produced disagreements, which grew more bitter as they occurred more frequently. Olinda was surprised to find the good-humoured and unobserving Lord Sedley so entirely changed towards her.

It is, I believe, the very sensible but worldly-minded Lord Halifax, who has in his "Advice to his Daughters" this injunction: "If your

but very much Lady Mardiston's.

Every hour strengthened the
conviction. Though she had suff
to be surrounded by a number of
who professed to admire her, and
lieved did really admire. She onl
hear their indirect professions, and
that they were deeply attached. Sh
considered herself incapable of misc
even of giving them direct encoura
would have thought the imputation
entirely unjust; she, therefore, con
self as the excellent and ill-used wi
who did not deserve the extraordina
owned to herself that she was "thr
and bitterly repented having bec
Sedley's wife. Not that she wished

" Had she tarried
To be married,
She'd have had a suitor more ;"

but she felt " ill-used," a vague and comprehensive term, of infinite service to all discontented persons, as a short abstract of indescribable causes of irritation and lamentation. She sighed and wondered if her existence would have been more agreeable in a small house in Upper Guildford Street, waiting for Fleetwood's return from Lincoln's Inn to their domestic tête-à-tête.

When Lord Frederick Danesford was announced, and before he had time to follow his name, it had passed through her mind how Fleetwood's brow would have contracted had Lord Frederick's *entré* been made in the little drawing-room in Upper Guildford Street, which fancy had then assigned her. And if happiness is not to be found at either side of London, with a poor man whom you do love, and a rich man whom you do not love,—if you must sigh,

Olinda had not time to ans
for Lord Frederick was ver
morning. He talked well and
flattered, and if he expressed h
interest than is permitted towar
wife, it was so delicately, so imp
it was rather to be detected by
it left on her mind, than by an
that might be recorded; it was
fume of your handkerchief whe
the most Parisian of Sachet's—e
tinct and mysterious.

It would have been bad taste
the least approach to consciousn
Sedley looked forward with mu
the suffering a hopeless attach
would inflict on Lord

over Castle, for the first time since her marriage, Olinda encountered Preston Fleetwood. His manner, for a moment, was slightly embarrassed, but time, new interests, had now made her more careless of his approbation; and after the first meeting she was unconstrained in his presence: he had, therefore, many opportunities of seeing her coquetry with others, but without seeming to observe it.

Only once when he appeared engaged with a book by the fire, Olinda, who sat with a little court of beaux around her at the other end of the room, happened to raise her eyes, and saw that those of Fleetwood were observing her with attention, though not apparently with painful interest; there was something haughty and disdainful in his expression. She felt humbled and vexed at not being what he had often foretold she *might* be; and yet the feeling was mingled with a meaner regret at the proof his look afforded, that "her eyes had lost the turnpike-way that led directly to his heart."

Fleetwood's stay was short: he n
ed nor sought Lady Sedley; wh
dents of society brought them into
he talked cheerfully, though with
distance of manner than had form
between them.

CHAPTER X.

A NEWMARKET meeting was to take place, Lord Sedley was to proceed thither, and Olinda being alone, felt a great wish to spend a day with Lucy Watson, to whom she offered a visit, which was eagerly accepted.

Lady Sedley remembered the dimensions of the Parsonage too accurately to astonish its inhabitants by the incursion of her lounging men-servants and fine lady's-maid. These evidences of splendour were sent to the inn, three miles off, when Olinda was deposited at the abode of her friend; as she intended, for the ensuing twenty-four hours, to resume the almost forgotten task of attiring her own person.

the little avenue was newly g
shrubbery was bright with the
perfumed with the odours of all t
ings of summer. The clematis, j
honeysuckle had resumed their u
tion, and covered the repaired porc
hall, new covered with marbled flo
India-matting, was fragrant with pl
basket-stands.

At the door stood Mrs. Wat
happy, and rather pretty; she wel
Sedley with the most delighted co
led her to the little drawing-roon
longer looked on a duckweed-covere
forest of nettles. The little lawn w
velvet, and was interspersed with
the pond had disappeared. The

verandah which many creepers were struggling to cover. The room was neatly, and even elegantly furnished (partly with Olinda's own gifts), the sofas, curtains of clean gay chintz. It was a pretty miniature of the rooms Lady Sedley usually saw, though there was nothing expensive or inconsistent with the modest establishment to which it belonged.

Olinda could not help expressing her admiration at the change in this once comfortless dwelling; and Lucy then showed her the whole, the little library allotted to Mr. Watson, and above all, the dining-parlour, which had in this parsonage been "the very head and front of its offending." It was now painted to imitate oak, and the formerly sky-blue cupboards now seemed neat oak book-cases: every thing was clean, suitable, and comfortable.

Mrs. Watson knew where every thing was placed, and there was a place for every thing; their simple meals were neatly served, though a tidy maid and a shining dumb-waiter were all

their attendants. Mr. Watson was absent, but expected home that night. Olinda observed that Lucy made many little arrangements, "because Watson was coming home," with an air of great satisfaction, and her opinions were frequently prefaced with "Watson thinks so and so."

"You are quite happy here, Lucy; you seem not to have the least wish for any thing not within your reach?"

"Yes, I am indeed as happy and contented as it is possible to be in this world."

"Yet you live in complete retirement, and have a number of little cares and duties which I should have thought annoying. Are you not sometimes provoked not to be able to sit quiet on your sofa to read a new book which entertains you, which you must give up to attend to a thousand little dull domesticities?"

"Why, whatever my situation had been, I could not always have engaged in the occupation I preferred, and I believe almost any oc-

cupations of constant recurrence become agreeable, or at least so customary that we would not willingly relinquish them. Have you not heard innumerable stories of tradesmen, who, having retired on good fortunes to their country houses, have found time hang so heavy on their hands, that, as an amusement, they every day repaired to watch the operation going on at their own counter, though their presence was no longer needed there? Besides, I give up a certain portion of time to those cares; and with method you would be surprised to find how great a part of the day may still be spent as we choose."

"And do you never wish for society—general society?"

"No: though I should hear with pleasure of any agreeable person coming to settle in our neighbourhood whom I could occasionally see and chat with, yet I feel no want of society. And tell me honestly, if all *your* large acquaintance were suddenly banished, how many of them

should you regret individually, and wish back in their places?"

"Why, not very many, certainly," said Lady Sedley laughing; "yet I should not like to live alone, and some I should miss very much: in fact I should miss *all*; for it so happens, Lucy, that to please, and to be liked, are the greatest pleasures of my life:" and this sentence she concluded with a half sigh.

"Of course, those you wish principally to please are dowagers and elderly gentlemen?—at least I hope so, or such a taste may prove dangerous."

"I should like to please everybody, but I fear it is not possible."

"You must not, however, try to please everybody too much, but, like Cleopatra, 'set a bourne how far to be beloved.' I fear, Oliada, I fear you are not *quite* wise, even now."

Lady Sedley, as a defence to this charge, owned to Mrs. Watson the domestic disturb-

ances she had endured for the last year; and was exhorted not to give offence by the real fault of flirting, and to endeavour, at least, to reform the profusion which had caused Lord Sedley's difficulties.

To this she objected the little share she had latterly been allowed to have in consulting him, owing to the active and constant interference of Lady Mardiston.

Lucy replied that, even if her friend could not be of service in that way, the general prudence of her conduct would at least show she deserved to have more weight with Lord Sedley.

Olinda admitted the justice of this, and made many good resolutions.

"I do not, however, understand, Lucy, why you should be so much better contented than I am. We neither of us were what is called 'in love' with our husbands. Mine was, strictly speaking, a prudent and very advantageous match. I have obtained all that people told me

was desirable—I have heard of nothing but my good fortune since the hour Sedley proposed, yet —And you! Lucy,—all who overwhelmed me with congratulations united in finding fault with your match — and yet you are completely happy!"

"I was not a beauty — I had no right to form high expectations," said Lucy. "I sought a rational and good-tempered companion, with whom I could live in very humble independence, and I was not disappointed. You were told that riches and rank would make you happy, and that you must marry a man of fashion — that your beauty entitled you to expect it: perhaps the opinions that guided you were mistaken ones; but you are naturally ambitious, and would not have been contented had a man like Watson, with manners unpolished by intercourse with that society (which, naturally enough, you have made your standard of excellence) proposed to you. Though his situation had been much

superior to my husband's, and his fortune approaching to wealth, you know, Olinda, you would not have been satisfied — you would not have married him. We cannot have every thing we wish: many of the circumstances which contribute the most to comfort are in Lord Sedley's situation; many of the qualities of his disposition are those which minister the most to a quiet and cheerful home. Remember all this, and resolve to be contented with your lot, and do your duty."

"I know you are right, Lucy. All that you have just said often passes through my mind: I make all manner of good resolutions; but sometimes my patience is on the eve of failing, when I see that ill-natured Lady Mardiston, whom I have taken so much pains to please, always trying to make disagreements between Lord Sedley and myself;—and to see him so completely guided by her, it is so discouraging! And you will admit, that constant disapprobation at home inclines us to

all the peace and satisfaction [illegible] are suffering injustice with patie[nce] sense of duty; I can believe in, [and] perience it."

Lucy expressed her delight at [the] tion; and they were interrupted b[y] who told Lucy "Mrs. Gribble an[d] Hutchins wanted to speak a word."

"Oh, Lady Sedley," she exclai[med] say you are curious to see the wh[ole] of my domestic affairs — now you [shall] as Lady Bountiful." She led the[m] little hall, where four or five poor [people] waiting.

On a little table stood a small [box] folding doors, from which repositor[y] various small parcels inscribed

your child; and Hutchins, here is something for your rheumatism." She distributed medicine, advice, and condolence to each of her poor patients. Some of the poorest received papers, containing arrow-root and isinglass; when all were kindly dismissed, with an injunction to call in three days, and give an account of themselves and their ailments.

"I think," said Lady Sedley, "your medical proceedings are too daring, my dear Lucy. Suppose you kill some of your patients!—you have not had a very scientific education at Fanover."

"Oh, my caution proves I am not a quack; I never prescribe but in slight illness, and give but simple remedies. The common people in general are so ill-judging, that my most valuable secret as a physician is to tell them what they should *not* do. I am rather, as St. Lambert said of Madame de Houdetot, when she enforced the restrictions laid on his gout,

'*l'intendante de leur privations*,' than an active practitioner; and with the ignorant it is, I assure you, a very necessary affair."

When Lady Sedley's carriage arrived the next day, she bade Mrs. Watson a very kind adieu, and said, "Well, my dear Lucy, I see your life is a happy and a useful one; it has done me good to see it, and I go full of plans to imitate your benevolence and activity."

These good resolutions were sincere. When Newmarket restored Lord Sedley, his wife was for many weeks, not only attentive to his slightest wish, but full of vain endeavours to propitiate Lady Mardiston; who was not, however, to be conciliated, as she very much wished to sever her brother and Olinda. Their disunion she promoted, but did not wish for a legal separation, as that would again make him an object for female contention. She knew the world too well, not to see the dangers Lady Sedley's vanity and coquetry created; and wished to see her blamed, but not divorced.

Lady Sedley began at length to grow impatient at her want of success; and not having the highest of all motives for fulfilling her duties under mortification and discouragement, she grew to wish for the approbation of those who witnessed her conduct, and were not prejudiced against her.

Several young men endeavoured to make her observe; that they considered her matched beneath her merits. At first she affected not to notice the furtive expression of this feeling; but whether they detected her growing irritation, or wished to profit by the provocation constantly given to her, the indications of their sympathy grew more marked.

One day, Lady Mardiston talked so much *at* Olinda, and excited so many vexatious speeches from Lord Sedley, that it required a most surprising effort of self-command to preserve a calm and disengaged manner, especially as the conversation took place in the presence of two young men, Colonel Fitztravers and

latter was for some minutes sil
denly rising, uttered some wor
too late for some engagement, an

Two days afterwards he agai
Olinda was alone. After a pau
"I fear I ought to apologise for
and abruptness—for the sudden
other morning; but you will,
don——"

"Doubtless," said Lady Sedle
"it would, indeed, be hard upon a
might not be allowed to end his m
in London as soon as he liked to do

"You would, perhaps, be surpr
how insupportable my visit had be
I quitted you the other day."

moment longer to witness that diabolical Lady Mardiston's malice without an entire loss of temper, which would have deprived me of the civil forbearance women are entitled to expect from us."

"To own the truth," said Olinda, "my 'civil forbearance' was on the eve of exhaustion. Lady Mardiston's malice and deliberate enmity will soon conquer my patience wholly. I begin to dislike her as much as it is allowable for one human being to dislike another."

The first complaint of a sufferer is made with timidity and moderation: there is less reserve and more energy in every succeeding one. The subject animated Lady Sedley, and she repaid her ill-natured sister-in-law all the dislike she owed her.

Lord Frederick was an able second: his comments were equally severe. At length, he exclaimed: "But what are her faults towards you, compared to those of that miserable fool—I will not call him your husband."

"Nevertheless," said Olinda, haughtily, "I

Lord Frederick eagerly excu
protesting " his devoted friendsh
and reverence for her character
conquered the reserve and polite
due to any object, however insig
worthy, that had the happiness
to her."

An animated dialogue followe
even the apologies of Lord Fr
interspersed with many bitter r
Lord Sedley; and though Olind
ginning of the conversation, ha
honestly to rebuke him, she wa
too really angry with Lord Sedl
with pleasure that some persons
tice, and thought of him as he

continued to inveigh against Lord Sedley, to set his conduct in the most unfavourable point of view; but was full of apologies to Olinda, who, he pretended to suppose, heard all he said with impatience and anger. "Yet, in a situation so singularly isolated as hers, the advice and sympathy of an entirely devoted friend might be useful. At times he flattered himself she was so just—he was sure she was so discerning, that she did not, could not doubt his sincere wish to serve her as a friend, or brother. He had lived a good deal in the world; was some years older than her; *could* claim no other distinction than that of being permitted to point out occasionally the line of conduct most likely to conduce to her advantage. He conjured her to confide implicitly in his brotherly attachment. There *had* been a time when, if circumstances had permitted him, he would have sought the happiest destiny; the only consolation Fate had allowed him—that of being a guardian and brother to the first

This is but the sketch of a dis
ther soliloquy, which lasted an ho
During its progress, Lord Fre
times rose and walked about the r
times he continued striking an
knife, against a Dresden china ink
much vehemence that he broke t
it. During the more touching pa
course, particularly when he all
might have been his fate, he wep
fully, and buried his face in the
India handkerchief I have ever see

The by-play (as theatrical peop
Olinda's side was very various. T
usual resource of tearing a bouq
pieces, and then eating it, hardly b
Lord Frederick's expedient, and

she resorted to the expedient of twisting and untwisting one of her bright black ringlets. This practice may be safely recommended to any lady while listening to an agitating disclosure, unless she is obliged to dress for dinner in a hurry afterwards, and will not have time to curl her hair.

This interview was followed by many more; and Lady Sedley began to think, that a male friend, who knew the world, and was a sensible man, might be of great use as a counsellor. She recollected Dean Swift's observation, "that he never knew a tolerable woman who was fond of the society of her own sex." She had the consolation of being flattered, pitied, and (she believed) loved; yet she was but half a dupe, and meant to accept of friendship only, which she decided was no failure in her duty to Lord Sedley. Why should not Lord Frederick be the friend to her, Lady Mardiston was to him?

She soon acquired the habit of consulting Lord Frederick, complaining to him, and tell-

her disposition, when her friend
husband passed the bounds of mod
defended him. She did not exa
motives of action, or recollect th
short experience of the world
her unmarried life, Fleetwood h
giving counsel, and ended by mak

This platonic friendship was
during a stay at Brighton the S
after the Newmarket meeting alre
ed: every day Lord Frederick r
the Sedleys, or walked with them
day dined in the same party.

The society being very small a
part of its ingredients were a fa
Trenchard, consisting of husband,
married daughter; a family whose

Mr. Trenchard was a plain, unaffected man of business; his wife was comely, noisy, loud, vulgar, and overbearing; the daughter, a mass of affectation and conceit. As Mrs. Trenchard was aware that her strength was in metal, she never omitted an opportunity of recalling the company to the recollection of the *price* of every thing, and was a walking tariff.

To those who had wealth and titles, she was invariably good-natured and obliging; to those who did not possess either of these qualifications, she was equally rude and disobliging,—not so much from ill-humour, as from the prudent consideration she should gain nothing by the opposite conduct, and from the agreeable novelty of finding that she had those whom she might treat as inferiors, and be rude to them with impunity. Excellent dinners, wine, and magnificent balls, obtained so much favour in the eyes of a "discerning public," that the Trenchards could not doubt that their personal merits had obtained for them the esteem

that a great intimacy subsisted l
ley family and Lord Frederick ;
for the consequences of promoti
did for the reputation of having
est dinners in the world," (which
sure to have from those who me
they considered as the pleasantes
never failed to ask Lord Freder
to meet Lady Sedley. They were
dinner was gay ; Lord Frederick
balls with Miss Trenchard, and
time in their house that he did
Lord Sedley's.

Mrs. Trenchard vindicated the
her sense of propriety by saying
despatched invitations to both, " I
I ask Lady Sedley."

was intimate, she observed, "I never saw any thing like it in my life!—such a flirtation, quite shocking!—poor thing! what a pity somebody does not *advise* her!"

She had the recompense of her courtesy and forbearance, in hearing the sea-breeze on the Chain Pier and Marine Parade bring to her ear the murmur of her passing acquaintance, "Why, Lord Frederick Danesford never leaves the Trenchards!—he *must* mean to marry the daughter."

This, however, was said by those who had been friends of the Trenchards ten years before, who, not being initiated into the deeper mysteries of fashion, were forced to content themselves with hearing of an attachment when the parties were in Doctors' Commons—of a duel, when it appeared headed by "affair of honour" in the Morning Post; who never could regale on a scandal till it was "run to earth" by the severer papers.

As things in general are reckoned valuable

their superiors. Much to be
"fond inquirers" are, it wou
pains to know that there is a g
in the scale of worldlings—peopl
ly "burst in ignorance," who, f
acquainted with persons, confuse
names, and in telling a story, buc
a young spendthrift on some pi
back, and relate divisions betwee
are known to live like avadavat
perch.

The Trenchard having gradu
through these two stages of kno
was quite aware of the blessing
to her to know precisely how muc
lost at Newmarket,—to see with

The last of these Brighton dinners that Olinda joined, she found Lady Grimthorpe and Mrs. Danby with the hostess, and *felt* that they had been criticising her before her entrance. She complained of cold, and Mrs. Trenchard said the weather had half killed *her*, "which obliged her to wear *this*," holding up the end of a most splendid Indian shawl.

"What a beautiful shawl!" said Mrs. Danby.

"I am glad you like it," said Mrs. Trenchard, "for this is one of my worst; it cost two hundred pounds. I had ordered a dozen, but there were but six that were the sort of shawl *I* ever wear. I can only bear the very softest and finest; and Mr. Trenchard's agent in India knew it was of no use to send me any thing that was not the best of its kind.

"This is magnificent!" said Mrs. Danby. "I often tell Mr. Danby how much I should like to have a very magnificent shawl; but—" she sighed, and shook her head.

The dinner proceeded; the guests talked and

the same party to meet in Lon
posed and resolved on, though th
of the company cared not if tha
had been their last meeting on ear

Though Olinda thought it civil
sigh of compassion to Lord Frede
not violently regret their parting;
was conscious she should miss th
and admiration he had been used
she pitied him for the violent desp
posed must then oppress him.

They had conversed so much an
on what was painful in her situati
had gradually emancipated himself
respectful forbearance in speaking
Sedley which she had at first exacte

praise of her beauty; and very much more in lamentation of his ill fortune, in not having had it in his power to prevent her having become Lady Sedley.

She felt it was necessary to put an end to professions, the tendency of which she could no longer affect to mistake, yet could not resolve to deprive herself of the society which had been her only consolation for several weeks; but she was glad of the check absence would be to their increasing intimacy.

Lord Frederick asked permission to write to her; and after some objections, she agreed that he should, desiring that he might always write in a manner not liable to the *slightest misconstruction* if read by the most indifferent acquaintance.

Lord Frederick contrived to evade this by sending one sheet which might have been submitted to the most critical eye without animadversion, containing only those topics which might amuse an acquaintance; but the same

how much vanity ming
the attentions of their
pains to disguise from th
cared for; well knowing
dismissal more effectual,
homage, and not be wi
valued.

END OF THE FIR

AIMS AND ENDS.

VOL. II.

NEW AND STANDARD BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS

1.

LIVES OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS

in all parts of the World.

By C. Macfarlane, Esq.

New Edition, in 2 vols. with 16 Engravings, 21s.

2.

RECORDS OF MY LIFE.

By the late John Taylor, Esq.

In 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait

3.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MIRABEAU

By Dumont. Second Edition, 1 vol.

4.

LIVES OF THE ITALIAN POETS.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing.

Second Edition, with Portraits, 3 vols.

5.

BACON'S LIFE OF FRANCIS THE FIRST.

Second Edition, with Portrait from Titian. 2 vols. 8vo.

6.

(Just ready.)

MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL NEY.

From Original Manuscripts and Papers in the possession of the Family

Editions, French and English, in 8vo.

AIMS AND ENDS:

AND

OONAGH LYNCH:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CARWELL."

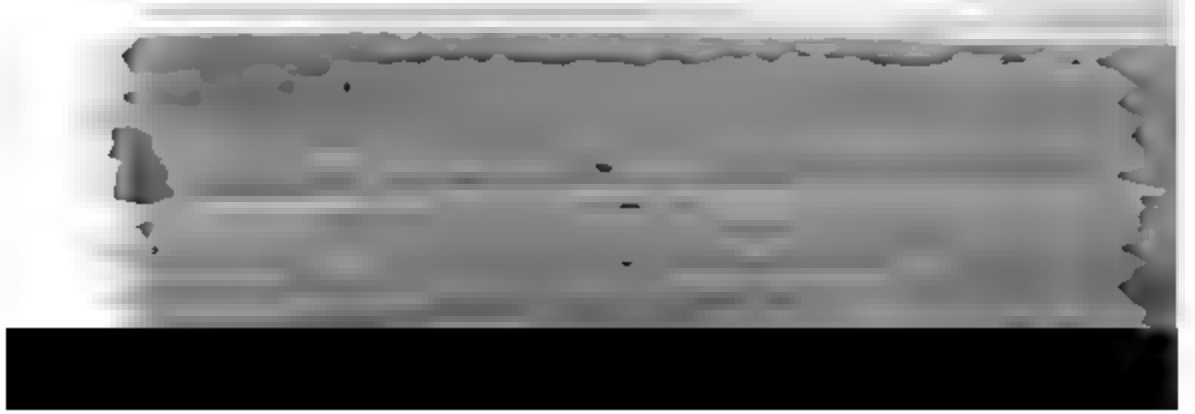
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, HOLLES STREET.
1833.

AIMS AND ENDS.

(CONTINUED.)



AIMS AND ENDS.

(CONTINUED.)

AIMS AND ENDS.

(CONTINUED.)

AIMS AND ENDS.

CHAPTER XI.

It was not to be supposed that Lady Marston remained either an unconscious or idle spectator of her sister-in-law's indiscretion, though, from the forbearance she showed upon this subject only, Olinda and Lord Frederick had no reason to imagine she had made any observation to their prejudice.

The tacit encouragement Olinda had given, by permitting Lord Frederick to continue his professions of attachment, had the not unusual effect of causing him to suppose that she loved him; and the sentiment, which at first he had

partly affected, became one as genuine as it was possible for him to feel,—in short, a violent fancy, which he was willing to satisfy at the expense of some difficulty and risk to others, and what is yet more rare in a man of the world —to himself. He began to think whether Olinda might not be persuaded to forfeit the name and protection of one she did not love; and when they met in London, repeatedly urged her to do so.

Could she have so far conquered her besetting sin as to have told him frankly at first, that she felt nothing beyond good-will to him, and gratitude for the share he had appeared to take in her unhappiness, it is probable she would have lost a lover and preserved a friend; but this explanation had been too long delayed, not to have shown Lord Frederick, by its tardy avowal, that he had hitherto been the dupe of an affected sensibility.

Olinda was conscious of this, and feared and postponed the confession, though she sometimes

tried to summon courage to make it, the more obvious the necessity became for putting an end to Lord Frederick's attentions.

During the London spring, many other young and handsome women became rivals in attempting to attract his preference, and thus increased Lady Sedley's reluctance to dismiss him entirely; she therefore continued to show him indirectly a degree of distinction which she considered sufficient to keep him from forming any attachment elsewhere, without committing herself.

This mode of conduct had the effect of increasing his assiduity, as he thought he perceived more chance of success; and Lord Sedley at length became offended, and forbade Olinda to receive visits or letters from Lord Frederick. With the first command she was obliged to comply, but she still met him in public, when he was the bearer of his own letters.

After some sharp disputes with her husband, in which Lady Mardiston did not act as peace-

maker, Olinda was taken out of town by him to their villa at Fulham, with orders to have "a bad cold," and be denied upon that account to all visiters. Lord Sedley spent that day at Fulham, and, in spite of his indignation, sang several duets with his wife, and the next morning returned to town.

Behold Lady Sedley alone in that villa, where, for the three preceding springs, she had beheld as many visiters as flowers! had seen two hundred nymphs dance in hats fashioned by Herbault and Maradan — two hundred swains, whose evenings usually closed at Crockford's, who would have "stopped the nose at banks of violets," and scorned the heavy perfume of the magnolias, and the light shade of the acacias, but were willing to drink Champagne and Sauterne beneath the pink and white calico tents which Gunter provides for the rurally disposed Londoners. Here she had also seen a hundred and fifty chaperons — cold in spite of shawls, pale in spite of rouge, sleeping

in spite of noise — as they stood or sat round the last quadrille or gallopade at midnight, after a *breakfast!* She had seen these victims to maternal tenderness, when some compassionate person had announced their carriage was next, start at being arrested by the fearful sound — "Mamma, I have promised to dance the cotillion with Lord B."—the cotillion! that scourge of the "middle ages." She had seen the wretched matrons compose themselves on their chairs (the less fortunate on one leg); and before the threatened cotillion was over, she had seen the sun rise, and the frozen chaperons absolutely envying the Hindoo widow prepared for a *suttee!*

Now, for the first time, she beheld her villa without beaux, belles, chaperons — without tents, Gunter's men, Champagne, and plovers' eggs — a gay desert — a green wilderness! Though the geraniums presented the greatest contrast with the past, yet Nature had made them look gay; green rails and china roses (which

a great lady once pronounced as constituting the only beauty of English landscape) had lent their aid to decorate the grounds; but the house, though splendidly furnished, had that peculiarly formal and forlorn appearance which belongs to every house which is not constantly inhabited, and that by females: the very chairs and tables seem sleepy and immovable; the pictures look prim; the books stick to each other; there are two or three tall china jars filled with pot-pourri, but none of the bright-looking pink, blue, and yellow odds and ends with which the softer sex cover their tables.

Olinda had brought some books, some music, and even some work. She endeavoured to read, but could not fix her attention; she began to embroider, but her work went wrong: she played some of the music, but thought it ugly. The drawing-room looked so large! — and it is very melancholy to see the cues lying on the billiard-table, the balls in the pockets, and nobody playing. She wandered up and

down like a ghost. She thought not upon her more modern flirtations, but her mind reverted to Upper Guildford Street and Preston Fleetwood; and again she wondered if she should have been happy with him, without villas, without all the amusements and pageantry of riches, which, when possessed, had afforded little of what they promised: nothing seemed real but Lord Sedley's folly and Lady Mardiston's malice. She sometimes wished for Lord Frederick, to whom she might complain; and sometimes reproached herself for her indiscretion in making him her confidant.

These reflections were her sole entertainment for the three following days, and she began to wonder that Lord Frederick had not attempted to write to her, and to fear that his letters had fallen into the hands of Lord Sedley or Lady Mardiston; and then followed deep regret of that happy time when no discovery of any kind could have taken place, for she had no concealment.

The fourth day would probably bring Lord Sedley; but it brought nothing but that kind of heavy and composed rain, which seems to say — "Do not trouble yourself with putting on your bonnet to-day."

Olinda took the hint, and sat down to the piano, feeling less unsettled than before. She employed herself till her solitary dinner, and was rewarded by the rainy morning being succeeded by a beautiful and calm evening; the refreshed flowers gave a thousand perfumes to the air, and tempted her to walk till late. After tea, she told the servant she should want nothing more that night, and desired candles to be lighted in her dressing-room, which was upon the ground-floor. The windows were, in fact, French doors, opening into the grounds, and she resolved to avail herself of the opportunity they afforded of walking by the bright moonlight which streamed into them, and, thinking she would sit up till late, dismissed her maid.

She read some time, but when wearied she

hurried to the windows, to gaze at the calm summer sky; the light of one of them was suddenly obscured, and she had scarcely time to wonder at it, when Lord Frederick Danesford stood before her.

"Good Heavens!" said she, "Lord Frederick! What strange madness has prompted you to come at such a time? What will my servants think? What will Lord Sedley say to so ill-timed—so strange a visit? Go, for pity's sake, directly. Lord Sedley was to be here this morning — even now he may come. Go, go directly — I beseech you, go!"

"My dear Lady Sedley," said Lord Frederick, "do not be alarmed. Prevail upon yourself to listen to me for a very few moments with calmness and attention. I came here to decide my fate and yours: circumstances compel me to speak more plainly — with more abruptness than in other situations I should venture to do. The confidence you have reposed in me—the distinction you have shown—

the patience with which you have listened to the expression of an attachment, the sincerity of which you cannot doubt, warrant me in hoping that, were your choice now free, I should be preferred to Lord Sedley. One moment more," added he, seeing her preparing to interrupt him. "You are free; resolve to accompany me from this place — openly: the act of doing so will enable Lord Sedley to dissolve your unsuitable marriage, and make me the happiest of human beings. I perceived your timidity, and regard for public opinion, were all the obstacles I had to dread: — pardon my having forced you to make an immediate decision. I have not attempted to make this visit clandestine: I desire to be found here. The conviction my presence will give to Sedley is desirable for all parties: my carriage is close by; suffer me to send for it."

"Oh! Lord Frederick," said Olinda, hiding her face in her hands, "I see my inexcusable

folly: my base coquetry justifies the construction you have put upon my conduct. Forgive me: I never did—I never could—contemplate for a moment the monstrous crime of flying with any man from my husband. I do not love you; I feel nothing but good-will, and gratitude for your sympathy. I am truly sensible how ill I have behaved; but forgive me, (I shall never forgive myself,) and have the compassion to leave me directly, that I may escape the just displeasure of Lord Sedley, and the observation of those who might find you here.—Is it possible you could think me so utterly unprincipled?"

It was Lord Frederick's turn to be thunderstruck. He had expected some scruples—some reluctance, or rather hesitation, and was prepared to combat it, and all the more readily, as he supposed it would be principally affected as a matter of *bienséance;* but the few words—"I do not love you,—I feel nothing but good-

"Your candour, though
certainly must satisfy me th
this subject would be most
nity; but you must allow m
men would have been more cle
real feelings; and that thos
with the encouragement which
from you, have something to fo
misled them."

Painful as this speech was t
was something in it not wholly
her cause with two additional
she now first perceived were st
her: they were Lord Sedley an
diston!

From some observations the lat
or perhaps

far different catastrophe: having come through Lady Sedley's bed-chamber, the door of which was open, their entrance had been unheard, and they witnessed the whole conversation. A large skreen, placed before the table where Olinda had been reading, to shield the candles from the open window, had prevented Lord Frederick and Lady Sedley from being aware of their vicinity.

"If the whole of the conversation which has just passed between Lady Sedley and myself is known to you," said Lord Frederick, addressing Lord Sedley, "you are aware that her share in it was what you cannot condemn; for mine I am ready to account at all times." He bowed, and disappeared through the window by which he had entered.

Lord Sedley, who conceived himself called upon to do *something*, though he could not precisely discern what that something should be, prepared to follow Lord Frederick, with all possible wish to behave in a very spirited man-

ner; but Lady Mardiston caught hold of his arm — "My dear Sedley," said she, "come with me to the next room, and let us talk this business over. You see *Lord Frederick Danesford* is not to blame," and she glanced scornfully at Olinda; "no man, under the circumstances, would have acted differently."

"At least, Lord Sedley, you know all," said his wife, "and will remember, that if I erred in having made a friend of Lord Frederick, my greatest offence has been in hearing him to-night."

Lord Sedley retired with his sister, and Olinda sat motionless for some time, humbled, exhausted, and sad. She felt that she did not deserve Lord Sedley's confidence in future, or rather that she could not obtain it; for she was persuaded, from the sincere repentance she then felt, that she *should* deserve it even more, but his only counsellor was her mortal foe, Lady Mardiston!

The next morning Lord Sedley knocked at

her dressing-room door, and, on being admitted, told her that he was shocked and surprised — surprised and shocked — in fact, very much shocked: that Pulcheria and he were of opinion that no confidence could be placed in a person so wanting in prudence and a sense of dignity. "By Jove! those are Pulcheria's very words: she thinks so, I assure you; but she does not wish to be severe; neither do I. You are very wrong, but retirement and reflection are great things. Pulcheria thinks I may be satisfied if your future conduct is what may be approved in my absence. By Jove! I had almost forgot: I am appointed ambassador to * * * *, but it is better you should not go; therefore you may have your choice, whether you will stay in London with Pulcheria, who has kindly offered to take charge of you and the house; or whether you will live at Treganna by yourself, for Pulcheria has so much to do for her friends, that she cannot leave London; and if you live at Treganna, Olinda,

I must say you are to live quite alone: by Jove! Lady Mardiston says I must make a point of that. You are to see nobody but the parson of the parish and his wife, if you live at Treganna. I have very little reason to be satisfied with your conduct, but if you spend the spring in London, Pulcheria will overlook and advise you in every thing, so you cannot go wrong; but she says it would be madness in me to take you to * * * *, so I suppose you will prefer staying with her to going into Cornwall. When I return, I hope to find you disposed to conduct yourself more to her and my satisfaction."

Olinda was delighted to find that he cherished no ill-will to Lord Frederick, which was the first good office for which she was indebted to her sister-in-law. She was so thoroughly conscious of her late ill-conduct, that she would willingly have spent the ensuing year in a convent or in a prison, had it been proposed to her to do so. She felt as if she should never again

wish to go into society, and was only anxious to give proofs of an utter change in her way of thinking and acting.

She replied in the most conciliating manner, that since he gave her a choice of remaining in town or country, she thought she should prefer spending the time of his absence in Cornwall; adding, that both for health and economy she should prefer it. The honour of having Lady Mardiston's constant companionship, made her think any degree of loneliness preferable to remaining in London with such a duenna.

Lady Mardiston had supposed that Olinda would have chosen to remain in London on any terms; but as it suited her quite as well to know she was in Cornwall, she did not attempt to alter the arrangement, and behaved with tolerable civility during the ten days which intervened before Lord Sedley's departure on his diplomatic career. He had sought this situation from Lady Mardiston's advising, and not injudiciously, that he should try to obtain

petual rain falling, as is very usual on the coast of Cornwall at all times in the year. An ancient and very discouraging-looking housekeeper led the way through a low, dark, stone hall, into the drawing-room, which felt cold and smelt of damp.

It was hung with green flock paper not of a very lively hue; and the gold moulding which surrounded it, had long since accommodated itself to the serious complexion of the paper, and looked rather like oak than gilt wood.

According to the established mode of carpetting rooms about sixty years since, there was a small carpet in the midst of the room, but the greater part of the oak floor, highly polished by assiduous dry rubbing, shone with a lustre dangerous to the foot that trod without due caution. Two green damask sofas with a slender share of stuffing, and pillows that looked like sausages, were placed against the wall; and the legs of the chairs and tables showed

ture was scanty; and the g
curtains drew up with the triple
modern upholsterers would be as
member; the shrunk wood-work
dows admitted a fair portion of t
breeze, which moaned through
the grate was full of shavings; an
clock still struck the hour, af
played "Nancy Dawson," "A F
Ploughboy," and "Malbrook;"
much out of repair that parts of e
played in the cheerful time belon
and other parts with a stammering
as if the clock was falling asleep
the listeners who had any ear
with impatience.

The pictures of three Lady S

nanced by their opposite husbands. She of the year 1775, who seemed to have been the latest occupant of that room, had the powdered hair and tight long sleeve of her ill-judging generation, and her costume was further completed by a pair of high-heeled shoes. The partner of her destiny had his hair in a bag, a sword by his side, lace ruffles, and gold brandenburghs hanging from the button-holes of his pale blue coat; his attitude, in obedience to the most rigorous rule of the dancing-master, a book, inscribed "Voltaire," in his hand, and a slight sneer on his countenance, may lead beholders to think him a travelled *petit-maître* of the early part of Louis XVIth's unfortunate reign.

Two other drawing-rooms of similar fitting-up were beyond that she had first entered, all equally forlorn and bare-looking. Rooms hung with tapestry, the heavy carved furniture two hundred years old and upwards, have so many romantic recollections and associations attached to them, that few people see them without

to our eyes.

Lady Sedley desired a good fir
and then turned to the windows,
the external prospect was likely
for the dreary interior; but a
absolutely frustrated every attem
curious eye, and in the cours
across the room she ascertained
witches in "Macbeth," she migl
the echoes of her feet," as the abs
enabled her to hear every step sh
floor.

An interval between two long
next morning, allowed her to exp
rons, and she discovered that T
situated on bare green downs, v
bush within sight of it, and wit

of the darkest brick, a long extended front with a number of small windows in thick white frames, and the downs rising around higher than the little eminence on which the house was built, allowed no other object distant above a mile to be visible to its inmates.

Olinda returned from her walk rather discouraged by her observations, but by moving a book-case into the smallest drawing-room, and ordering drugget to cover the floor, with some other little arrangements, she hoped to make her sitting-room at least to wear an aspect of more comfort. By the end of the week, she had in some measure succeeded.

On the Sunday after her arrival, she was surprised to hear the door-bell ring, and a servant announced that Miss Scudamore was come to wait upon her ladyship. Olinda's first inclination was to say "not at home," but remembering that Lord Sedley and Lady Mardiston had mentioned Scudamore as the name

The young lady who en
be about nineteen years old
beautiful, rather below the n
called, and her face, rather
than perfect, derived its mo
tion from the most dazzling
complexion, a perfect mouth
remarkably brilliant red, a
ringlets of light nut-brown
now rather deranged by the
was plainly dressed, in a c
coarse straw bonnet; but it
sible to see so bright a creat
pleasure and surprise. She l
a little flat green basket la
and presented herself with mu

garden at Treganna was rather out of order, had desired her to take the liberty of offering these flowers to her ladyship, who, if she was fond of a garden, would perhaps allow them the pleasure of supplying her frequently."

Olinda, exceedingly struck with the charms of her visiter, received her and her gift with cordiality and grace. Her own distinguished beauty and elegant manner produced a favourable impression, and the young lady was soon at her ease, and talked without remembering the awful fact that her auditor was a person of the first fashion.

Lady Sedley having inquired if there were any pretty places for walks or rides, the visiter replied—"Yes, a great many, in particular an old ruin about four miles off."

"Pray what was it originally—a castle or a convent?"

"Really, I don't know. I have heard a great deal about it, but I quite forget; but Mr. Scudamore remembers. He knows all

— view from this ho
except towards the sea, by
downs, that I have not y
neighbourhood; but I supp
many gentlemen's places very

"Oh no; this is a very
indeed: it is a very wild p
with poor people. Mr. Sc
likes it the better; and, for m
much to do, that except some
ing, I hardly wish for compan

"I dare say you are musi
great resource in retirement."

"No, I have neither voice n
a great pity, for Mr. Scudamo
music, and sang very well form
to wish *I* did, but really I am

"Perhaps you draw?"

"Not since I left school: while I was there I did several things, but now I have not time. Indeed Mr. Scudamore did not like the way I was taught."

"Do you draw landscape or figures?"

"Oh! neither: I used to draw butterflies and flowers for skreens. At that sort of thing Miss Markham thought me her best scholar, but Mr. Scudamore thought I could not draw at all; and I soon found how much I should have to do without that."

"Upon the whole, perhaps one's time is better spent in reading."

"So Mr. Scudamore says, but I really never cared for books; and now that I have so much to do, I really never open one for my own pleasure: sometimes, to be sure, Mr. Scudamore desires me."

Olinda admired the dutiful disposition of the young lady, and felt some wonder at the engrossing nature of her occupation, whatever it

Sedley in a day or two; at
unavoidably absent on busine
detain him for a short time.

Lady Sedley made a compl
her abode, in search of a libr
only find Sterne's "Sentimental
lively affectation of which has c
dull affectation in his contempor
"The Man of Feeling," well th
from the housekeeper's room; a
lumes of Marmontel, Crebillon, a
riade," were extracted from the l
ing-room. "A Treatise on Fa
large collection of old Arriettes F
the only other specimens of p
house; for the former library had

She received a short letter from her husband, saying, that if all went well, he hoped to see her before a year was over; and that Pulcheria was anxious — inexpressibly anxious — about her. From Lady Mardiston she received a dispatch containing a very liberal provision of good advice, concluding with a hope that she had availed herself of this favourable opportunity of cultivating Mr. Scudamore's acquaintance.

Olinda, like the Athenian people, who, tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just," were beginning to get quite provoked at being always referred to this Mentor, had nearly lost all temper, when, just as she had finished, she was informed that the Rev. Mr. Scudamore was below.

In a very ill humour she descended, inwardly resolving not to be at home in future to one in whom, from Lady Mardiston's recommendation, she expected to find a censor and a spy. On entering her drawing-room, she found that gentleman's appearance very unlike her anticipa-

distinguished in figure, that
passed him without observat
rently he could not long have pe
seventh year. His hair was a
shade which appears to have
strewed over it, and waved rath
his brows and eyelashes were sti
but his eyes were light blue,
expression grave and acute —
quently gave forth a wild, fierce
glance, which seemed to intimate
was in him something dangerous,"
well "might fear:" his smile was
lancholy; his voice sweet, but sin
and deep.

Olinda found, in the course of
minutes' conversation, that the young

The prejudice Lady Sedley had conceived against him immediately gave way. His manners were those of the best society, and his conversation very agreeable; though so far from attempting to make himself so, there was something which rather awed and checked those who talked with him: and though his manner to Olinda was respectful and well-bred, she felt, with that particular intuition which belongs to womankind, that he disliked and thought ill of her.

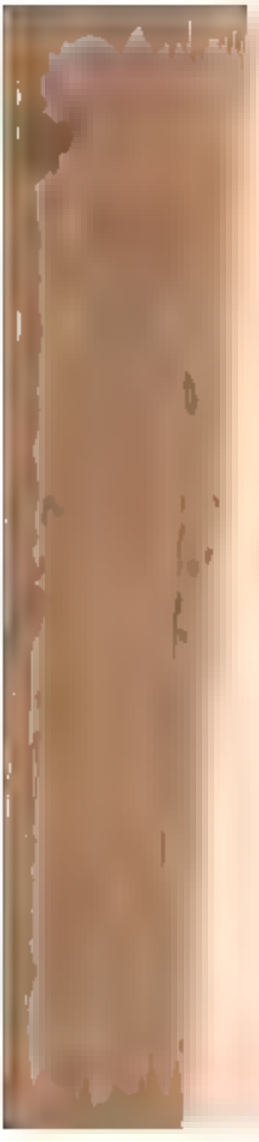
The last might be the consequence of the evil report he would be sure to hear of her from Lady Mardiston; but that a man of his age should dislike a beautiful young woman of her's, who was perfectly unaffected and graceful, seemed entirely unaccountable. She had been used to constant admiration in society, and could not understand how she had at length met with a man who did not even afford her that slight and general approbation that at least her beauty and manners deserved; and she

more flattering
would have been most plentec
and that timidity and discou
over her, which usually affects pe
and sensibility when they know t

A pious old lady, aunt to Lor
had heard Lady Mardiston's ac
sister-in-law, had written to Mr. S
request he would endeavour to
Sedley, whose coquetry and giddin
so much pain to her husband and
Mr. Scudamore was therefore muc
against one who had been thus r
to his acquaintance.

The church at Treganna was v
house, and Olinda went to hear Mr.
preach the Sunday after her arriv

dently made a deep impression on his humble congregation. Olinda feared and respected him more, and disliked him less, than she expected to have done; reproached herself for resolving not to know these good people; and next day went to return the visit of Mr. Scudamore. But lest others should fall into any mistake respecting the family, it is proper to recall some particulars of the past life of Paul Scudamore.



CHAPTER X

EDWARD SCUDAMORE was
brothers, the only remaining m
old family, which had for som
large property in Yorkshire.
early in life, married an heir
whom he obtained a much larg
that which he inherited. He
called an *anxious* temper; that
few occurrences out of which he
tract some matter to fret over; a
to this discontented and peevish

just man. His wife became the mother of a boy, whom both parents regarded with adoration, though from an accident in childhood, he became affected with epileptic fits, that, to all eyes but those of his parents, were evidently wearing out both life and reason.

Mr. Scudamore's younger brother, John, had entered the army; he proved a careless and idle prodigal, and gave his family much disquiet by a turn for play, and various acts of imprudence, which excited great anxiety in all belonging to him; but they hoped that years would bring prudence, and waited for that expected gift of time with tolerable patience, till John, being quartered in a solitary part of the country, fell passionately in love with the daughter of a small farmer, and married her; for which act of folly his family, who were extremely proud of their descent, finally renounced him, and for some years he followed his regiment, suffering all a poor man with the habits of a rich one is sure to suffer, and which

him to wonder how he s
through the next.

When his children, b
beyond infancy, a different
ed him; one by one they
youngest, a boy, remained
was ordered to the West I
parted, his wife prevailed o
Paul in the care of an old
contented with the prospec
uncertain remuneration, and
boy to run about his cottag
Captain and Mrs. Scudamore
destination, and both soon
influence of its fatal climate.

The intelligence of their de
Scudamore at a

at length forced to own to themselves they should soon be childless, and were overwhelmed by the conviction.

The miserable are often full of self-reproach for what, in happier times, appeared justifiable conduct. Edward Scudamore, when he saw his son expire, for the first time was conscious that he deserved to have the share of this world, which had so hardened his heart, crumble away; he had been without compassion to his brother's family, and

"The child before him is his own."

His wife shared those feelings, and besought him to seek for his brother's surviving child, which was accordingly brought to them.

Her first cares to little Paul, and those of his uncle, were yielded as a duty, and his sight was painful, as it reminded her of her irreparable loss; but gradually Paul became a source of interest, and they found there was no consolation so soothing and certain, as the endeavour

— you.

There is an anecdote cu
and Scotland, strikingly ill
of this feeling. In the S
story, a lover endeavoured
Annan to see his mistress,
in the attempt. The ball
resolution to build a bridge

"That it never more may tru

In the Spanish, a mother lose
her fair young son, and
consolation.

Paul Scudamore was so in
gaging — so singularly beautif
able as a child, that from being
he grew an object of pride a
caressed, and rather spoiled by h

Mrs. Scudam

education given him, and the liberality with which even his amusements were provided, he was encouraged to live as one destined to possess a large property.

He was not, however, faultless: he was passionate and wilful in no common degree, and when bent on obtaining any object, often discovered a sort of reckless determination, surprising for his age; and some of his uncle's friends would say, after any remarkable exhibition of it—"Ought not that to be checked?" while others, more reserved, shook their heads in silence. But Mr. Scudamore used to reply, "All that will go off; all the Scudamores like to have their own way. Paul is not a bit worse than poor John and I were at his age. I like a boy to have some *spirit*: he is exactly like us all, I assure you. I should know him to be a Scudamore anywhere."

Meantime Paul was so healthy, happy, and indulged, that his moments of irritation were very rare; whether at home, at Eton, or at

college, he had his own way. He had rather more than a fair share of success in his school; he was vain and intellectual, learned quickly, remembered well, and his masters told his uncle that young Mr. Scudamore would be a very distinguished man. However, his habits did not improve; he committed so many imprudent acts, and spent so much money at college, that his tutors sometimes thought that Mr. Paul would be 'rather a wild young man;' and the indications upon which this opinion was founded, grew every day more frequent, till even his partial uncle had been more than once forced to allow that Paul was 'a troublesome lad' to govern, and spent a great deal too much money for his age. The year after, old Mr. Scudamore had several furious quarrels with his protégée, which were made up on the sincere and fervent penitence manifested by Paul.

At length a circumstance occurred which created a violent division between the uncle and nephew. Intelligence arrived at Scudamore

Hall, that Paul had fallen desperately in love with a young and beautiful widow, at Scarborough, who bore a very doubtful reputation, and was many years older than he was. Scenes of the most frightful violence took place, and, much as Paul appeared to love his uncle, and reluctant to oppose him, he evinced such complete devotion to Mrs. Barlow, that all their friends thought further opposition was vain; and one night, after long contention, Paul quitted the house and rode back to Scarborough, resolved to marry, at the hazard of being renounced for ever by his uncle.

Mrs. Barlow's house was at some distance from Scarborough; it was surrounded by a little lawn, and enclosed by a paling. A door in the paling offered a shorter way to the house than going by the carriage entrance, and Paul availed himself of it. As he approached the verandah, which was outside the drawing-room, he felt a momentary hesitation at the idea of repeating to Mrs. Barlow the harsh determina-

tion of his uncle, which must necessarily grieve and mortify her; he paused and stepped back out of sight, in order to prepare the least grating manner of making the announcement. While musing, with his eyes fixed on the open windows, which were down to the ground, and under the verandah, he beheld Mrs. Barlow enter the drawing-room accompanied by Lord M——, one of the most profligate of his college companions: they were both laughing, and sat down with their backs to the window.

Lord M—— exclaimed, "Well, that's too good!—it's impossible!—it can't be true!" To which Mrs. Barlow replied, "I assure you I am serious; he is gone to gain the uncle's consent."

"Impossible!—he will never grant it!—he would as soon marry you himself."

"That would do as well; but if he refuses it, we shall marry and be forgiven afterwards."

"Well, we must all be upon our good behaviour when you are Mrs. Scudamore."

"Indeed you must, for Paul is very violent and chivalrous."

"What a simple fellow!"

Here they both laughed heartily.

It was not only this strange dialogue, and the familiar air of the speakers, that shocked and surprised Paul; but it had so chanced that the day he had last seen Mrs. Barlow, in speaking to her of some college transaction, he had accidentally asked if she was acquainted, or had ever met with Lord M——; to which she had replied very naturally, "that she had never even seen him, and from what she had heard of him, thought she should not like to make his acquaintance."

When Scudamore had in some measure recovered his shock, he entered the drawing-room, and sat down resting his head on his hand. Mrs. Barlow, who had accompanied Lord M—— to the front door to see him mount his horse, soon returned; and a terrible explanation took place.

tion of his uncle, which must necessarily
and mortify her; he paused and stepped
out of sight, in order to prepare the least
manner of making the announcement.
musing, with his eyes fixed on the ope
dows, which were down to the groun
under the verandah, he beheld Mrs.
enter the drawing-room accompanied by
M——, one of the most profligate of his
companions: they were both laughing,
down with their backs to the window.

Lord M—— exclaimed, "Well, th
good!—it's impossible!—it can't be
To which Mrs. Barlow replied, "I as
I am serious; he is gone to gain th
consent."

"Impossible!—he will never gran
would as soon marry you himself."

"That would do as well; but if
it, we shall marry and be forgiven a

"Well, we must all be upon o
haviour when you are Mrs. Scudar

that he once more obtained p
illness, the consequence of his
brought him to the gates of de
he recovered, he expressed a
college, and study with some cle
country, where he would be ou
of every thing that could distr
tion.

Mr. Scudamore senior applau
posal, and took some pains to fin
of learning and talent who would
as an inmate, and direct his stud
ther, he took some pains to find
had no juvenile and attractive fem
to his establishment. Such a mar
Wales, and Paul was consigned t

ful obliquity, so that Mr. Scudamore senior saw with pleasure that she was not likely to divert his nephew from his studies, or tempt him from his obedience.

Paul continued for four months a model of diligence and indifference, and all went well. About the fifth month of this tranquil era Miss Locke (the tutor's sister) was much incommoded by a complaint in her eyes, which interrupted her notability and tried her temper. Condemned for some months to a dark room, and the exercise of a deputy in her household duties, she brought to her assistance the orphan daughter of a deceased brother, whose good humour, docility, and active obedience, promised to supply all she wanted.

It chanced that Jessy was singularly lovely, and her manner was so gentle and modest, that it would have been pardonable in persons well acquainted with the world, if, in observing her, they did not immediately discover the absence of the grace of fashion in her manner, or any

particular indication of mind in her countenance.

Youth, health, and animal spirits, give a lively look which for some years supplies the play of countenance belonging to talent; and those who are not very accurate observers, are quite amazed,

> "When the form which was fashioned as light as a fay's,
> Has assumed a proportion more round,
> And the eye which was wild as a falcon's at gaze,
> Looks soberly now on the ground,"

to find the glowing, gay, animated, sylph-like girl, transformed into a pale, dull, composed matron, either knitting her brow over a calculation of what Jack's schooling cost last year, or heading a band of nurses round ten patients in the whooping-cough.

When Jessy blushed, which happened every moment, when her laugh showed the most pearl-like teeth, and changed the expression of the most coral-looking lips, it appeared as if a great change had taken place in her coun-

tenance, which in fact was susceptible of very little alteration.

The only amusement Paul enjoyed in Mr. Locke's retreat, was reading, or walking, or solitary riding. A young companion, even of his own sex, would have been a very agreeable addition in his monotonous society; but a young and beautiful girl was much more so, and very soon he became very attentive to her. It could hardly be expected that Mr. Locke should see with much regret the partiality Scudamore began to show; and Miss Locke, the aunt, did not feel herself bound to check it. Paul's uncle had no idea that he was exposed to such temptation.

Several months therefore elapsed in peace on all sides: old Miss Locke, restored to health, resumed her mild control over the pies and custards; her eyes were again strong enough to see every thing but Paul walking with Jessy, who enjoyed unbounded leisure since her aunt's restoration, and that leisure was given exclu-

ordinary mathematics) after
Jessy walked every day by th
divided his time like that act
mane, who gives

" Une heure au soins de son em
Et le reste du jour étoit tout à

Such a state of things had
eight months, and as yet was
Scudamore Hall, because the 'r
of Mr. Locke was surrounded by
tains, the name of each consisting
more consonants, clinging to a co
Sheep, goats, and waterfalls w
but neighbours there were none;
ed, they would undoubtedly hav
loves of Paul and Jessy to old M
with every possible unfavourable

in a large society, where every man is more conversant with and a better judge of his neighbour's affairs than his own, would be astonished to learn with what resignation these poor Welsh recluses bore such a privation, and continued to struggle on, without either sympathy or animadversion.

Paul's happiness was not destined however to last quite as long as King Porsenna's holiday of three hundred years. The first shock it received was from the arrival of Mr. Boddington, the landlord's agent, who, happening to be prevailed on to remain one inclement day under Mr. Locke's roof, was excessively struck with Jessy's beauty, and, after a series of very frequent visits, proposed to marry her.

Though there was nothing unlikely or unsuitable in the agent proposing for the curate's niece, it was an event entirely unexpected to all the parties concerned.

Jessy had been so much occupied in listening

could raise his eyes to the beau
object of his affection; and t
stance that attracted his attenti
considered the extreme insolenc
in regarding Jessy sometimes w
gaze of several minutes, and ad
versation to her when she was
Paul. It seemed the height of
Boddington to contemplate, or
her beauty; and Paul's manner
a tinge of sarcastic contempt, t
had the double preoccupation o
ness, could not fail to have exc
and perhaps his resentment.

Persons who have lived long
world to know how much more

anxious to risk much for doubtful and distant gain. It is the "rash young," who gamble for life's highest prizes, and will not be content with less. Mr. Locke, therefore, in spite of his complacent view of Paul's early attentions to Jessy, now that he saw a rich and respectable match in his own sphere offered to her acceptance, began to consider that, in all likelihood, old Mr. Scudamore would furiously oppose Jessy becoming his niece, and perhaps prevent it; but she could not fail to be approved of by all possible Boddingtons, and, if she was not, her lover was rich and independent.

As women are more romantic and unreasonable than men, at least I am afraid so, Miss Locke was longer in coming to the same conclusion; but at last she also was converted to the interests of Mr. Boddington.

In romances, love is made in bowers of roses, counsel given by picturesque silver-headed parents in gorgeous chambers, but in real life the setting of the picture is not so graceful. I am

obliged to own, that when Jessy was first assailed by a volley of good advice, rapidly uttered by her stumpy aunt, she was engaged in the undignified employment of tying covers on pots of preserves, in a little brick-floored room sacred to the higher culinary mysteries of the family; and though she herself, her rosy cheek, and nut-brown ringlets, looked "bright as the bow that spans the storm," the tight ash-coloured curls which shaded her aunt's brow were a good deal awry, so was the brown silk net worn to restrain them; her right-hand bore a spoon, which, to enforce her reasoning, she frequently struck against the palm of her left. While Jessy tied and cut the packthread in meek silence, a single tear strayed down her smooth cheek; for she by no means emulated the furious sorrow of the shrewish Mary de Medicis, of whom it is reported, that she wept with so much violence that her tears darted forward instead of trickling down.

The interview which explained to Jessy the

hopes of Mr. Boddington, and the wishes of her aunt and uncle, was no sooner over, than she repaired to the river side, of which Paul's window gave a good view: he soon joined her, and heard with the greatest indignation and surprise the details of all that had passed, then hastened to Mr. Locke, to whom he communicated the affection which subsisted between Jessy and himself, and their mutual determination to marry.

Mr. Locke heard him patiently, but expressed his doubts respecting Mr. Scudamore senior consenting to the match,—doubts which Paul would not admit as rational, for he, seeing Jessy mild and modest in manner, and most lovely in person, gave her credit for every virtue under Heaven, and imagined his uncle must do the same, and though he recollected the opposition given to his early passion for Mrs. Barlow, he considered objections to Jessy's character could not be made as in that case: he would have ample fortune for both; and her humble origin was

not worth a thought. Such at least was the way he settled the matter in his own mind, when he flew to Scudamore Hall to ask his uncle's consent, having engaged his tutor to wait the event of his application before he replied to Mr. Boddington: which was the only concession to be obtained from Mr. Locke, who was full of evil forebodings as to the result.

Jessy, to whom Paul had communicated his own sanguine feelings, already considered herself as Mrs. Scudamore; and her aunt, better acquainted with the cookery-book than the world, caught a part of their confidence, from thinking Paul must know his relation best, and such security could not be felt without grounds for it.

Paul arrived, was received with great pleasure by his uncle, who, when they were on good terms, was very proud of him.

"Well, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, "so you could not stay longer without coming to look at the old Hall; here it stands, you see,

which is more than I can do in it, with this confounded gout. Why, Paul, you are growing still, my boy! you look taller than when you left me; you are two inches at least taller than your father or me: a pretty good pattern of the Scudamores! I need not be ashamed to show it anywhere. We were all well enough, but you beat us all. It is lucky for all the pretty girls in England that you have been living on a Welsh mountain these eighteen months!"

While Mr. Scudamore was surveying his nephew with triumphant admiration, Paul hardly heard the compliments on his personal beauty; but at the words "pretty girls," he changed colour, and prepared to say something relative to the subject which brought him there, but it died away on his tongue. He sat down, pulled off his glove and put it on again — a sort of boding heaviness hung about him.

Mr. Scudamore was in unusual spirits and good humour during dinner; he spoke constantly, and Paul was scarcely called on for more

than monosyllabic assents. They drew their chairs to the fire, the servants retired, and Mr. Scudamore began talking of a neighbouring peer who had lately been comparing gout with him; and he concluded, "By the by, Paul, his daughter would some day make a very nice wife for you; she is very pretty, and will have six thousand a year, and their family, you know, is much the best in this county."

This opening, though not certainly the most encouraging, enabled Paul, (who had cultivated his resolution for the three preceding hours, and drank nearly a bottle of Madeira in the process,) to begin his case. He described Jessy's merits and his own attachment, the necessity of finding a suitable companion for life, the difficulty of uniting every good quality in one character, which, nevertheless, was the fortunate circumstance in this case; that her life and his own depended on his uncle's kindness and consent, &c.

Mr. Scudamore grew pale, then red, seemed oppressed, and at last said,

"Paul, do you know who these people are? Locke, your tutor, and his brother, are the sons of a grocer at Leeds; and the mother of the woman you choose as a wife was nursery-maid at Lady Hayliwood's, who, in an accursed hour, recommended the family to me upon that account."

Had Paul been unbiassed by passion, the family tree, which his uncle had just made out for the lovely Jessy, would have been extremely disagreeable to him; he was silenced for a few moments, so was Mr. Scudamore; but at the end of a long pause, Paul said, "I grieve my dear uncle, sincerely do I grieve, that Miss Locke's family is not more worthy of being connected with you; but you, I know, will do her the justice to remember, that *she* is not to blame for this humble origin. If you would only see her *once* — for a moment! her beauty,

—I bound to her by every oath
swear—she is promised to me!
her up," continued Paul, cover
with his hands, "I *will* not,
the basest——"

A long silence ensued; so long
recovering partly from his agitati
to look at his uncle, who he beg
was moved in some degree by wh
said; he looked — and beheld Mr.
convulsed and speechless, lying b
chair!

Paul, in an agony of alarm, sum
servants, and flew for medical assistan

The struggle was long and severe
Scudamore revived.

Paul wrote to Jessy, to say that

came prepared to discuss; he allowed himself this evasion to spare her the affliction of knowing how adverse his uncle was to the marriage, but he added all the protestations of attachment and vows of fidelity that were likely to satisfy her mind—and she was satisfied.

Mr. Boddington was dismissed, though his affections were of so manageable a construction, that he offered to wait a reasonable period, until the elder Mr. Scudamore should recover, and the younger be enabled to decide for or against marriage.

Long and grievous was the altercation between the uncle and nephew, and the violence of feeling and language on both sides approached to frenzy; but it ended in Paul's determination to marry Jessy, and his uncle's formal renunciation of him, and execution of a will in favour of a lady distantly related to the family.

It was necessary that Paul Scudamore should find some means of living, or embrace some pro-

fession, when this fact was fully ascertained, for he had returned to Mr. Locke's and married Jessy, in the hope of obtaining his uncle's pardon for an act which would then be irrevocable; and Mr. and Miss Locke also expected that a month's absence would calm Mr. Scudamore, who had no other male relation than Paul, of whom he had always been so proud, and to whom he had always been so partial; but a year passed away and brought no change.

Paul persuaded some of his uncle's friends to entreat him to indicate what line of conduct he would wish him to adopt in his present circumstances; but the replies of Mr. Scudamore silenced them, and convinced his nephew that in future he must depend on himself.

He applied to some of his college friends, one of whom thought he could procure him an ensigncy in a regiment stationed at Sierra Leone; another proposed his becoming a commissary in the garrison at Cape Coast Castle;

and a third offered a small curacy on the coast of Cornwall, if he would take orders.

Sierra Leone was too fatally famous not to be the least desirable alternative. His speculations therefore wavered between the two last named situations; and upon his observing one day that he could learn nothing but the latitude and longitude of Cape Coast Castle, Miss Locke said, "Oh, Mr. Scudamore, you should go and see Mr. Boddington, for the lady he has just married and brought home, was the widow of a dry-salter at Liverpool, and she knows a great many naval officers; indeed, there is a gentleman now staying there, who they say was third mate of an Indiaman."

Paul took this advice, and riding over to Mr. Boddington's house, found the circle there composed of the fat bride, dressed in gay colours, and several mock bracelets on her arms; Mr. Boddington; a Welsh farmer; and lastly, the promised sailor, a red-faced man in a shabby

tive to Cape Coast Castle, observin
hardly knew where it was.

"Bless me, that's very strange," r
Jacka; "Why, sir, it's just after y
Cape Three Points. I have been th
three times, when I was aboard the M

"What sort of climate?" asked Pa

"Why, sir, there are many worse pl
Cape Coast; but it's very hot, and has
vantages."

"May I ask what you consider
unfavourable circumstances?"

"Really the rainy season is so very
such a fog, that for six weeks you can
see your hand; then if you venture o
fort, the natives are apt to murder you.

"Worse than that, sir; only one European in seven survives; and some think it spoils society the ladies being all black, for no European woman was ever known to live there,—they die as soon as they arrive."

This little notice on the merits of the climate of the coast of Guinea sufficed Paul: he resolved to abandon all thoughts of Cape Coast Castle. He returned home to thank his friend, and decline that situation; who said afterwards that he grieved Paul was so difficult, for the situation *he* had declined was an object of contention between two young Scotchmen of very good family—one, the fifteenth son of Mr. Macaskin, of Monyweans; the other, young Neerdoweel, of Littlemeal, who having foolishly shot at his father's groom, and heedlessly forged a bank-note, his friends thought nothing could be more desirable than his residing abroad till these juvenile errors were forgotten, and they surmised, from a remarkable idiosyncrasy in his constitution, the climate of Cape

Coast would be particularly favourable to him.

Both these young gentlemen enjoyed the appointment in the sequel, for Mr. Macaskin, who obtained it first, died on the third day after his arrival. Mr. Neerdoweel's health, on the contrary, improved during his residence, and he might long have been the ornament of the Cape Coast Castle society, had he not unluckily sold gunpowder to the natives, and committed some other indiscretions, which led to his public execution. The particulars I have never distinctly heard, for all the Neerdoweels of Littlemeal are remarkably reserved when questioned respecting their family history.

Paul saw that there was nothing left for him to do but to enter the Church. Though it was not the profession he would have chosen, or that to which he was most calculated to do honour, he earnestly resolved to fulfil its duties, and to become a most exemplary clergyman.

He agreed that, living in retirement and poverty, he should be exempt from those temptations which idleness and worldly companions create; that the profound and passionate attachment he bore Jessy would secure his fidelity to her alone; that he would resolutely labour to improve the minds and ameliorate the condition of those about him; and who would say that with conduct founded on such resolutions, Paul Scudamore was not a respectable clergyman?

He was confident in himself, and unconsciously he could not help comparing his own language, manner, and acquirements, with those of other preachers whom he had had an opportunity of observing; and the result was so favourable to himself, that he could scarcely avoid a sigh at the thought of his abilities being buried in the wild and thinly-peopled parish of Treganna. But his decision was made; the curacy was accepted; two fine hunters, a handsome watch and seals, a splendid snuff-box, and some

other articles, all of which had been well sold, most fortunately had furnished him with a small sum, which he laid out in preparing the parsonage, and stocking it with what was necessary for their reception.

They took possession with very different feelings. Jessy's situation was rather improved by marriage: of all the necessary comforts of life, she had quite as much, or more than in former times, with the pleasure of an independent home, where she was mistress—an advantage to which few young women who do not come from the protection of very wealthy parents are insensible; and she was the wife of the man she loved—who loved her. To Jessy, therefore, nothing was wanting. She was perfectly happy, and most cheerfully engaged in the humblest details of housewifery, as a thing of course; nay, as a thing of preference, for Jessy had never known any other occupation.

At a humble boarding-school in a provincial town, where "Young Ladies were *genteelly*

educated," (as the board over the door expressed,) she had been taught to read, write a fair hand, to dance, and cast accounts, and to learn all Mavor's Spelling-book by heart; but the honest mistress of the academy would not have thought she had justly fulfilled all that the word "*genteelly*" taught an anxious parent to expect, if Jessy had not also painted very bright heartsease and very formal roses on hand-skreens, played nearly thirty sonatas tolerably perfect, and, above all, embroidered, netted, knitted, tatted, and done every thing that needles may do.

At fifteen she was reported as "finished;" recalled to the maternal roof, where she made preserves and pastry, worked, and read some indifferent novels, the Pilgrim's Progress, Seven Champions of Christendom, and several tracts. Music was discontinued, for there was no instrument, and heartsease and roses did not multiply, because she left the patterns to draw them from at school; but the knitting, netting,

and expressed himself on occasions which seemed to her to demand very little interest; at other times he appeared quite indifferent to matters which in her created great excitement. She wished to please him, but felt uncertain as to the means; ashamed and humbled when the dissimilarity of their tastes and minds was forced upon her; and the longer they lived together, the oftener the conviction came.

Paul, on the other hand, violent, fickle, and fastidious, spoiled by indulgence, flattery, and independence, with the advantages of education, and some talent, which he naturally over-rated, was less likely to be contented with the partner his youthful passion had selected.

Jessy's manner was so quiet and mild, that with a particularly beautiful figure, she appeared more graceful and distinguished in manner than she really was. She had none of the *brusquerie*, which, with higher spirits and more animation, would have revealed the tone of inferior society. She said little, and was so singu-

During that period he had
his prospects devoted to study
retirement in Wales, he had sp
before his passion for Jessy con
vince him that he did not resem

" ——— Retired leis
That in trim gardens takes his plea

In fact, he was excessively wea
perhaps, one reason why the fir
did interest him, interested him so

But he came to Cornwall full of
tions, still very much in love, an
honour to like " all and every th
destiny which was his own seeking.
thing he allowed himself to regre
offence he had given his kind unc
made every effort [illegible]

exorable, and just when Paul was considering whether the personal entreaties of a nephew, once so much beloved, might not be more effectual than the colder intervention of friends, the news of his uncle's death reached him, with the additional information that Scudamore Hall, and his whole fortune, was bequeathed to Miss Humberstone, a maiden lady, and distant relation of the family.

Paul truly and passionately grieved at his uncle's having died without being reconciled to him; that he had gone from this world, thinking the child he had so anxiously reared and fondly loved was entirely unworthy and ungrateful! The sorrow he felt at being assured of ending his days as a pennyless curate, was very trifling compared with this; and now that all was over, he found he had cherished unconsciously a confident hope that Mr. Scudamore's displeasure was but temporary; and recollected his having imagined to

It was over; at Scudamore
were to be! Some friends of
posed that an appeal should b
Humberstone's justice and ge
might induce her, perhaps, to
small provision out of the inh
but for his marriage, would ha
own. Paul was averse to this ste
of taking it was entirely abandon
inquiries had been made relative
ter of Miss Humberstone.

That lady was a maiden of
had for many years resided in a
on a very small annuity, which a
other pleasures and luxuries th
riband money could procure

Though little noticed by the other sex during the former part of her life, ample amends were made during the seven weeks which followed that in which she inherited Scudamore Hall and twelve thousand pounds a year. All the lieutenants, and one major, of the regiment quartered in the town she had honoured by her residence, two or three of the neighbouring squires, an Irish baronet (on a visit to one of them), all became devotedly attached to Miss Humberstone in the space of one fortnight; and the assizes taking place the week after, she made great havoc in the hearts of the unmarried barristers on that circuit, several of whom proposed before they quitted the town, which they did, however, under very discouraging circumstances, from an idea universally prevailing, that Miss Humberstone would bestow her hand on Ensign Tibbs, as soon as he attained his twenty-first year, of which he still wanted two months.

Five years had elapsed since Paul had taken

vanity tries to deceive her sp
deceive herself. Paul Scudan
all the illustrious persons whom
had doomed to retirement;
Cincinnatus and his plough;
his lettuces; Charles the Fifth
Sully, after the death of Henri
the Saxon kings recorded in the
Monasticon Anglicanum as ha
their crowns to assume the habit
of monks; the still stronger ex
milis, Prefect to the Emperor Ad
clared at his death, that the seven
spent in retirement, were the only
lived at all. He did not forget Alt
nus, Bishop of Ratisbon, who prefe
ing to the humble condi

deed, as Paul had a very good memory, he recollected several other illustrious recluses whom I have forgotten, or of whom I have never heard; and when he thought of them, he begged himself to remember how preferable his retirement, with the beautiful and beloved Jessy, was to their lonely cells; mentally affirming that roast mutton on blue and white plates was preferable to turtle soup and dinde truffée on silver dishes. He read and wrote, dug his garden, visited his parishioners, listened with complaisance to Jessy's distresses arising from domestic tragedies in the hen and cow-houses, and the difficulties attending on baking and brewing,—and yawned a *very* little.

During the first year he attempted to make his pretty wife go through a course of instructive reading, which he hoped would very much improve and mature her understanding. Jessy cheerfully agreed to the plan. He purposed to comment and explain as they proceeded; and

it was arranged that a certain part of the afternoon should be so employed. Paul read while she worked, and yawned a *very* little.

He particularly requested she would ask questions whenever any thing occurred that seemed to require elucidation, and give her opinion freely on what she considered remarkable. She did not abuse the offered privilege: when she heard of Tullia driving over her father's body, she exclaimed, "La! the wicked creature;" and was, on hearing of Pompey's death and humble funeral, moved to say, "Poor fellow!" Paul expected that later times would prove more interesting; and they travelled through the Roman history till the period of the Triumvirate, which few young persons read with indifference. Scudamore was descanting on the character of Cicero; Jessy dropped her work, and was gazing at him with fixed eyes, and he supposed deep attention, when suddenly she exclaimed, "I wonder if Wade has fed the pigs, Mr. Scudamore! I 'm almost certain

she does not do it regularly—I'll just go and ask."

"By and by, dear Jessy," said her husband.

Jessy reseated herself and listened, though with some appearance of distraction, and in about twenty minutes she again said, "I think I had better see about the pigs now, Mr. Scudamore, or Wade will be going to milk the cows."

"Very well," said Paul faintly, laying down his book with a sigh.

Interruptions of this sort became so frequent, that out of two hours, scarce half one was spent in reading.

One day Paul said, "I think, my dear Jessy, as you have a good many little things to attend to in the afternoon, we will have our lecture after tea."

"Yes, Mr. Scudamore, that will be a great deal better; the business of the day will be over, and we shall both be quite at leisure."

Evening came, the fire burnt clear, they

drew in their chairs. Paul snuffed the candles, and began: this time Jessy did not stir. In about ten minutes he addressed some observations to her, and beheld her sleeping calmly and profoundly, as peaceful youth only *can* sleep her coral lips half-smiling in unconsciousness, and her bright fair ringlets half-hiding her peach-like cheek.

"Why, Jessy, you are asleep already!"

"No, no, Mr. Scudamore, I 'm listening—wide awake—very well—I assure you."

But this accusation and assurance recurred so often in that and subsequent evenings, that Paul was at length convinced, that the absence of excitement in the evening was as fatal to his wife's power of attention as all the household cares of the morning.

History was relinquished for voyages; travels, poetry, successively were tried, but all too weak to engross Mrs. Scudamore's attention; and after all sorts of experiments made by Paul to find some study that suited her taste,

he was forced to observe at last, "I think, my dear girl, I will not read aloud; it rather tires you."

"I am sure, Mr. Scudamore, if I fall asleep," said Jessy apologetically, "it is not for want of trying to keep awake."

"The habit of reading," said her husband internally, "has never been given, but a great deal of information may be imparted in conversation; I will *tell* Jessy all that I meant she should have read to herself. Indeed this will be the best plan, because I may suppress all that is needless or unsuitable. And he laid many little question-traps, as careful mothers do with their children, but Jessy rarely fell into them: the shortest and most superficial answers contented her; and to a long explanation he saw she seldom attended, though she tranquilly constrained herself to sit looking at him while he spoke.

On one occasion he had been doubting about the amount of the cost of some small alteration

in the house, and Jessy said she had computed it and named the sum.

"Are you sure," said her husband, "you are correct?"

"Oh yes!" she replied, "I reckoned it up three times over in my head, while you were telling me all about the light the other day."

Paul recollected he had given her an explanation of the supposed nature of light, &c. to which she had seemed remarkably attentive.

But it was not necessary she should be a natural philosopher, and he grew reconciled to the idea of relinquishing his part as her preceptor.

It was not, however, only her ignorance, but certain prejudices belonging to the lower classes, which provoked him in Jessy: he was long ere he could convince her that toads were not poisonous, even after he had carried one in his hand during a long summer-evening walk; and he failed altogether in obtaining the same justification for the character of the lizard. She also

maintained that a morsel of hollow coal darting from the fire, indicated the approaching death of the person near whom it fell; and a rolled stripe of wax or tallow hanging from a candle, made that appearance as an *avant-courier* to the winding-sheet of the unlucky vis-à-vis, for which reason she hastily turned the candle from Paul and from herself, when it happened to bear this menacing prognostic.

She was the best and most active of housekeepers; her amusement in times of leisure was doing fine work; and her conversation in repeating the tattle she heard concerning the domestic affairs of the neighbouring farmers and peasants; and she was quite contented with these objects of interest, and could not conceive that Paul required any others.

Gradually, therefore, though they lived in perfect amity and kindness, Scudamore spent the greatest part of his time in reading when at home; and Jessy's society differed but little (as a companion) from a beautiful kitten or

spaniel moving in the room; and she felt rather relieved from a sort of oppression which his conversation imposed, she knew not why, and therefore was contented when Mr. Scudamore was "at his book," and she was making ginger-beer.

Her husband walked and occupied himself in taking care of his parishioners; but he had not the conviction and the feelings he tried to impart to others, and which would have shed a brightness over the cares that now appeared to him a series of profitless formalities. What he could do for the temporal alleviation of the poor gave him pleasure, because he was naturally good-natured and liberal; and when his generosity was fettered by his confined circumstances, he was impatient and fretted, considering himself as ill-treated by destiny, in being obliged to suffer the sight of sorrow he could not relieve by human means; — when he exhorted a sufferer to endure patiently, it was all he felt possible.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE morning, Olinda's French maid appeared with that sort of air which says "Ask what is the matter." Not to attend to this kind of composed discomposure, is one of the greatest affronts that can be offered to child, friend, lover, or servant.

Olinda, naturally courteous, made the expected inquiry, and heard Mademoiselle Victoire declare, with torrents of tears, that in spite of the devoted affection she bore to Miladi, whom she would be proud to serve in deserts, among dragons, her health and spirits must give way if she attempted to remain any longer in so barbarous a country as Cornwall. The people were

were foxes; and added, with redou

"*il n'y a pas méme des passans à*

The very head and front of its offend

Allow me to observe here, that whe

gives seven or eight reasons for any p

the last-mentioned is generally that

the most powerful influence on her or

mination.

Mademoiselle Victoire was extremel

for want of the refined society she ha

in town, and Olinda was obliged to

her valuable attendance. In London

have hardly observed the loss; at

Mademoiselle Victoire was a feature in

spect, and the place seemed still mor

when her pincushion was offered by les

round her, interrupted only by the noise of the waves, the winds, the bark of a dog, the shriek of a fern-owl, or the rats scuffling behind the wainscot. She would then, on the pretext of having silk wound for her, or some other equally important service, ring for Mademoiselle Victoire, and detain her a few minutes in the room, that she might be cheered by a human voice. As Mademoiselle Victoire was extremely talkative, the expedient answered very well; but her successor being a discontented-looking, silent Englishwoman, she derived little benefit from her presence, and her only resource was the winding up of two musical boxes, which, when placed in different parts of the room, seemed like the voices of companions.

She was too much humbled by the recollection of her past coquetry even to wish for the talent of Dibdin's Hannah Hewitt, who, in a desert island, forms an automaton that entertains her with professions of affection. Occasionally, however, she would have been glad of some

suspected it was against Mr. Se
and to oblige his fair wife that
and this suspicion was just.

Jessy had owned she wished t
Lady Sedley, whose manners had
whose situation and habits had exc
osity; and Scudamore treated Je
stant indulgence, which was not
since he had experienced a secret f
miliation at the idea of producing t
common-minded young woman, as
"singled from the world;" but it
wish to prolong his obscure position
Jessy's deficiencies struck him as p
ralient, he involuntarily rejoiced th
not doing the honours of Scudamore

His passion had been much exal

overbearing disposition of his uncle, and the sacrifices he had made to obtain her hand, for pride and vanity mingled even with the self-devotion of his ardent character. The re-action which had taken place in his sentiments, he had not avowed to his own mind; and even when suffering from it, he would conscientiously have sworn that he loved Jessy with undiminished and most passionate affection. He thought that the reluctance he felt at exhibiting her mind and manners to the inspection of one he supposed an insolent fine lady, arose from excess of attachment, and not from diminished value for Jessy's attractions, or doubt how she ought to be regarded.

However, they went to Terganna, and both returned pleased, much beyond their expectation—pleased with its mistress. Olinda was so graceful and unaffected, so gentle and kind in manner, so anxious to please everybody, that it was impossible she should not win. She was one of those unfortunately beguiling characters

which are always right when they are not wrong; an apparent Irishism, to be explained by observing, that, when in an interval between those acute fits of vanity to which she was sometimes subjected, she seemed incapable of a reprovable act or feeling, and would have most justly and severely judged a mode of conduct which at other times she would pursue.

Jessy, on her return home, observed that she never should have guessed Lady Sedley to be a fine lady; she thought her very good-humoured, and "not at all proud;"—and Paul had been surprised out of his predisposition to dislike her, by the pleasure of finding a companion with whom he could converse on subjects of interest upon equal terms, and whose opinions often coincided with his own: it was like meeting a compatriot in a foreign land, where no one speaks your native language. He grew animated and agreeable, and entirely revised his opinions relative to Lady Sedley; and she entirely forgave him for having been approved by Lady

Mardiston, though she was rather disappointed in Jessy, whose beauty had led her to expect stronger powers of pleasing.

Olinda was yet too young to have lost the prejudice that teaches us to expect all other good gifts to accompany beauty. She saw that Jessy was dull and common-place, and without even the exterior gilding that education and intercourse with good society might have bestowed; that her beauty was all she could boast; and how had she become the wife of this Scudamore—so polished, so graceful, and agreeable, so unsuitable to his destiny and his wife?

This question was long unanswered to Lady Sedley, though interviews with the inhabitants of the parsonage grew very frequent. It was at a very short distance, but the situation was in some degree more favoured by nature than the more spacious Hall. A few willows and ornamental shrubs were growing near it; and a little garden flourished the more readily as it was sheltered from the heavy sea-blast, that

sometimes bore the spray into the windows of Treganna. Owing to the housewifely cares of Jessy, the parsonage bore an air of neatness and comfort that was very remarkable, and formed an agreeable contrast with Treganna, where the marble tables and scagliola pillars did not atone for the bareness and melancholy induced by "its echoes and its empty tread."

If Jessy could have ever ceased to be mechanically busied, and have had time to sit down, she would probably have enjoyed the result of her judicious toils; but they were ceaseless, she could not believe anything was done while there was anything to do; and Lady Sedley wished more than once Mrs. Scudamore could have seen and copied Lucy Watson, who quietly and invisibly attained the same end, without being, like Jessy, a victim to the means.

As they grew more intimate, Jessy's ennui at being obliged to listen to books or conversation she did not understand, grew more obvious; and in a few weeks, when quite at her ease with

Lady Sedley, she pursued her own avocations, leaving her husband to call alone at Treganna; while she liked better to gather the strawberries, and prepare the clouted cream for tea, than to hear Paul read poetry, or enter into critical or ethical disquisitions with Lady Sedley.

One day a letter arrived from Lady Portbury, who, having been on a tour on the Continent, announced her intended return, and that her party would land at Falmouth, from whence she, with some other members of it, would pay Olinda a visit at Treganna. Though Lady Sedley did not anticipate any amusement in the society of these friends, she felt that Lord Sedley could not disapprove of their coming, and she hastily made preparations to receive them.

Lady Portbury looked round with rather a disapproving air after she had embraced Olinda. Lord Portbury began a tedious comparative view of the merits of brick and stone in building.

Their picturesque satellite, Mr. Thoresby,

placed himself in an attitude at once desponding and poetical; and "to assure his soul" that it was so, he cast from time to time a furtive glance in one of the dim mirrors: the survey contented him, and he sighed deeply, and sometimes pulled his well-curled hair into a wilder twist.

Lady Juliana Dixon seized Olinda's hand, saying that the view from Treganna strongly reminded her of what she supposed must have been the view from the Corsair's retreat; and that Lady Sedley would have been a powerful representative of Medora, had her hair been light. "But how you must love this seclusion on 'Ocean's brim!' I can't conceive any thing so delightful, or better calculated——"

"I'm sure it is calculated to give the vapours," says Colonel Dixon; "and I wonder that you, Juliana, who cannot live without a shoal of fools cackling round you, can have the confidence to call it delightful. Why, if you

were here alone for three hours, you would drink a couple of pints of sal-volatile and camphor-julep before the first was over!"

"Perhaps," said his wife, "I might do so. My spirits are strangely unequal, and my sensibility unfortunately excessive."

"Faith, you may say 'excessively unfortunate,' for me at least; for the cryings, and the laughings, and the screechings, I have heard since we married! a whole drove of pigs is nothing to it!"

Mr. Thoresby looked with horror muffled in civility, at the gruff and vulgar Colonel Dixon.

"My dear Colonel Dixon," said Lady Juliana, "how can you be so—extraordinary?" and the look that accompanied her inquiry did *not* beam with affection.

"Have you no neighbours that are tolerable, Olinda?" cried Lady Portbury;—"but I need not ask—nobody ever had an endurable neighbour in the country. When I have neighbours

at Fanover, I always feel like a picture of St. Anthony, surrounded with his ugly temptations."

"From your account one would consider your inconvenience from neighbours differed from his," said Lady Juliana; — "but pray, Olinda, what are your 'temptations' like?"

At this inquiry Lady Sedley coloured slightly, and knew not why she felt great reluctance to mention the dull little Jessy and the very agreeable Mr. Scudamore. Was it because she feared Lady Portbury would laugh at her for seeing so much of such unfashionable companions? But she did not ask herself this question; and therefore we have no right to do so. Certain it is, that she was rather disconcerted, and replied that she had seen but few of her neighbours, and there were but few to see, she understood. And on being further questioned, she muttered a few words respecting clergyman and wife—greatly recommended—Lady Mardiston requested—very near."

"So then actually, *pour tout potage*, you see the Curate and his wife! and I dare say they are excessively hoggish people!" exclaimed Lady Portbury.

"No, indeed," replied Olinda; "he is—she is—remarkably—that is—reckoned pious—and gentlemanlike."

"Oh!" said Lady Juliana, "I know. Just the sort of clergyman I delight in; bowed, calmed, and silvered by age; at once simple and sensible, like the Vicar of Wakefield! Dear old man! I hope we shall see him! quite unsophisticated. I knew I should doat on him!"

"What 's his name?" said Lord Portbury.

"Scudamore."

"Any relation to old Edward Scudamore? A proud, violent fellow! Never forgave my getting a graft of his famous apricots! I am sure I should not have cared if he had got a thousand of the Fanover peach-trees; and peaches in my opinion — particularly those on

the long wall at Fanover—At Crabmore they tried all sort of ways to persuade my gardener —though there is a great deal of glass at Crabmore. Lord Spindleston's fruit is very bad. One day I said to him, 'My dear Spindleston, how can you?'—By the way, how penurious he is! and she is quite as bad; and her mother, old Lady Liverdale, was quite a proverb! When I was a boy, I remember her coming to Fanover with her first husband. It must have been about the year 1793—or 92, I can't be positive which, but she wore a little diamond guillotine for he was a horrid democrat; shocking fellow!—used to whistle '*Ça ira*' and the Marseilloise; and they said used to wear a red night-cap. He was as near as possible being—luckily he died. His brother was the tallest man I ever saw, and the best chess-player. Olinda, I will have a game with you."

Every body looked round for a chess-board, as a method of silencing Lord Portbury, which was always much sought by his intimate

friends; but Lady Portbury said, in rather a peevish tone,

"Oh, Mr. Thoresby, do *you* play with Lord Portbury, for I have quantities of things to say to Lady Sedley."

Mr. Thoresby rose in a very picturesque manner, and repaired to the chess-board.

Lady Juliana sat down with a little French novel, covered with orange paper, in her hand, and was immediately absorbed in the distress of the heroine.

Lady Portbury arranged herself on the sofa, and Olinda sat on a foot-stool by it: the former leaned forward with a mysterious air, and exclaimed, "I must say, Olinda, you are shockingly ill-used!"

"What do you mean?" said Olinda, not particularly liking the turn which the conversation seemed likely to take.

"Why, has nobody written to tell you about Lord Sedley?"

"No; what is the matter?"

"Well, that is very odd! Every body at M—— talks about it night and day. Lord Sedley is quite devoted to Madame de C——; spends three parts of his time at her hotel, and has given two hundred pounds to a young artist who has modelled her hand in marble."

"I dare say they exaggerate," replied Lady Sedley. "I suppose Madame de C—— is musical, and, you know, Sedley is so fond of music!" Conscience suggested this candid supposition. Olinda still felt sufficiently conscious of and penitent for her own coquetry, and she thought Lord Sedley's conduct demanded the mildest construction from her.

"Then he behaves so ill to you in all ways," continued Lady Portbury. "While he is flirting and amusing himself at a very pleasant foreign court, he leaves you in this dismal old Cornish house—so shockingly furnished too!—to sit alone, or with the Curate and his wife! My dear Olinda, I only wonder at your patience; there never was anything quite like

it! *I* would not bear it. You might as well be married like Lucy."

"Nay," said Olinda, pretending to laugh, "you must allow it is my destiny then, because, when I married, I was told it was the way to avoid a similar fate. I intended to do a very sensible thing."

"I cannot conceive how or why your affairs have taken this turn," said Lady Portbury, musing; "but they ought not to continue in this state. Suppose you wrote to Lord Sedley that you cannot bear the country, that it makes you ill — nervous, bilious; that the water is bad, or the east wind blows in; that you are afraid of robbers, and the air is relaxing. Heavens! I should find fifty reasons not to stay here. In fact, my dear, it *is* impossible to live here. Lady Mardiston and Sedley must have a mind to kill you."

"It is dull," said Olinda; "but if it suits Sedley, I do not care for one year being passed disagreeably. He assured me that one year is

all the time he will remain abroad without me."

"But why should you give up one year? You may grow ugly, be tanned by the sun, put your eye out by accident, and not be fit to be seen before your year is over. What does it signify how handsome one looks in Cornwall? And you will not know how to dress yourself when you come back."

Lady Sedley heard much more from her friend, who did her best to prove that Lord Sedley was a most cruel husband, and his wife a wretched victim; but her replies were prudent and reasonable. It was a gratification to her vanity to feel how superior her mind was to that of Lady Portbury, and to seem still more so, by pretending indifference to an exile, which, in reality, was more disagreeable than in this conversation she chose to allow; —or rather it had been more disagreeable, for latterly she had been amused and interested

by Mr. Scudamore's conversation in no small degree.

Nothing enhances the value of our intercourse with a pleasing companion more than a certainty that yours is agreeable to them, particularly if they at first showed some distaste for it:—to the feeling it is a gratification, to the vain a triumph; and Paul had latterly grown as animated and gay, as his manner had been sad and cold during their early acquaintance, when he fulfilled the description Dampmartin gives of the effect of misfortune.

"Les feux de l'imagination se flêtrissent dans le cours des long revers; la confiance fuit avec la prosperité. Les graces ne se plaisent point sur un front que le chagrin obscurcit; la saillie expire sur les lèvres de l'homme malheureux, l'anecdote piquante se renferme dans son sein, ou se produit défigurée, la joie ne vivifie plus ses traits, la gêne le rend froid, serieux, monotone; la crainte, le poursuivant

sans relâche avec la menace du ridicule, le revêt de l'envelope de la pédanterie."

When it is said that this description applied to Paul, one circumstance must be excepted: misfortune did not make him afraid of not pleasing, but indifferent whether he pleased or not, particularly those among whom his destiny had cast him. To the poor he strictly performed his duty, but to those who considered themselves at least his equals, perhaps his superiors, his coldness and civil reserve formed a barrier they could not pass. This narrow circle was composed of vulgar small Squires, or very opulent farmers, who, seeing he was an active minister, and feeling they could not understand him, contentedly translated his pride into gravity, and his silent discontent into piety.

The elderly ladies thought him "an excellent man, but feared so much study in solitude, and arduous attention to his poorer neighbours, might bring on religious melancholy, and end in madness."

with the first pawn he had taken (after an hour's consideration) in his hand; and the sleepy Mr. Thoresby sat with his hair rubbed out of all curl, and standing on end with impatience, and much too weary to study grace in his attitude, while Lord Portbury said, "My dear Lady Sedley, I know you do not receive many visiters in Sedley's absence, but I have the greatest wish in the world, and as Lady Portbury and I are here, there would, I conceive, be no objection to it. The place belonging to Pendarvis, and a pretty large share of a tin-mine—by the by, that is a most unsatisfactory sort of property to possess; the operations of mining are very hard to understand, the quality of ores very uncertain. I knew a man very well—Dixon, you remember him!—old General Digaway, he spent his whole fortune, wholly in mining, always boring, boring on; and a sad German fellow—what was his name?—my memory is not so good as it was—stay, I think his name was Sharpinoff; this

fellow brought poor Digaway something that he called the vitrifiable earth, which Chaptal and Becher, he said, consider as the principle of metals, and certain indication of a mine, —they say it was only the bottoms of green quart bottles melted. Poor Digaway erected all sorts of works; he was very sanguine, and Sharpinoff used to say every now and then, that he had just reached the vein, and wanted money for some operation which the mine would repay in a week thirty fold; and when the week elapsed, he used to complain that the '*lode*' had '*taken a horse*,' which is a term among miners, and means—"

"But do you want to see Mr. Pendarvis's mine, Lord Portbury?" said his wife, anxious to interrupt this influx of subterranean information; while Colonel Dixon said to Mr. Thoresby, in the lowest whisper he could contrive, "Faith, I wish Lord Portbury's story could 'take a horse,' if that would help it off the quicker."

"No, Selina,—what was I saying? I wish, if Olinda has no objection, to bring Pendarvis over here for a day. I know he was to be at his place here about this time."

"Well," said Lady Portbury, hastily, "I dare say Olinda will be happy to see him, if you wish it."

"Oh, certainly," said Lady Sedley; "I beg you will ask him to come."

"Do *you* like Mr. Pendarvis, Lady Juliana?" said Mr. Thoresby, leaning forward confidentially for her opinion.

"Why, to own the truth, not much," replied the lady; "he is so very rough and coarse, and seems to have no soul — no sensibility."

"Just what I think," replied Mr. Thoresby; "he is too much addicted to buffoonery, and has not any feeling for poetry."

"Come, Thoresby," said Colonel Dixon, "that is said, because he did not like *your* poetry; and you know you read two or three

dozen of sonnets to him, and that was more than the poor fellow could bear."

"It is not that he cannot bear my poetry," replied Mr. Thoresby; "but he is fearful about his health, and believes listening to poetry after dinner hurts his digestion."

"He found it *heavy*, perhaps," said Colonel Dixon.

"It is not every body that can appreciate poetry," said Mr. Thoresby, with a look which he intended should be full of contemptuous meaning; but it missed fire, because Colonel Dixon was triumphantly rubbing his hands, and enjoying what he considered his own near approach to a jest in his last rejoinder.

Lord Portbury departed the next day, and in due time returned with Mr. Pendarvis. This gentleman was a good-natured and sensible man, but, having delicate health, much money, and nothing to do, he early in life fixed his undivided attention on his stomach, and tried, by following the advice of the most celebrated

physicians, to grow into a strong man; but not succeeding by the usual means he essayed, he gradually turned into a system-monger, had a new quack, and that quack's new method every six weeks; and the third day of each new plan he announced to all his friends, that he had at length found a judicious guide, and should in a few weeks enjoy the most robust health; that prognostic not being verified, he took a course the next time directly opposite to the last, with the same expectation and the same result.

In the beginning of the year he set out on a diet of beef and bottled ale, which was soon changed for snails bruised in milk, and soda water; but happening to visit Buxton, he got acquainted with Doctor Pickle, who, on hearing his complaints stated, said with a cheerful and confident air, "Really, Mr. Pendarvis, your case has been so mismanaged, that if you had not an excellent constitution, you must have been dead long ago; but is it possible,

that nobody has ever named to you my new maccaroni-plan?"

Mr. Pendarvis confessed it was unknown to him.

"Well," continued Doctor Pickle, "my plan is, that the patient should use no other species of nourishment than maccaroni: by a constant perseverance for half a year in this diet, you will, my dear sir, be restored to perfect health. The only important observation I have to add is, that the maccaroni must be the best imported; and I am happy to say a relation of my own can be of essential service to you. Pickle and Co. in the Haymarket, will furnish you with the only good maccaroni to be found in England; be careful to get it there *only*."

Mr. Pendarvis obeyed with much satisfaction, and did not learn till long after, that, in recommending this diet, the Doctor was more anxious to rid his relations of a ship-load of maccaroni, than his patients of their com-

plaints;—but it was a satisfaction to him to reflect, that if maccaroni does not cure, at least it cannot kill.

Mr. Pendarvis arrived, with a provision of his own maccaroni, which was prepared for his dinner; and as health was not discussed, conversed very reasonably and agreeably, though he was not content to do so without a little affectation of quaint and peculiar terms, which was apt to infect his conversation.

The next morning, as the visiters at Treganna were dispersed about the drawing-room, they were surprised by a visit from Paul Scudamore. His appearance attracted some attention, and inspired some curiosity, which the company "o'er-mastered as they might," except Mr. Pendarvis, who did not always consider the restraint of civility as much as the gratification of his curiosity.

Taking an opportunity when the object of his enquiry had accompanied Lord Portbury and their hostess to the further drawing-room,

he approached Lady Portbury, saying, "Pray, may I ask who is this *superbe Orosmane*, who has just arrived, and who, except when he is addressing Lady Sedley, looks like Ali Pacha in a fit of the tooth-ache? I am almost afraid to take the liberty of wondering who he is."

"I fancy," said Lady Portbury, "he is son to a very pious old clergyman belonging to this parish, of the name of Scudamore. I remember a handsome young man, very like him, whom we used to see at Scarborough some years since; but *that* Scudamore was heir to a large fortune, and this person, of course, is nobody one ever heard of."

"A very awful and magnificent nobody!" said Mr. Pendarvis.

"Too dark, and too tall," said Mr. Thoresby.

"If this is a specimen of the male, I should like to see some of the female nobodies of Cornwall," replied Pendavis; "they must be a comely race. I have rarely visited my old

house here for above a week at a time, for many years, but I begin to think I must have very ornamental neighbours."

"Don't talk of neighbours," said Lady Portbury; "I loathe the word. I only feel a *sainte horreur* of mine when I am leaving town, and have had time to forget them; but when I am coming from Fanover! just after looking civilly at their horrid faces!—Oh!—dear Olinda, how happy you are to have so few at Treganna! Do you remember how Lord Portbury tormented me to go and visit that old Mrs. Dapperpy? It was too bad; and when I had driven through all the cross-roads and ditches in the country to find her frightful jointure-house, the wretched woman told me where to get the best peppermint lozenges! I never can forget all the election brought upon me, there never was any thing *quite* like it; and after all—her son voted for the Spindlestons!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Pendarvis, "it was quite right you should visit your voters; it was a

handsome way of repaying them for their interest, to allow them to see Lady Portbury."

"Well, I must say I think it was very hard upon me. I told Lord Portbury at the time, it would be quite enough if Spriggins drove round and left my name, and he might have had a black lace veil on his hat — or Shuldham could have done it; but Spriggins ought to have gone, for I could not be three hours without Shuldham."

Nothing could be less agreeable to Scudamore than the collection of visiters that had thus suddenly descended at Treganna: he felt as if they had been a blight of locusts; he looked as if he meant to use them as those insects sometimes are used by hungry savages.

For some weeks past, the long green downs, the capacious ocean, sometimes roaring beneath the gloomy winter sky, sometimes dawning beneath the rare brightness of the winter sun, had assumed a new aspect. The day was no longer without an object, for in the course of it he

was sure to spend an hour or two in conversing with Lady Sedley. All that Jessy could not understand or interest herself about, might be discussed in that visit. There was pleasure in being again enabled to say, "This walk will interest *us*; *we* shall like this book; it will suit *our* taste." These social pronouns forbidden to the solitary, or those who live with unsuitable companions, seemed to restore a privilege; and the dangerous gratification of forgetting the past and future, to muse wholly on the present, appeared another. To be obliged to remember that there were other persons, other modes of life in the world, was disagreeable — like being roughly and suddenly awakened; and when this shock was given by the puny Lord Portbury, his vain and shallow wife, the affected Lady Juliana, the vulgar Colonel Dixon, and the conceited Mr. Thoresby, it really produced the expression which Mr. Pendarvis considered so intimidating.

"My dear Lady Sedley," said Lady Juliana,

"I should like to know the history of your pious friend—a *history* he must have, he looks so grave, and is so handsome: '*les orages du cœur*' have already left their traces on his face."

"I should not wonder if it were only the traces of being half-starved all his life," said Colonel Dixon.

"I do not admire him, I confess," said Mr. Thoresby; "he seems to know nothing of the literature of the day, which is a bad sign."

"How did you find out that already?" asked Mr. Pendarvis.

"Why," replied the poet, "we were conversing, and happened to mention some of the most celebrated literary characters of our time, and I assure you he had never heard of them!"

"That *is* odd," observed Lady Juliana.

"Never heard of whom?" said Mr. Pendarvis.

"I asked," said Mr. Thoresby, "if he had met with Mrs. Grigg's Poems, and he owned he had never heard of her."

"No more have I," said Pendarvis. "Pray what did she write, and who is she?"

"One of the most ardent literary enthusiasts I ever knew; she is the widow of a grocer at Taunton. You *must* have seen her principal work, 'Drops of Sensibility.' She contributes largely to 'The Votive Wreath,' and other celebrated Annuals; she is also a sound critic, and has a share in two or three Reviews. You have probably seen her criticism on my little volume in 'The Literary Reflector.' She has the best taste I know, though perhaps, in this instance, the partiality of a friend may have betrayed her into too indulgent consideration of a work."

Mr. Thoresby looked so particularly modest at the conclusion of this sentence, that it was impossible to doubt Mrs. Grigg's commendation had been overpowering.

"By the by," resumed he, after a pause, "if you have any curiosity to see Mrs. Grigg's prose style, I think I have 'The Literary Reflector' in my pocket."

"Very likely," replied Colonel Dixon, looking at Pendarvis, who eagerly answered — "Oh! thank you, I think I have seen it."

"Not this number," said Thoresby; "it was only published Tuesday morning. I 'll read it to you," opening the threatened Review.

Mr. Pendarvis's whole frame underwent a short convulsion; when it was over, he sank into a chair. The rest of the company faintly smiled, or widely yawned, as civility or ennui predominated in their humour; and Mr. Thoresby began to read the article on "Ideas and Conceptions, in verse, by Samuel Thoresby, Esq. Fellow of Oriel College."

"We have seldom perused a volume of verse with so much pleasure as these 'Conceptions' of Mr. Thoresby. Pleasure is too cold a word for the animated feeling kindled by the coruscations of real genius. The vivid imaginings of his impassioned spirit shake every chord of his living lyre. The ardent breathings of a soul so warm and true, communicate

their fervour to the reader: we burn with anger — we sigh with love — our features are corrugated with the expression of scorn, as the mighty master of these potent spells leads us on. We, the gnarled and moss-grown trees of literature, delight to foster the green luxuriance of his shoots, redolent at once with the fragrant blossoms in their first snowiness, and the golden fruition of maturity."

"What beautiful writing!" interrupted Lady Juliana.

"Yes," said Mr. Thoresby, "even her prose is poesy, and perhaps partakes a little too much of its partial exaggeration."

"Not at all; she does you mere justice," said the civil Lady Juliana.

"Ah! Lady Juliana, you have too much refinement and enthusiasm to be a just judge," said Thoresby, bowing; "but I continue:

"The splendour of Mr. Thoresby's imagery — the magical euphony of his versification — the tenderness and depth of his feeling — and

the relief his high-toned philosophy gives to the whole of this 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' will be duly appreciated by every reader of taste. Where a diamond is without flaw, it would be invidious to call upon the beholder to admire any one facette of the brilliant; though we may add, that our attention was particularly captivated by the sublime address (p. 45) to the Anagallis Arvensis, or scarlet pimpernel; and p. 77, the affecting invocation to the Procellaria Pelagica."

"What the deuce is that?" inquired Colonel Dixon.

"Oh! a sea-bird, a Mother Carey's chicken."

"And a monstrous hard name for anybody's chicken!" cried Colonel Dixon. "But, Thoresby, have a care of this Mrs. Grigg, for I am sure she wants to borrow money of you. Faith! she talks like an auctioneer."

"What an idea!—she is a person of very independent circumstances, and was devotedly attached to the late Mr. Grigg."

"So you are afraid we shall think she is going to propose for you? But I can believe that, or anything else: she must have a reason —so much flattery can't be for nothing."

"Flattery, sir!" exclaimed Thoresby, reddening.

"Oh! Colonel Dixon," said Olinda, "we must not let *you* talk of poetry; you always profess not to care for it. Do look at the sea through that telescope, and tell me if you think it is a good one."

This device diverted a storm then gathering in the round eyes of Mr. Thoresby.

During the latter part of this conversation, though Olinda had rejoined the company, Lord Portbury had arrested the progress of Paul by a dextrous seizure of one of the buttons of his coat—a practice he often found necessary when conversing with his friends, to enable him to pour forth all the miscellaneous contents of his mind without interruption; and though Lord Portbury would have felt a good deal surprised

at being informed that he was a bore, it is certain that either a long experience of the sudden evasion of his friends, while he had yet enough to communicate — or perhaps a faint suspicion that he had more desire to talk than they had to listen, often prompted him to use this simple precaution, which I incline to suppose was in reality that adopted by the "Ancient Mariner" who detained the unwilling "wedding guest." I am borne out in the supposition by his "stopping *one* of three;" the others, in spite of his spell, proceeded, it appears, to the entertainment. Its victim however, much as he suffered, was perhaps less internally enraged than Scudamore, who felt like a wild horse of the Pampas arrested by the lasso. During this imprisonment, while Lord Portbury descanted "*de omnibus rebus cum multis aliis*," and repeating from time to time, when breath and memory failed him, the needless injunction, "Stay — stay a little," Scudamore's attention was caught (when by gradual fidget he had drawn his tor-

mentor near the sofa occupied by the ladies) by hearing Lady Portbury say, "Olinda, have you heard that Captain Aubrey, your former flirt, is just married?"

"I saw Captain Aubrey's marriage in the paper," replied Lady Sedley. "Have you seen the bride? Who is she?"

"She had a good fortune, and is very pretty."

"And an amazing fool," said Mr. Pendarvis: "which is odd, for he seemed formerly a sensible man, and not likely to marry for money or a pretty face alone."

"Why, many sensible men marry fools," said Colonel Dixon.

"Interested persons often marry them for fortune," said Pendarvis; "but it is more rare, and a greater want of prudence and reflection, to marry a fool for her beauty. I have seldom seen a sensible man do so; and when they do, I have always seen the measure most heartily repented."

At this observation Lady Sedley blushed *double;* that is, she blushed for her own marriage, and for that of Paul Scudamore. She surmised that he, as well as she, "most heartily repented," and she saw, or rather felt, that he did not hear the remark without embarrassment; but she did not look up, and was seized with a wish to see Lady Portbury's bracelet as near as possible, and made some tolerably pertinent observations on the comparative merits of onyx and opals: this naturally led to reminiscences of Storr and Mortimer, and enquiries after foreign trinkets.

Morning visits must end, however long you wish to make them, and however short your friends may wish them to be made. Lord Portbury relinquished Scudamore's button, and he left the house. Olinda raised her eyes to the window, and beheld him as he walked homewards, looking fixedly at the ground, with his hat off in one hand, while he pushed

his hair off his forehead with the other: which men often do, when maltreated by their mistresses, provoked by their wives, snubbed by their tutors, scolded by their parents, or dunned by their creditors.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEFORE the party quitted Treganna, Lady Portbury reiterated her entreaties to Olinda, not to bear the intolerable misery of a winter in Cornwall, and advised her to advocate her right to Lord Sedley's heart against Mademoiselle C——, and to the sway over his household against Lady Mardiston.

This advice produced no further effect on Lady Sedley's mind than to leave her deeply piqued at the treatment she received from a man who was supposed to have married her from violent attachment, and to change her penitence for having encouraged the attentions of Lord Frederic Danesford, to a deep sense of injury.

"After all, I can but accuse myself of having listened graciously to professions which I was not obliged to consider as more than idle expressions of admiration; the moment I understood that Lord Frederic misconstrued my good humoured reception, I repulsed him with dignity. What could Lord Sedley require more? Yet he treats me as if I knew not how to conduct myself, and devotes himself entirely to another woman. I am cruelly used!"

The oftener this new view of the subject struck her, the more angry she felt with her husband, and the more heartily she pitied herself.

When people blame themselves, they do not wish for confidants; they are quite contented with their own reprobation, and readily condemn the recollection of their faults to solitary confinement. Not so they who consider themselves as victims to injustice; a martyr requires a chorus of applauding friends, at least till they have lived long enough to learn the hard lesson of reserve which the world soon

touches, but which comes later to the vain than the humble.

Olinda wished to hear herself pitied, but by whom? Jessy could only sympathize with those whose preserves turned mouldy, or whose turkeys could not be reared. The cast of Lady Sedley's annoyances were quite out of her line, except those which arose from some branches of Lady Mardiston's interference.

In earlier times the fair sex demanded the sympathy of their *femmes de chambre*; but since the modern advances made in education and refinement, few of tolerable understanding willingly place their grievances before so humble an areopagus.

Olinda was not tempted to explain her sighs to her sulky maid; therefore, Mr. Scudamore was the only alternative, and for some time that confidence seemed out of the question. But he continued a constant and a sole visiter; and young persons who discuss general subjects often, cannot talk long upon them without

allusions to their particular feelings and situation; and long before Lady Sedley had done thinking how improper it would be to make the slightest imputation on any part of her husband's conduct to another man, and that man a comparative stranger, Paul was as well acquainted with her grievances and sentiments concerning them, as Mephistophiles was with those of Faust, and such communications were, as usual, repaid in kind.

Though Scudamore was really careful not to breathe the slightest comment to the disadvantage of Jessy, to whom it could not be imputed as a fault, that her beauty had been powerful enough to blind a thoughtless young man to the defects of her understanding and manners; yet Olinda had sufficient penetration to add what she saw to what she heard; and on her side soon comprehended the situation of her new friend, and the deep repining and mortification with which he had for some years experienced what is so well described by the

vulgar proverb of having "pleased his eye to plague his heart."

But at least he had pleased his *own* eye, and Lady Sedley had only pleased those of other people. She had paid her happiness "*pour ce que les autres trouvent aimable*," but which could not contribute to her's, and was in fact as miserable by following the advice of her friends, as Paul was from having entirely disregarded the counsel of his. She had not proved the truth of the assertion, "'tis good repenting in a coach and six."

Each had pursued a course which would better have suited the other. Men require more the goods of this world (particularly if they have been used to possess a fair share of them), than women do: money and situation will procure them more amusement, interest, and distractions; and such objects are stronger features in their lives, than in those of the other sex.

Perhaps, had Scudamore been able to assemble the *élite* of London round his table;

had he hunted at Melton, and dawdled at Brookes's, and flirted at the Opera, the great mistake of his life might not have been so constantly present to his mind; but as his destiny had turned, it was doomed to be the unceasing meditation of his unoccupied hours. Latterly, it is true, he had found a new theme, though it furnished him with a comparison not likely to reconcile him with the first. The same disposition which had led him to descry in the evidences of Jessy's common-place mind, marks of innocent and graceful simplicity,—in her awkward manners, a becoming and Arcadian naïveté, now operated in magnifying the real grace, distinguished manner, and liveliness of Olinda; and if male readers will excuse the remark, I would add, that the circumstance of her beauty being of a kind entirely differing from, and opposite to that of Jessy, did not diminish its splendour and effect.

Paul, however, was long without perceiving that he took any interest in Lady Sedley, fur-

ther than one solitary human being may naturally take in the first and only suitable companion chance may throw in his way: he felt as if they were two shipwrecked mariners cast on the same desert island, who were mutually privileged to assist and console each other; and he also thought he owed her some amends for the cold severity and ungracious disapprobation with which he had disposed himself to treat her at the beginning of their acquaintance.

These were the motives for good-will acknowledged by his own mind; but he was, in reality, indebted to her for the only genuine interest he had felt since 'fantasy's hot fire' had led him to marry Jessy Locke. For it has already been stated that habits of regularity, active benevolence, and earnest professional eloquence, had gained him the reputation and reverence due to a pious minister; but his mind was not impressed with the truths he inculcated: and every day diminished the spirit of his devotion, and every day his walk to Tre-

ganna began earlier, and his walk home was later.

The first intimation he received of this fact, was finding a row of his poor parishioners standing in his hall, and Jessy on the grass-plat before the door, looking apparently out for him, but not towards the road by which he was returning. He had announced in the morning an intention of visiting farmer Burton, to persuade him to forgive his daughter, who, having a small independence, had bestowed it, with herself, on a wild young man, whom the scandalous tongues of the village affirmed to be a smuggler, but he promised fair for the future, and had requested Mr. Scudamore's interference with his father-in-law.

Paul had in reality paid this charitable visit, and succeeded in his mission; but having long since made the discovery that all roads led to Treganna, he repaired thither the moment he had mollified the heart of farmer Burton, and remained in conversation with Olinda till

the clear cold moon had risen to make the landscape more distinctly visible than the foggy November morning had suffered it to appear. When the first dinner-bell announced the last minute of morning visiting had elapsed, Paul unwillingly seized his hat and departed.

"La! Mr. Scudamore," exclaimed Jessy, "your dinner is done to rags! and John Polhill is worse, and wants to see you; and Mrs. Pike has sent twice to know if there was any answer from you about christening her child; and Mary Dobbs has been crying in the hall, waiting ever so long to see you about another quarrel with her husband; and that wretched Jenny Kitson is quite beside herself, and hopes you will persuade Sam Scamply to marry her, for, after all you said, he refuses; and there is widow Vickers wishes you to speak for her; and your dinner is quite overdone—meat does not go half so far when it is overdone, dear Mr. Scudamore."

This was much the longest harangue to

which Jessy's coral lips had ever given utterance, and spoken with more animation than her husband had ever seen her exhibit.

"I beg your pardon, Jessy—I am sorry you have waited," said Paul with a sigh: "never wait for me again, my dear; my time is uncertain—I did not know—I forgot."

"You used to be very punctual till this last month," said Jessy.

The man, says Johnson, whose head is full of business, and whose heart is full of care, will eat his dinner without knowing whether it is well or ill dressed, or served to the hour; and Paul dined without criticising his repast, but had some trouble to keep his attention at full stretch, while hearing the perplexities and complaints of Mrs. Dobbs and Miss Kitson, whose woes seemed told in a more diffuse style than Scudamore ever remembered to have heard human afflictions related, 'never ending, still beginning.'

The petitioners were at last dismissed; the

long evening wore away. Jessy spent it in cutting out a chair cover, and in giving her maid sundry valuable hints on churning, which would have been more profitable to the listener, had not the lovely speaker kept a magazine of large pins in one corner of her pretty mouth, from whence she occasionally abstracted one, for the better arrangement of the chair-cover.

Paul *thought* he spent the evening in reading; that is, he held a book in his hand, but knew nothing of the contents, and more frequently gazed on the fire, where the outline of more than one red coal presented to his fancy an apparent resemblance to Olinda.

The winter gave place to spring, and nothing apparently had changed at Treganna; yet each member of its small society was less happy than in the preceding year. Scudamore was the most restless and discontented of all. Too little used to command himself on former occasions, he could ill disguise the passionate attachment he felt for Lady Sedley, and the

ing, or employed, from the sort of depression which a backward schoolboy feels when in the company of his master; and now she was almost as glad as Paul when any circumstance took him from home, and she was left to housewifery and freedom. Not, however, being in the habit of examining her own impressions, having married in the belief that to be the wife of Mr. Scudamore was the highest point of human elevation, and during his short-lived passion having received so many assurances of its intensity and eternal duration, she did not doubt his constancy, or that she was a most highly honoured and fortunate person, much beloved by her husband; though sometimes she was "quite frightened when Mr. Scudamore lost his patience—he was so very particular."

Olinda had gained little by attracting his affection. At first she triumphed at having conquered the dislike inspired by Lady Mardiston; it was winning a suffrage from one who, further acquaintance showed her, was well

from the information that she
divide a pair who had hitherto
and kindness—to turn the hea
man, and a clergyman—to deta
more from his very lovely wife!

She looked for nothing more
and goodwill, till she saw she wa
then the fault of her characte
coquetry, made her wish to see
could admire her. She was sur
tered at the depth and vividnes
sion she had made; she saw no
that Paul would ever dare to m
her. It was natural he shoul
conceal his feelings from all, th
not injure his fame or his wife's

She would observe philosophi

other circumstances, his attachment would have been equal to that which Lord Frederick and Captain Aubrey had shown; whether that blinding and unqualified preference was more likely to have made her happy, than the distrustful and reluctant interest with which Preston Fleetwood had watched her character; for involuntarily she had always made him a standard whereby to measure other men.

The admiration of Scudamore was more vehement and less distinguishing; all she said appeared right in his eyes, which made

> "————That beauty tyranny,
> That else were civil government."

In a short time Paul, indirectly, and even unintentionally, contracted the habit of speaking with more interest and less reserve; and gradually, if he did not make professions of attachment, his conversation was so tinctured with partiality, that no woman who was not a coquette, could in justice and propriety have avoided giving that subtle and imperceptible

tach her sole admirer. "Here i
mentally, "who does me justice,
pathy and friendly feelings, perl
more,—and why not? Here m
proves, observes, or enquires; b
and why should I, out of a ne
deprive myself of my only comp
ference to Lord Sedley, whose n
kindness have cast me in his way

This reasoning was satisfacto
but friendships which do not d
in intimacy, and ere long the pa
been understood became declared
not start with horror at hearing
she had so long been aware of th
being spoken did not seem to ma
or demand any new line of condu

not surprising they failed in producing the effect for which they were ostensibly designed.

In the next stage of their friendship, Olinda began to hear with pleasure, to value highly, the expression of an affection, to which, four months sooner, she would have coloured with indignation, had any one foretold her listening to with patience; and soon afterwards, the days she did not see Scudamore appeared to her (rare as was their occurrence) of intolerable tediousness; and finally, all other interests of her solitude failed,—she only lived to hear she was beloved, and heard the reiterated accounts of Lord Sedley's infidelities and extravagance as if he was wholly unconnected with her destiny.

Paul, vain, violent in temper, passionate in character, slave of every feeling which influenced him, unable to brook opposition, and regardless of consequences, was at first calmed and satisfied with the certainty he felt that, had Lady Sedley met him as Olinda Vavasour, when he also was free to choose, he might have been her husband!

served all the advantages of sit
he was destined by his uncle;
have possessed in his wife a
companion. Had he but yield
repeated entreaty of his uncle,
wait three years! that he wou
society, and of women, before he
irrevocably to one he was so ear
to relinquish! He was obliged to
a secret his pride had long assist
ceal from his reluctant perceptio
entirely mistaken the materials
his fancy had invested the first p
caught it with all the qualities h
have required. He could hardl
past infatuation.

Sometimes, after leaving Treo

drenched with rain, in such complete abstraction that even the unobserving and contented Jessy was dismayed at his appearance, and with difficulty suppressed an enquiring exclamation. Sometimes he would start up from his chair, drop the book he held, and gaze wildly at Jessy, or rush out of the house and walk till the sense of fatigue dispersed the reflections that tormented him. He required to be reminded incessantly of the duties of his profession, and could not even appear to fulfil them with the fervour that formerly distinguished him. He complained of illness, but, when Jessy urged him to see a physician, refused, on the pretext that he had frequently experienced similar attacks, which had subsided of themselves. The few neighbours who had an opportunity of observing his conduct, expressed their fear that intense study would prove the destruction of poor Mr. Scudamore's mind or health.

Olinda was not long without suffering by the storm she had raised. She discovered that, in

times; and she was more alarme
more of it than Jessy, who was us
with any reason he chose to assi
duct; while Olinda, who had seer
only justly founded resentment
upon some (at least plausible)
had witnessed the general good-h
Sedley, interrupted by fits of bo
only, now found herself oblig
moods of such strange wayward
trembled at any indications that
recurrence, and learned to drea
Paul Scudamore.

When "calmer reason ruled
agreeable, so entirely subjugate
so full of reverential admiratio

never met. It was the difference that exists between the sea in a summer calm, and rolling beneath the "loud equinox."

At these moments Lady Sedley frequently saw the necessity that had arisen for putting an end to the intercourse she had so indiscreetly encouraged:—but how? She was reluctant to grieve, she feared to irritate, and she did not wish to lose one who applauded all she did, and to whom she had become much attached, though, when his affection for her first became visible, her purpose had been merely to dazzle and attract. A part of her retributive punishment was to feel too much interest in him she had taken so much pains to ensnare. She had been sad, disappointed, and mortified; she was now full of anxious foreboding and self-reproach, and wished to gather courage to regain the quiet discontent of her former situation. She rose sometimes thinking she was resolved to forbid Scudamore to talk as if he loved her; to insist upon a diminution of the frequency and

duration of his visits; but upon hearing him ring the hall-door bell, her heart and resolution died within her. She dreaded a scene—a storm, and postponed till the next day a trial so disagreeable.

One morning, as she stood at the window of her drawing-room in distressful rumination, she beheld the object of her reflections approaching the house to make his diurnal visit. From the moment he became distinctly visible, Olinda could discern something unusual in his manner. His step was quicker—his colour raised—his expression more animated. When he entered the room, however, he sat down for some moments, and remained silent.

Lady Sedley dreaded she knew not what; she tried to say something on indifferent subjects, but after two or three half sentences, which died away, there was a pause of some minutes, when she asked "if he would read to her?"

After repeating the question twice at inter-

vals, Paul answered hastily he would, and looked up.

Olinda presented him with a volume of ancient poetry, which happened to be on the table; he took it, and held it in his hand for a moment without opening.

"You remember," said he, "the story of the Emperor Alexander Severus, when he sought so learn his destiny by the *sortes Virgilianæ*. I have a mind to accept the first sentence at which this book opens, as a similar omen of mine."

"I had no idea you were so superstitious," replied Olinda.

"I am not habitually superstitious," said Paul; "it is only at times, when harassed by anxiety, when wearied with indecision, when not daring to look forward, or daring to look back, I grow too timid to try to learn what I could not bear to hear."

"In other words, when you are nervous—like a lady; therefore you should seek the remedy

to which ladies have recourse, and have some sal-volatile and water." This was said by Lady Sedley with a theatrical and ill-executed laugh, by which she hoped to ward off conversation she dreaded.

Paul did not reply, but opened the book at a page containing the great Marquis of Montrose's beautiful lines, beginning—

> "My dear and only love, I pray,
> That little world of thee
> Be governed by no other sway
> Than purest monarchy."

And the verse which caught his eye upon this occasion, and which he read aloud, was the following :—

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> And gain or lose it all."

"It is strange," said he, closing the book, "that these lines should be the first I saw. I came, Lady Sedley, undecided, and this determines me.

"I must first tell you an event which changes my situation in a great measure — which has given rise to a thousand vague hopes and plans. The person to whom my uncle, at his death, willed the fortune his kindness once destined for me, is dead — died unmarried, contrary to my expectation and that of all who knew her, and has by will restored the whole to me! This event brings affluence — great affluence."

Olinda interrupted him by the congratulation demanded by the circumstance, though she felt some degree of surprise at the evident perturbation, the disorder, and extreme joy this event seemed to inspire.

"Of how much more value is wealth in the eyes of mankind," thought she, "than I even guessed! Here is a man whose dignity of mind in poverty I have often admired, and even he seems to exult in this change of fortune more than he could have done at any other transition years could bring."

This train of thought she had no time to

pursue, for Scudamore interrupted her in his turn. "Hear me patiently," he continued, "and hear every thing." He hesitated — "I have never spoken to you, but am now compelled to say what may sound, but is not meant, unkindly of my—of Mrs. Scudamore.

"I should be most unjust to accuse her of any defect; she is a good and well-meaning person, but—you know her—unsuitable. When in my early folly I forfeited my uncle's favour, to spend my life with Jessy, I was too young to know how little we were calculated to make each other happy. Luckily, she is not discerning, her feelings are not quick; she has not perceived how miserable I have been. She is not discontented, but has long felt, I am sure, that she might have found one more suited to her. Long before I ever saw you, I could observe, that in spite of every effort I could make, my presence was a restraint; she is more happy without me. I am sure that wealth and independence would make her happy.

"If I proved this to you—if she consented with willingness, with pleasure, to accept a separate lot, should you, Olinda, be resolved to abide by your heavy chain? If Jessy (who is really a worthy person) can be made happy in relinquishing her youthful engagement, will you persist in bearing the name and continuing the property of a man who has forgotten and abandoned you? Think how slight the tie is which binds you to Lord Sedley; you abandon no duty, you leave no child, you have no parents to grieve or irritate, no family who might complain that you had dishonoured them. In another land, under another name, forgotten in this country, we might be the happiest of human kind—Olinda, if this is possible, will you reject it?"

Though Lady Sedley had, in manner, showed Paul a degree of preference which convinced him he was loved, and authorized him to suppose he might risk the proposal he made, she was far from being prepared to sacrifice her

fame and virtue. She had regarded his attachment as a consolation and interest in the aridity of her retirement at Treganna; and latterly, that interest had assumed a deeper and more painful character, from her having begun to feel in reality, what she had at first feigned in order to attract Scudamore through his vanity. She felt that the time was come when she could not avoid a final explanation and repulse. She felt horror at her own conduct, as it regarded Jessy; terror at the security of Paul's expectations, and in the contemplation of his violent character; and the deepest repentance for having excited a passion she never meant to recompense: yet all this was mingled with a lingering regret at losing him. She longed for courage to say, "I have misled you:—I have feigned what I did not feel at first:—do not forsake Jessy, who was your deliberate choice. Nothing on earth would bribe me to pursue the desperate course you propose."

She wept bitterly for some minutes — an emotion which Scudamore probably misinterpreted, and thought to arise from a degree of timidity at the first view of the bold expedient by which they were to free themselves from their respective engagements, and a generous regret at Jessy's misfortune in losing him. She saw he did not expect rejection, for he almost thanked her, and used many arguments to try to extenuate the conduct he advised; then, appointing an hour for his return, he departed, evidently to the last degree exulting in his supposed success.

The moment he was gone, Olinda, recovering from the awe which his violent feelings and determined temper inspired, reproached herself bitterly for want of resolution. Every moment of delay only added to the difficulty of explanation. She dreaded his taking the preliminary step of proposing a separation to Jessy, and, half determined to follow him, she ran to the

door, and then reflected she might not reach him till there might be spectators of their interview—perhaps Mrs. Scudamore.

Again she returned, resolving to write her refusal with so much that was kind and flattering in the manner, as should almost conceal and qualify what was painful in the matter. She wrote, and repeatedly tore what she had written. Sometimes the rejection was not sufficiently distinct and positive; sometimes its expression might irritate, and must be softened. At last it was written: she rose to ring for a servant to send to the parsonage, and then recollected, if it arrived in Paul's absence, Jessy might suppose it was a note from Lady Sedley which required an immediate answer, and perhaps open it; and if he was at home, his emotions on reading it might betray what it was of so much importance to Jessy's happiness to conceal from her. The bell dropped from her hand; she shuddered, and sat down.

The servant announced her dinner; she was

going to decline it, but feared remark: which obliged her to undergo the hard trial prepared for all who, suffering under suppressed agitation, are doomed to behave as usual.

She returned to the drawing-room, her lips parched with the mental thirst of anxiety. She felt unequal to the task of encountering the disappointment, perhaps the rage of Scudamore, and longed to leave word that she was ill and would see him in the morning; but, heavily as the hours had passed, they had not paused, and, while she deliberated, Paul Scudamore stood before her.

'She started—almost shrieked; but clasping her hands exclaimed, "I am not able to talk on this subject, Scudamore—read this letter—read it here!"

Paul took it, and appeared not to anticipate the contents; the expression of his countenance conveyed only the joy of success. The bright sun of the summer evening shone full on his most distinguished head, the contraction of

it would inflict.

Gradually, as he read, his c
his lips compressed and livid, h
and his hand shook, but he sp
attitude was unchanged ;—she
the end, pause, and recommenc
again read it through ;—still he

Lady Sedley congratulated l
bore so quietly a communicati
much dreaded to make, and a
of cowardice in having doubted h
and vanity in supposing the dec
intolerable. She resolved inter
never would again please any ma
but be fortunate enough to part
kindly with Scudamore.

Her heart palpitated as he appi

not; and she trembled with increased agitation, when, for the third time, he turned to the beginning of the letter. But this time he gazed at it some moments, and then dropping it on the ground, turned to Olinda, who with difficulty repressed a scream at the expression of his face—the frightful change in his features, which appeared convulsed with a dreadful emotion.

"This, then, is your determination—your final determination, Olinda—repeat it with your own lips; though I see, I cannot believe the announcement—repeat it."

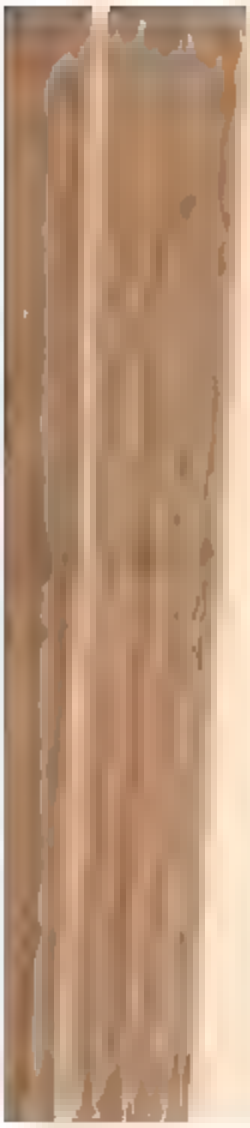
Lady Sedley confusedly, and with many attempts to say it in the kindest manner, assured him that much as she valued his attachment and preference, justice and virtue required that she should not detach him from his wife, or sacrifice her own character and duty to her husband; that they must each abide by the lot they had chosen, and conquer, or at least try to conquer, the feelings which had so far

gion, honour, and duty. She
get that he had been willing
thing for her, but she would
tage of such unreflecting affect
tinue unhappy, at least we sha
And to you, Scudamore, this
easy task than to me; an attach
a part of a man's interests in
many other hopes and views—
acquiring this fortune, will no
ment which all who know must
—you will again live in the wor
its pleasures and distractions."

"Cease, woman!" interrupte
tiently; "is it from you I am t
and virtue? Olinda, at this mom
ceive yourself so far as to

you truly say that, from the moment you perceived how much I admired you, you did not in every way try to increase the impression? In later times, did you not still more cruelly seem to return all the feelings you inspired? where was your duty to Lord Sedley then? where was your consideration for Jessy? Then was the time for slight and rejection; then was the time for coldness and scorn. You were beyond my reach—it seemed I might as well have loved the stars of heaven; and if I was deeply discontented with the lot I had drawn, I bore it, Olinda, with patience—I treated the partner of my self-deception with the forbearance her unoffending nature deserved. I was miserable, but I formed no hope—I looked for nothing more; my mind was prepared to endure, when you destroyed the gloomy rest I had obtained—and for what? for a heartless sport!

"Be assured, you would not have proved more culpable had you shared the illusion—let



nour—what is religion — if
fulfilment? The offence i
mine; the penalty is mine a
sume my former feelings,—
them to you? — to you, b
only be remembered as a
the gratification of your vani
by them however. If ever
man, Olinda, let my warnin
lected—Do not love him as y
or rather, as you would have
you loved me."

Olinda did not attempt to
proaches of Scudamore—she wa
how well she deserved them. B
towards *him* at least, she was le

and the more generous motive of leaving him the less to regret, kept her silent on that subject; but she wept bitterly and besought his pardon.

"Pardon!" said Scudamore, "is a word without meaning from me to you. Can you pardon yourself? Can you obliterate the recollection of the last six months, or show me in the future how to find the visionary hopes you spread over the past? You will weep for a few weeks *perhaps*, Olinda, for I have found you so unreal, that I know not how even to trust to the expectation of exciting your cold regret. But I do not resemble you—you cannot understand, much less feel for the desolation you have brought on me!"

Lady Sedley, in the distraction she felt at having in a great measure deserved, or appeared to deserve his rage, was on the point of saying, "if Jessy could be reconciled to parting with her husband, she was willing to follow him." Her lips severed with the inten-

tion, but at the moment she exclaimed "Stay!" an internal voice seemed to tell her the worst was past; that she had but to persevere during the remainder of this interview in resisting her own weakness and his anger, and she should vanquish for ever; the danger would be over, and time would wear away the disappointment of Paul. She caught his arm, but paused; Scudamore violently shook her off, and fled through the door that opened to the lawn. Olinda made one step towards the door, but returned, and sinking down on the sofa hid her face on the cushions, and wept in passionate affliction and repentance.

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER some hours' weariness and exhaustion had succeeded, Lady Sedley wandered down to the beach to walk in the cool, damp sea-breeze. All who have ever grieved, know how much fresh air can dissipate sadness, and change the current of ideas. Her spirits rose because they had been depressed; she reflected with more complacency on her own conduct.

"After all, she had fulfilled her duty; she had repulsed and dismissed a man who had interested her too much; Lord Sedley had no right to complain. She was the sufferer. She should see Paul Scudamore, consoled and contented, restored to the world, and having so

many resources in his recovered position in society that he would scarcely remember the sorrow she had shared and inflicted; and even the tie, which in his humbler fortunes had proved so irksome a restraint, would be lighter in his elevation. To her there would come no change. Most certainly Scudamore should be the last person she would ever hear speak of love; her present remorse assured her to that resolution she should adhere;—and again she wept, but with less bitterness.

The first day for many months in which Paul had not appeared at Treganna passed heavily; Olinda's eyes were incessantly turned to the lawn, and every moment she thought the door-bell rang. The sea beating on the beach, or a sheep-bell occasionally tinkling, were, however, the only real sounds that disturbed the silence.

The next morning Olinda (who feared, from consciousness, to attract the attention of her servants by asking a question relative to the

Scudamores) took a long walk, from which she returned by a road from whence, without being seen, she should have a view of the parsonage and its environs,—yet she should learn nothing from thence, but the very aspect of the windows, she thought, would show her if there was peace within.

She went fast through the first part of her walk, till Scudamore's cottage was seen, and she eagerly bent her eyes towards it. Her surprise was excited by seeing several persons, from different directions, all apparently bending their steps towards its door! She gazed with attention, and could not conceive why a spot in general so solitary, should now attract so many visiters; but recollected it was Scudamore's custom to receive the applications and appeals of his poorer neighbours on certain days, when his mediation, advice, and assistance, in various ways, were useful to them.

"Then his usual habits are not interrupted; his self-possession enables him to make no dif-

ference in his former mode of life. Surely, therefore, I have grieved more than my fault demanded; my vanity exaggerated its effect." The reflection at once consoled and piqued her. She hastened homeward.

At an angle of the high road where the approach to Treganna crossed a green lane leading to the parsonage, Lady Sedley encountered the doctor of the village, whom she civilly accosted, and inquired after a villager whose illness she had engaged him to superintend. He gave the details, adding he should "see the patient again that afternoon, and should have already been there, but was delayed by having gone round to see Mrs. Scudamore, whom he was glad to find tolerably easy."

"Easy! Is Mrs. Scudamore ill?"

"Not ill, my Lady, but under some anxiety."

Olinda trembled and feared to hazard another question. Could Paul, in the frenzy of disappointment, have suffered his wife to learn the

attachment he had felt, and the disappointment he had sustained? It was impossible; he could not be so cruelly inconsiderate towards either.

Mr. Blount, thinking that Lady Sedley was silent from surprise. and expectation that he would explain, continued, "Your Ladyship has not then heard that Mr. Scudamore has absented himself these last two days? Mrs. Scudamore is under some concern, as he has not written; she knows not of any business that was likely to withdraw him from home at this moment."

Every moment and every word added to Olinda's perplexity and alarm; she felt that she *ought* to speak, yet that she could make no effort to utter that would not betray her want of self-possession. In other circumstances her natural impulse would have been to hasten to the parsonage; but she dared not even seek to alleviate the distress she had caused. After a desperate struggle to speak calmly, she said,

vant to Mr. Blount's, and expec
the family at the parsonage from

She passed, turning her step
ganna, deafened by the sound
which beat in her temples, and
drag the stiffening limbs which
beneath her weight.

In no moment of wretched
is thought more rapid, distinct,
than when we are in momentary
some dreadful event. Olinda's wh
through her mind;—how fatally
judged her interests and feeling
the opinions of others, by struggl
less aims, because others did so—
whose minds she despised, who

Because Lady Portbury and her society had laughed at all who did not belong to it, and had thought it impossible to exist contentedly without splendour and riches, she had made a marriage which afforded nothing else; and when the reaction came, when she had discovered how little pleasure splendour and riches could really afford her, she had still sought her consolation in coquetry. From the moment she had seen how much Scudamore admired her, she had used every art to strengthen the impression, regardless of her duty to Lord Sedley, and of Jessy's happiness, and even of his, whose involuntary vengeance it was that she shared his feelings.

In bitter repentance she asked herself, was she indeed the person who had so acted? She recollected how, in former times, she would have judged another whose guilt was similar. Could she see Paul Scudamore, she would tell him the truth, that vanity alone had prompted her to try to turn his head; that she had seemed

more amiable than she was, by a thousand petty artifices which her amended feelings alone enabled her to confess. With humble contrition she called to mind the many slight and apparently involuntary indications of interest by which she had tried to engage even his vanity on her side, which in reality were the result of her own; and contrived only to persuade him of her preference, when she was as yet wholly indifferent. In short, she determined to tell him everything but that she now loved him; and when the first hour of perturbation was over, she sat down eagerly to make, by her perfect sincerity, the only reparation in her power. She wrote with frankness, for her vanity was quelled by self-reproach. A thousand times she resolved that she never more would directly, or indirectly, give the slightest occasion to any man to consider he received encouragement from her manners. It now seemed to her impossible that she could have ever been so selfish and un-

principled as to sacrifice Jessy's happiness for the sport of her vanity. She bitterly remembered how often she had, by a thousand small artifices, offered in contrast to the notice of Scudamore her superiority over his wife; how she had tried to elicit her deficiencies while showing her attention, affability, and kindness; and these acts of treachery had arisen on such trifling occasions, that at the time she was hardly conscious of what her conscience had recorded for this period of humiliation and repentance. Heartily did she abjure such ungenerous deceit, and earnestly pray for its pardon, resolving to dedicate the remainder of her life wholly to the fulfilment of her duties.

Her letter was finished, and she read it again; but the account of her conduct, and its motives, seemed to make her so contemptable and blame-worthy, that she felt unwilling to send it to Paul Scudamore. But this conflict of her vanity and penitence passed away; she

determined to accept the mortification—it was a test of her sincerity.

From Mr. Blount's answer to the message she dispatched in the evening, she learnt that Scudamore had not returned; and that Jessy was suffering great anxiety. Great it might be, but not more keen than her own during the succeeding night. The letter it had cost so many pangs to write, was useless till she could find where it might reach him. The post brought her letters, and with indescribable agitation she saw that the first she opened was from Scudamore! and in these terms—

"The last hour I spent with you has shown me the madness and folly of my conduct, and the great self-deception of which I must accuse myself. At least that folly is punished, and severely. But you—have you no self-reproaches, Lady Sedley, for having so fatally misled me? Can you at this moment feel for the desperate ruin you have wrought? And what has your mo-

tive been? Surely it is impossible that, for the mere gratification of idle coquetry, any human being could have gone so far, and persevered so long. In the first confusion of disappointment, I accused my own presumption of having been the cause of my error; but a thousand circumstances recur to mind, which convince me that you sought to create the impression it was my eternal misfortune to receive, and that you studied to make me believe it was reciprocal. How should you judge this conduct in another? As this is the last time I shall ever address you, I will use the right I have so dearly bought, and speak as I hope no other man will again be forced to speak.

"You found me struggling with the sense of disappointment, at having, from rash and early passion, involved my destiny with that of one whose only fault is that she was not suited to me. Though I had learned that I was mistaken, I was contented to bear its consequences. Jessy was happy; I had found occupations and

assumed habits which filled my time, which occupied my mind enough to give me often satisfaction, and always employment. I was peaceful, had escaped from the tyranny of all overwhelming passions and devouring anxiety, and I should have so continued, but for you! I will not deny that, without any fault of yours, I could not have met you without an increased sensibility of what was wanting to my happiness; but it would have passed. I feel that the next fault was mine; I should not have sought —I should have shunned—your society, when I first discovered the great pleasure it gave me. The duty of doing so occurred to me after a time, but I considered that it was needless to refuse myself a pleasure, of which circumstances would at all events soon deprive me. And soon after I fancied——Olinda, I can hardly now believe I was in error! Even now, I am at times forced to think that no human being could feign so well!—so perfectly!—so constantly! Do not endeavour to persuade yourself that my

vanity put a construction on your words and conduct to which neither were justly liable; both were long observed with rigorous and comparatively calm scrutiny, before I yielded to the belief that you loved me.

"Olinda, recollect the expression of your manners towards me—the thousand trifles by which it was tinged with partiality. No, constant intercourse, kindness, and confidence would not have produced this evil! Had I loved you without having been led to hope that in happier circumstances it would have been returned, I should have been able in silence and solitude to have subdued or borne the sorrows my own folly inflicted; it is only those who have hoped that can despair. You have lost the right to talk of the guilt of loving you, the impossibility of betraying your duties, the forbearance due to Jessy—to society—to your reputation—to mine. You have lost the right, I repeat, to shelter yourself by this cold common-place from the pursuit you invited—the man you have so mise-

rably fooled and disappointed! How often when we have talked on these subjects, (then apparently general, and without reference to ourselves,) have I sought to obtain such a knowledge of your opinions and feelings, as might show me how you would really act in circumstances like the present; and did you then express yourself with the severe morality, the religious decision, the regard for others, with which you now repulse me? Did you not, by evasions, by words which you afterwards endeavoured to qualify or explain, give me room to suppose your opinions were less rigid than those you now endeavour to assume? Why did you not at that period show me the determined principle that would have spared all that followed?

"I know you might ask why I grieve for one who, in my estimation, has acted so unworthily—tell me there is the less to regret—that I lose but an illusion. I can say this to myself, but it does not correct my folly. You

have become to me an object of such surpassing interest, that I cannot turn to any other; and if years and hopelessness can wear out such feelings, (as perhaps they might,) I have not strength of mind to endure the experiment. I shudder when I think of spending years as I have spent the days and nights since I have last seen you! And yet this misery is susceptible of aggravation. I should know you were spreading the same snares for others, after I had banished myself from your sight.

"Olinda, I have written harshly perhaps—justly, I know: bear it patiently, for it is deserved: remember it without unkindness, for it is the last offence of one who loves you devotedly.

"If you ever feel how much you made me suffer, remember the only request I have to make is, that, if another should love you as desperately — as deeply as I have done, you will not treat him as you did me. Repulse him from the first, if you love him not; if you

do——But I will not think that your heart can be won, when he failed whose earnest affection at least deserved it. Adieu, Olinda, adieu for ever! The pain it gives me to write these words, shows me how necessary that adieu is for your welfare—for my peace.

"PAUL SCUDAMORE."

Olinda read these well-deserved reproaches with agonies of repentance and torrents of tears. A chill terror oppressed her heart; her dazzled eyes scarce distinguished the characters of his implied menace. When she would again have recurred to the letter, she felt that her punishment was impending.

Scudamore's letter was not dated, but the postmark was "London." She felt a wish to follow him, to persuade him to return to Jessy; she was as willing to accuse—to prove herself unworthy of regard, as the most bitter enemy could have been. She rose to order horses, before she recollected that she had no means of

discovering where he might be; she knew he had neither friends nor relations in London.

Her next idea was, to tell Mrs. Scudamore that she had heard from him, and beseech her to set out directly. He had always shown so much attention to his wife, so great a solicitude for her comfort, that she was assured Jessy's actual entreaty for his return — even her presence and natural anxiety, would at once enforce her claims.

She then resolved to conceal his having written a letter to her, as it was impossible to show it to Jessy; and merely to say he had been seen in London. Perhaps Jessy might have some means of tracing him — would know of some connexion or circumstance that was likely to direct him to a particular spot in town. She flew towards the parsonage.

The first moments of affliction are often alike, or nearly so, in very different characters. To each their sufferings—all are men

"Condemned alike to groan."

Persons of calm and sluggish feelings, when the blow first falls, tremble, sink, and weep beneath it, like those whose sorrows will be life-long. The reed is levelled with the oak; but when the storm is over, the supple victim rises —the torn oak is uprooted for ever!

Mrs. Scudamore was sitting with her head resting on her arm. The traces of weeping were on her fair face; her long golden ringlets were uncurled; her eyelids were swollen; her cheek was pale. She evidently had suffered more than, from her habitual calmness, Olinda had expected; and it added to the self-reproach which she was already undergoing, when she considered all this was her work. The recollection of Jessy's first appearance at Treganna, looking tranquil and blooming as the flowers she then offered to one who had since proved so cruel and fatal a foe, pierced her heart, and impeded her utterance when she attempted confusedly to offer words of consolation and sympathy, and to make such enquiries

as should not betray herself and alarm her companion.

Jessy was too full of her own distress to perceive the pain and embarrassment of her visiter — too lonely and feeble-minded not to turn eagerly to any consoler. She not only detailed the circumstances of Paul's unaccountable absence, and her own alarm, but informed Olinda that she had just received a letter from him, and offered it her, adding: "I cannot understand it, I am so frightened and confused; but perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me what you think, Lady Sedley.

Olinda eagerly sought for the date — there was not one. The letter was as follows:—

"I fear, I know, dear Jessy, that I shall have cost you much anxiety ere you receive this; and it would have reached you sooner, had I not been vainly tasking my distracted mind for terms to make a painful communication less painful. It is fruitless to try. I can

only ask you to diminish my guilt to myself by bearing well what I must still inflict. A wayward, a diseased mind has made home—England—life itself intolerable;—but I do you justice. Your temper, your conduct, has in every thing, at all times, been what should have made the most fastidious happy. You have no cause for self-reproach—remember this, dear Jessy; you did all that depended on you to render my home all I could wish. I am not ungrateful, even now; but modes of feeling, defects in my character, have deprived me of the power of enjoying life, or any gift it offers. I have taken every precaution to secure to you the wealth that has fallen to us. May it minister to your happiness! May you find another object of attachment, who will better repay your gentle kindness! May you forget in his companionship one whose nature does not merit your regrets! I must bid you adieu, and for ever; but not without intreating you to pardon the inequalities of temper, the sullen and churl-

ish humour from which you have often suffered, and with such patience;—but this is over, pardon and forget it.

"PAUL SCUDAMORE."

"What does he mean? oh! what does he mean?" exclaimed Jessy. "I am sure I know of nothing that could have happened to grieve him. You see he is not angry with me, and his uncle's fortune has fallen to him, and still he is unhappy. Oh, Lady Sedley! what does he mean? and what shall I do?" and she wept heavily.

Olinda earnestly advised her to set out for London instantly; suggested various modes of endeavouring to ascertain his retreat; and finally furnished Jessy with money for the journey, and tried by every means to raise her spirits, and prepare her to use the arguments, and offer the motives, most likely to influence Scudamore to return. These exertions would have lightened her own heart of half its load, had

they not been transformed to torture by the gratitude and thanks of the unsuspecting Jessy, which were offered more fervently than was usual to her manner; but on this occasion every spark of feeling was roused by the apprehension of a misfortune the greatest she could conceive.

At last, Lady Sedley, having done all she could devise to assist, rose to depart. Jessy seized her hand. "Oh! Lady Sedley," she exclaimed, "who in the world is your equal? who but yourself would take so much pains to comfort and help a poor creature, who is nothing to you, merely because she is distressed and forlorn? Oh! all my life I shall remember your kindness, and the goodness of your heart."

The pang that seized Olinda's heart at this encomium, of which she felt herself so entirely unworthy, completely mastered the self-possession she had hitherto maintained. She wept bitterly for some moments, and when able to

speak, exclaimed, "Oh! do not thank me; do not, I beseech you! You owe me nothing—If you knew—Would to heaven——"

A moment more, and her agony at the undeserved praise would have forced from her a secret, which in cooler moments she would have known it was advisable to retain.

At this moment Mr. Blount entered the room, and enquired after Mrs. Scudamore's health; to which Jessy replied she had heard that Mr. Scudamore was in London, whither she was instantly going.

To the great surprise of Lady Sedley, who was recalled to herself by his entrance, he tried to dissuade Jessy from the journey, and started several objections, which she seemed to disregard.

Olinda quitted the room, followed by Mr. Blount, who opened the door; and on reaching the little gate of the court, which was sheltered from observation of the windows by the shrubs which hung over it, he said, "Your ladyship

was, perhaps, surprised at my endeavouring to dissuade Mrs. Scudamore from following her husband; but knowing it would be fruitless—"

"Fruitless! why do you think so?"

"By finding your ladyship with her—I thought—I imagined—you had been aware—"

"Aware! of what?"

"That poor Mr. Scudamore is no more!"

Olinda heard this without being certain that her ear gave her the just sense of his words. Her limbs trembled, flashes of fire seemed to flicker across her eyes, astounding noises seemed to ring in her ear, while Mr. Blount added, "Poor man! he died by his own hand!"

The excessive shock of this intelligence would have betrayed Lady Sedley's feelings, had not her accusing conscience led her immediate thoughts to Jessy—Jessy, whom *she* had widowed and overwhelmed with sorrows past consolation!

With that composure which belongs to the last degree of mental suffering, she requested

Mr. Blount would instantly return to Mrs. Scudamore, and by degrees cautiously communicate the event, adding she would return to the parsonage in a few hours.

She then left him wondering at the calmness she showed on hearing the deplorable end of one she had known so well; and laying it to the account of that hardness of heart which prosperity is apt to create, by alluring us to study our own feelings and inclinations so completely that we entirely forget what those of others may be.

Thus perpetually do superficial observers misjudge. A keener eye would have detected the violent effort to preserve that chill stillness—the convulsive catchings of the muscles—the palsied stiffness of the hands and jaw, which marks the acquired composure of the miserable in their first hours of anguish.

When Paul quitted Olinda, at the close of their last interview, it afterwards appeared, that (probably from a wish to avoid being

traced) he had walked several miles across the country before he took a place in a coach going to London. On his arrival there, he went into a coffee house, where he asked for some wine, and after drinking some, sat for hours with his eyes fixed on the ground. The abstraction of his manner, the distinguished beauty of his person, caught the attention of the people belonging to the house, and enabled them afterwards to remember all that had passed during the time he was their guest.

He wrote two letters, and then repaired to his uncle's lawyer, where he caused a will to be prepared and executed, assigning to Jessy all the property he inherited by the death of Miss Humberston; and evinced the greatest anxiety that the paper should not be defective in any form. During the period of its preparation, there was nothing sufficiently remarkable in his manner to attract the lawyer's notice, who merely observed that he appeared grave and fatigued, and his dress was neglected. He

was invited to dine, but excused himself as being obliged to quit London directly.

When his business was concluded, he returned to the coffee-house, where he ordered a room, to which he immediately retired, desiring that he should not be disturbed in the morning; he would ring when he wanted any thing. Towards six on the following evening, the waiter asked if he had not better call the gentleman, as he was probably ill;—he was desired to do so, but the door was locked, and no answer returned to any enquiry. It was then forced, and Paul Scudamore was found lying on the floor. His life had been many hours extinct, he was stiff and cold, his head shattered by the pistol which lay by him, and the bright black curls of his hair drenched in a pool of blood. He had not undressed; the bed was underanged.

A note lay on the dressing-table, addressed to his lawyer, who was immediately sent for. It only contained a request that the news of

his death should be made known to Mr. Blount at Treganna, and by him cautiously announced to Jessy,—and his desire that the funeral should be most private, and rather in conformity with his late circumstances, than with the great riches which had now become his useless portion.

CHAPTER XVI.

LADY SEDLEY entered her own apartment in a state of horror difficult to bear. In the agony of lonely remorse, she repeated a thousand times to herself, "I have done irremediable evil;" no effort of mine can repair—no change in human events can reverse—what has happened. I have taken a human life, I have slain Paul Scudamore, I am the cause of what Jessy now endures! A thousand threatening voices seemed incessantly to repeat these words with deafening distinctness to her ear.

A more fearful apprehension, one that she shrank from presenting to her own mind, would sometimes chill her blood, and almost

still the throbbing of her heart; and then she longed to hope that sudden madness, not despair, had caused her wretched friend's catastrophe. That hope she was not long permitted to feel: a messenger from Mr. Blount brought her the letter from Paul's lawyer, describing the circumstances attending his death; so much self-possession and recollection had he shown to the latest hour, as forbade her resting on that consolation.

Her consciousness was like that of the impenitent sinner when eternity is near, and this world crumbling away—like that the living world must feel,

> "When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
> The flaming heavens together roll,"

and the day of wrath has dawned.

After a long struggle, she again went to Mrs. Scudamore, who wept constantly and heavily, but without so much bitterness, for her conscience did not accuse her of any failure in duty. She grieved for Paul, and for herself,

without knowing how little she had suited him, without having ever learned that he felt the error of his early choice.

Lady Sedley found her sole relief in the kindness she was able to show Jessy at this period, and her severest pang, in the gratitude of its object, and the approbation of her few beholders. It seemed to her that she cheated them of their good-will and respect.

Deep, very deep, was the pain inspired by any circumstance or object that recalled her past vanity and coquetry. Her piano-forte, still laden with the songs she had so often sung for Scudamore; the books he had read to her, marked by his hand; the embroidery in her frame — every flower, while she gazed on it, seemed to bring back the sound of the verses he had read while she worked it. All employments were impossible, and the whole aspect of the sitting-room where their last and decisive interview had taken place, thrilled her with horror. She made some pretext for chang-

ing it, yet her spectral recollections stamped themselves on every thing around, and created new memorials wherever she turned; for one misfortune is peculiar to those who are too miserable to derive pleasure from external objects they can yet inflict pain.

Jessy's tears gradually ceased; so young, so rich and handsome a widow, soon found herself surrounded with friends: indeed, all those who had known Scudamore before marriage and poverty had drawn him into obscurity, suddenly found their interest in his memory wonderfully heightened when Mrs. Scudamore's beauty and twelve thousand a year became universally known. The ladies thought her simple, unformed, and some said vulgar; but there were many opinions in exception. Several women of fashion, who had cultivated her acquaintance most assiduously, declared "she was natural, *naïve*, with a great deal of talent, which did not appear because she was very shy." The professors of this heresy, it must be

owned, had all brothers or sons greatly in debt, who had several horses at Melton, and played a good deal in town; and three years afterwards, these "golden opinions" were revised, qualified, and corrected, by Mrs. Scudamore's female advocates, upon her marriage with Sir George Burton, a good-looking dull man, with a splendid establishment in Yorkshire, where Jessy lives happily and handsomely, having quite forgotten "poor Mr. Scudamore."

Lady Portbury's features are more angular, and she is not quite so good-humoured as in earlier days. Lord Portbury sleeps more after dinner, and every parenthesis in every one of his long stories is a hundred times longer than ever.

Mr. Thoresby has published a long epic poem at his own expense, because his printer assured him poetry did not sell. This work is entitled "Massaniello," and the machinery are sea-nymphs disguised as fish in compliment to the hero's calling. Having married the daughter

of a rich manufacturer at Manchester, most of his intimate friends have received copies of the work, bound in rose-coloured leather, and decorated with golden dolphins. I have not met with any person who has read it.

Lucy and Mr. Watson (who has lately obtained a good living) continue contented, respected, and beloved in their neighbourhood; neither ever miss an opportunity of being useful to others. They have three fine children, who do not promise to be either wits or beauties, but who are good-tempered, healthy, and intelligent enough to do credit to the great care bestowed on them. The whole family enjoy the mediocrity which few are willing to accept contentedly, even when they are not qualified by particular endowments to claim a higher destiny.

Lady Maria continued all her life a very fine lady; and Sir John Creswell repented heartily having made her Olinda's successor in his atten-

tions, for heart is not a word applicable to the case.

Some years elapsed ere Preston Fleetwood made a second choice, which was well calculated to console him for his disappointment in Olinda. He is rising rapidly in his profession; his home is as happy as an attached and sensible companion can make it.

The absence of pretension, the necessity of economy in the early years of their marriage, have enabled Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood to feel and to value all the comfort of the ample independence he has earned. The ambition natural to the more generous nature of man, the desire of distinction and usefulness, is now, and has every prospect of being yet more fully, satisfied; his life is busy, and her's retired. Their circle of friends is small, but they love and are loved by them. They have not a crowd of companions intimate enough to be the observers of every error of judgment, and foible of character, inse-

parable from humanity, and malicious enough to enjoy the opportunity of criticising and publishing them. If Mrs. Fleetwood is sometimes a good deal fatigued by hearing an imperfect lesson from a little miniature of herself, and plagued by a mutinous sulk on a small brow resembling Fleetwood's, she is wise and just enough to avoid appearing so when he comes home; and is recompensed for her self-command by the pleasure he takes in the children's improvement, and the praise he gives to her pains in promoting it.

Lady Mardiston's avarice and rapacity, which had so narrowly missed their gratification in General Cartwright's riches, grew keener, as lions that have tasted blood are said to grow more sanguinary. On Lord Sedley's return from his embassy, having repaired to Cheltenham, she was fortunate enough to make a very yellow acquaintance who was going to India in a high situation. Having persuaded him she was the wisest woman in the world, he bethought

himself of persuading her to take the direction of his large and disorderly establishment.

This marriage, though it proved very stormy, "a seeming union in partition," had so far a good effect upon Olinda's destiny, inasmuch as it delivered her for ever from her mortal enemy, and gave her an opportunity of regaining Lord Sedley's good-will. She paid so much attention to his interests, so much complaisance to his will, that he was often heard to declare, that she was an excellent woman, though rather dull and grave. He proved a civil though inconstant husband; and Olinda's conscience was too just, her remorse too profound, to require more than good-humour and forbearance. She lived as much in retirement as she could do, consistently with the duties of her situation as Lord Sedley's wife; and was a most careful mother to his only son.

Her female acquaintance allowed she was well-bred and obliging, but thought her too reserved and inanimate: the men declared she

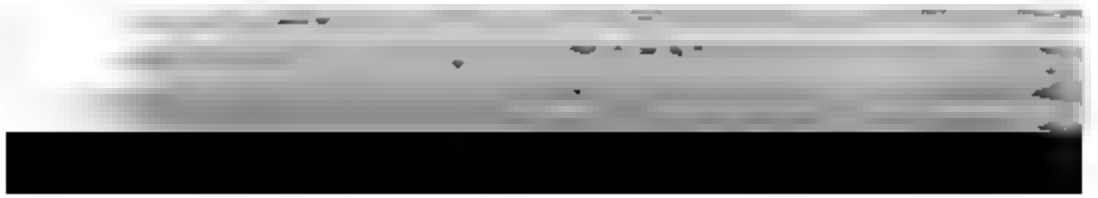
was so cold and proud, they could not admire her, and wondered so lively a girl should make so grave a woman. But Olinda had ceased to consider how her fellow-creatures might judge her; she thought only how to do her duty towards them, and remembered always that when we have, in the smallest circumstance, made a fellow-creature happier or better than he would have been without our interference, we have taken one step in imitation of our great example.

Blameless as was her after-life, she never was consoled for the irremediable evil she had committed—for the dishonoured grave she had dug for Paul Scudamore. In vain did Lucy (the only person acquainted with the cause of that unfortunate catastrophe) repeatedly remind her that a man who had invariably yielded to every impulse of feeling, might have met with a thousand circumstances to drive him to desperation, had he never known Lady Sedley; and that other men, with more encouragement,

would have reproached and forgotten the coquette who misled them. Olinda always replied, "My guilt would have been the same, though its consequences might have proved less fatal."

When Lord Sedley repairs to the North in the shooting season, Olinda spends two months at Treganna — a penance in memory of her fault!

Other inhabitants have long occupied the parsonage. The path worn by the eager step of Scudamore has long been effaced by the springing herbage; the books he read to Olinda stand untouched in their dusty covers; and her tuneless piano has since been unopened: — nothing remains but the freshness of her remorse!



OONAGH LYNCH.

It was a' for our rightful king
That we left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our own rightful king
That we e'er saw Irish land,
My dear!
Now all is done that man could do,
And all is done in vain;
My love, my native land adieu,
For I must cross the main,
My dear!

Ballad.

———Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce,
Pledge we the draught the genii love.

Bridal of Triermain.

OONAGH LYNCH.

CHAPTER I.

"TO SIR PATRICK LYNCH.

"St. Germain en Laye.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I should feel perfectly happy on the subject which impels me to write to you, did I not fear that you may think and feel differently, and, perhaps, see with regret what I can only consider as matter of sincere congratulation.

"Your dear child, our beloved Oonagh, has resolved to seek your permission to dedicate herself to the holy duties prescribed by the rule of this convent—to abandon the meaner concerns of a world not worthy to occupy her

warm and pious heart, which aspires to the high destiny that will fit her for the eternal communion of saints and angels.

"My dear brother will believe, I am sure, that I stated fairly the possibility of her regretting such an engagement hereafter. That I reminded her of the reluctance with which you would see your only child, the heiress of (what may still be called) a noble fortune, quit a world in which you still feel an interest; that you might even feel sorrow for the extinction of your noble name, at being obliged to relinquish the future bounties of our rightful sovereign, should we see him, as we have every reason to hope, restored to the throne of his ancestors. I told her that, if she chose the life of worldly privation allotted to the pious recluse, the well-earned meed of your loyal services would be vainly accorded to the childless Sir Patrick Lynch by a grateful monarch. I represented how much all Ireland looked to the restored dignities of the title of Glendalough. In short, my dear brother, I spared none of the arguments arising from motives likely to be

urged by those whose minds are possessed by worldly passions, that I might enable our dear Oonagh to examine the depths of her heart, and prove the stability of her vocation.

"It is nearly a year since she first expressed her feelings on this subject. I treated it as the fancy of a girl, and it was not till three weeks since that I became convinced it was the settled purpose of a soul superior to earthly interests. She writes herself, and will plead her own cause more successfully than I can; if she uses half the fervent eloquence with which I have heard her speak.

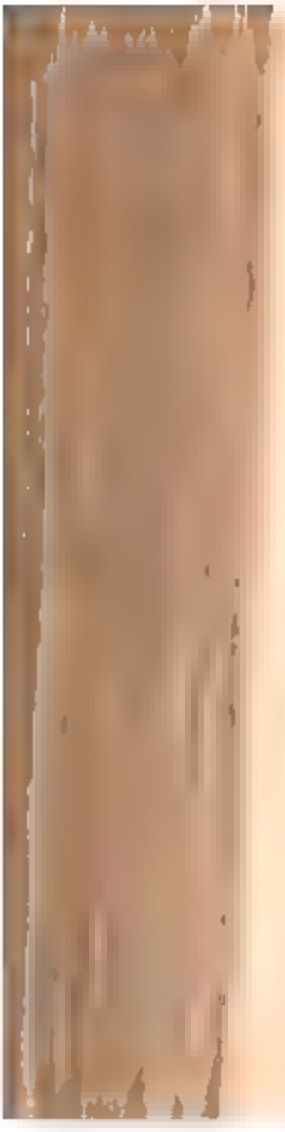
"Adieu, my brother; my prayers are not wanting in your behalf.

"THERESA."

"TO SIR PATRICK LYNCH.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"No earthly interest, no meaner cause than that in which I plead, could induce me to choose a destiny that you had not deigned to prescribe to a daughter deeply sensible of the affectionate devotion due to her only parent.



I am acquainted with your
fancy of the moment, but
hope of one who sees noth
to detain her thoughts from
dear father, to end my days
years have been spent in ha
allow me to take the veil in

"Sometimes, when I med
ness enjoyed within its wal
women, blessed in being su
dying in this abbey; when
votions, (never sufficiently-t
lege!) the censers seem to
earthly odours, angel-voices
choir, and my prophetic far
holy heads with the unfadi
eternal amaranths, they will

My cousin, Sir Maurice Bellew, of whom you are so fond, who seems so well to deserve that fondness, will more than supply my place to my beloved parent: he will sustain the honour of our family in arms, will emulate your fidelity to our royal master, and inherit the rewards that master may bestow; and I, in feminine helplessness, can only offer my fervent prayer that my dear father may be as happy as his granting mine will make, his grateful

"OONAGH LYNOH."

Sir Patrick Lynch, to whom his sister, a nun, and his daughter, a boarder in the Abbey of ——, addressed these letters, was a gentleman of ancient family in Ireland, and of the Roman Catholic faith,—or rather professing that faith, for he did not partake the enthusiastic feelings displayed by his daughter, and religion, except as connected with politics, excited no interest in his breast. Ambitious, turbulent, designing, and insincere, circumstances had induced him at different times to serve King James the Second, and sometimes the Prince of Orange;

but, as times grew more critical, he thought it advisable to attach himself entirely to the former, in whose confidence he had very much risen just before the Revolution took place.

The object next Sir Patrick's heart was to obtain a revival of the title of Glendalough, which had once been an earldom in his family. He had asked it of King James in the early and most prosperous part of that king's reign, but was refused: which induced him, when the Prince of Orange began to court the English malcontents, to sound his principal emissaries, as to the prospect of obtaining it from him. Encouraging, though ambiguous replies, drew from him some services, which ceased on discovering that the title of Glendalough had been promised to one of William's Dutch adherents. Sir Patrick returned to his first allegiance, and found King James more ready to promise rewards, as the numbers decreased who strove to deserve them. Had his affairs taken a more favourable turn, Sir Patrick was to claim the title of Glendalough, as a marquisate.

The moderate and wise consideration with

which William treated the adverse party, after the Revolution, seemed to vouch that he would not prove a bloody enemy; and the sanguine blindness with which the Jacobites looked to the success of many impracticable schemes, communicated itself to the enterprising and ambitious Sir Patrick. His hopes were more distinct than his fears.

Sixteen years before the period when this history commences, he married Anastasia Plunket, a beautiful heiress of his own communion, who became the mother of one daughter; and eight years after the birth of this child a singular circumstance occurred in the family.

On the day preceding his marriage, Sir Patrick presented some jewels of value to his bride; and when she had admired them and thanked him, he drew forth a small, flat ebony case, and said, "I have yet another gift to make you, of more value, which I would not confound with the trifles you have received: it has been the most esteemed of our possessions for some generations back. It has been given always by the head of our house to

"Here is," add
tious tale, whi
give it you, an
lose it."

The case co
magnificent rosa
precious stones a
the workmanship
were precious.

Anastasia readil
all her life, and ca
structed, three sides
the fourth the rosa
value she possessed we
though locked up. T
her in all her journeys.

Sir Patrick, previous
sometimes been entruste
to the court of France,
well receiv

hotel was a young Italian Abbé, who was remarkably clever and agreeable, and made himself extremely useful. He knew where every thing was to be found, and its price; where every body lived, and who they were. He particularly shone when a fête was to be given; he planned the preparations, and saw to their execution, — in short, he began by pleasing and ended by being necessary.

One day Lady Lynch accosted him with an air of anxiety, very unusual to her fair face. "Ah, Mr. l'Abbé," said she, "I must confide a circumstance to you which distresses me more than I can describe. My beautiful rosary has been stolen from my cabinet, — see, the glass in that side has been broken, and it is gone! I have looked everywhere, and so has my maid; I cannot learn how it has gone; — and how can I look Sir Patrick in the face? he will be so angry! — He returns from Versailles the day after to-morrow. What shall I do? I do not like to proclaim my loss and apply to the police, in the hope I may find it without Sir Patrick knowing

that it ever was missing. What shall I do?"

The Abbé expressed his satisfaction at her having had recourse to him, and undertook the affair with great readiness, though he had only two days to dedicate to the search; on the third he was to proceed to Italy on affairs of the greatest moment. He assured Lady Lynch that, if her jewels were still in Paris, he thought he should succeed.

Meantime Lady Lynch frequently expressed to her maid the anxiety she felt that the rosary might be recovered. The maid, after many of those broken hints with which persons who are eager yet fear to make a disclosure precede it, at length confessed she knew a man who had on similar occasions served persons in such circumstances, and proposed Lady Lynch should consult him. Anastasia, who was naturally nervous, timid, and imaginative, though fearful, was curious, and resolved to consult the conjuror, if it could be done privately, for she feared the ridicule of her husband and friends.

Her maid made the necessary arrangements; and late in the evening Anastasia, dressed in the clothes of her attendant who accompanied her, proceeded in a hackney coach, through a number of dirty and distant streets, to an obscure house, in a quarter with the appearance of which she was entirely unacquainted. At length they descended from the carriage, which was desired to wait; and the maid guided Lady Lynch through a long narrow alley, terminated by a door, where, after ringing, they waited some time for admission.

An aged negro asked whom they wanted, and on the maid replying that they came to speak to Mr. Bontemps, the negro rang another bell, and leaving them for a few moments, returned with a small brass lamp, and preceded them up a gloomy stone staircase, where the dust of ages seemed to have accumulated. Anastasia, as she followed, almost repented her curiosity. They arrived at another door, at which the negro knocked, and they were immediately admitted by a tall man, who asked their commands.

There was nothing very remarkable in the

appearance of Mr. Bontemps; he was tall and sallow, with a keen bold eye, about fifty years of age, expressing himself in a slow distinct manner, civil and calm. The maid assumed the office of explanation, and told him her friend had lost a rosary of value, and wished him to tell her where to seek it. Mr. Bontemps replied, he should have pleasure in doing so, but there was a preliminary condition to be observed. Anastasia drew forth her purse and presented him with five louis-d'ors.

"Though I accept your Ladyship's gift, I shall expect a similar sum if I have the good fortune to serve you upon this occasion," replied Mr. Bontemps. "This is not all I exact; you must swear never to reveal to any human being your visit to me, and its result."

Lady Lynch, though rather alarmed and surprised at being called by her title, readily promised never to reveal her visit, and what she should then see, to any human being.

"Though I make no doubt of your sincerity and resolution, madam," said the conjuror, "your fidelity to the engagement is of

so much importance to me, that I am obliged to make it your interest to preserve your promise inviolate. Should you betray me, eight days and eight nights from the time you do so, you will pay with your life for the indiscretion."

Anastasia willingly, though not without perturbation, agreed to the justice of a punishment which she resolved not to incur.

Mr. Bontemps then drew from a small shagreen case a lancet, with which he slightly touched Lady Lynch's hand, and extracted a drop of blood, into which he dipped a pen, and requested she would write the first letter of her baptismal name on a slip of parchment he presented. She did so. He then desired the maid to wait for them, and led Anastasia through a long gloomy passage, hung with spiders' webs of extraordinary dimensions, and only lighted by the lamp he bore, to a very large room.

On one side hung a large dark curtain of brown stuff. There was no furniture except a wooden stool, on which he requested the trembling enquirer to seat herself, opposite, but at

since that it is in his possession. You have also seen the place where he has deposited his prize. You must do the rest; and above all, remember your promise: if you fail in your part of the engagement, be certain I shall not forget mine."

As he pronounced these words, the countenance of Mr. Bontemps assumed an expression so sinister, and his voice sounded so hoarse and sepulchral, that Lady Lynch in much perturbation reiterated her promise, and departed, after having munificently recompensed the sorcerer, whose presence she rejoiced to quit.

She directly ordered the coachman to proceed to the abode of the Abbé, which she knew from having frequently addressed notes of invitation, or containing commissions for his performance. On arriving there, she would not suffer herself to be announced, but ran up the stairs, closely following the servant. On the door of the Abbé's apartment being opened, she found his chamber precisely similar to that represented by the mirror of Mr. Bontemps! The Abbé was sitting at a table covered with packets, and

between the windows stood a black Indian cabinet.

He rose in some confusion at the unexpected visit with which he was honoured, and with which, at that moment, perhaps he would willingly have dispensed. Lady Lynch said, that having business in that part of the city, and not choosing to be seen, she had gone out in a hackney coach, which had broken down opposite his door; and that, knowing he lived there, she had determined to come in to ask for a glass of water, and to recover her alarm.

There is no knowing what construction the Abbé might have put upon this extraordinary proceeding of Lady Lynch, had he not been, from the moment of her entrance, so preoccupied and embarrassed, that he could with difficulty recollect himself enough to call for water, and offer it with an attempt to express concern for her alarm.

Anastasia seated herself on a stool near the cabinet, and after speaking some few moments on indifferent subjects, admired his apartments, and, affecting to laugh, said, looking at the

cabinet — "This is, no doubt, the repository for your billets: I shall look at it."

The Abbé started, and said the cabinet contained letters only; and was rising from his seat, when Lady Lynch suddenly opened the door, and discovered her rosary in the spot corresponding with that represented in the conjuror's mirror! She took it up, saying—"Oh what a trick! I suspected you had a mind to frighten me, and really you succeeded. In another day I should have been quite ill with vexation. It was too mischievous of you!" She continued to laugh and reproach him.

The Abbé was much relieved by the idea that she considered him as having been in jest; he also laughed, and assured her that in a quarter of an hour he should have restored her rosary. She pretended to believe him, and returned home in the utmost delight.

Soon after her return, Sir Patrick arrived from Versailles. Before his departure, he had observed the depression and uneasiness of Anastasia, whom he quitted pale, anxious, and preoccupied. He was at first agreeably surprised

to see her with the animation which gaiety lends to beauty, and with the suddenness of the change. He asked her to account for the transition, and was still more surprised to find, from some degree of embarrassment in her manner, that there was a mystery, and evidently one she wished to keep from him.

Sir Patrick had lived in times, and in courts, where his experience had not been such as to encourage him to confide implicitly in the character and conduct of a young and beautiful woman. He questioned his domestics indirectly — the only intelligence he could obtain was, that Lady Lynch had gone out in a hired carriage, without her usual attendants; had remained absent a long time; and had appeared in the highest spirits since her return.

Sir Patrick's curiosity was redoubled by this information, and began to be mingled with sensations more painful. He again questioned Lady Lynch, whose manner of evading his enquiries made him yet more distrustful.

They had hitherto lived on the happiest

terms: ambition and political intrigue had furnished him with so high a stake in the game of life, that his home was by him considered as a place of repose and relaxation: he did not spend much time in it, and had none of those small disagreements with his wife, into which "home-keeping youths," if they are without pursuit, are apt to enter with the members of their family.

Sir Patrick grew angry, and uttered the first reproaches he had ever addressed to Anastasia. He entered her dressing-room that evening in extreme discontent, and almost told her that he believed she had a lover whose fidelity she had doubted, and who had afterwards reassured her of his attachment; that he could attribute her singular conduct to no other motive, and should continue in this belief till she furnished him with a better reason.

Anastasia, shocked at his suspicions, and in despair at having offended by the very means she had taken to save herself from his displeasure on another account, rather than allow him

to think so unjustly and unfavourably of her, resolved to sacrifice her life to the care of proving herself worthy of his heart.

"What you ask," said she, "does not concern you in any way; and if I confide in you, it will cost my life. Do you choose to know it at that price? I have promised not to reveal a certain circumstance to any human being; if I break my oath, I am sure of dying in eight days; yet if you insist, I am willing to confide it to you."

This exordium only rendered Sir Patrick more anxious and more curious. "My dear Anastasia," said he, "what do you risk by telling me anything? A husband and a wife are one. In fact, you are not breaking your promise in so doing, and you may be certain your secret, such as it is, will remain one with me; and as to dying in eight days, do you think the streets of Paris are lined with assassins, and that you have nobody to protect you?"

After a little more hesitation, he prevailed upon her to relate all that had passed respect-

ing the loss and recovery of the rosary; and then almost repented having given her and himself so much vexation on the subject, which he would immediately afterwards have forgotten, had not the following incident recalled it to his recollection.

Early the next morning he had an appointment on business with a lawyer, who lived near St. Nicolas des Champs. When it was over, he was returning by an obscure street of that neighbourhood, when he was obliged to rein in his horse, to avoid throwing an aged woman down who was crossing exactly before him. She was followed by two little children, and then by a negro, of uncommon stature, who caught his eye particularly, not only from being so singularly tall, but from having a remarkable and very ugly countenance.

This reminded Sir Patrick of his wife's communication on the preceding night. He could not withdraw his eyes. "Can this man," thought he, "resemble the negro of M. Bontemps?" and his eyes followed the man beyond the crossing, down a long alley, terminated by

a door, at which the negro rang and entered. The appearance of the place agreed exactly with the description given by Lady Lynch, and a slight movement of curiosity determined Sir Patrick to consult M. Bontemps by some feigned embarrassment.

He dismounted, and engaging a person to hold his horse, proceeded to the door and rang the bell. It was opened by a fair young girl of fourteen, who, on his asking for M. Bontemps, said no such person lived there. Sir Patrick, on further questioning, learned that the house was inhabited by the mother and two sisters of the young girl, and who obtained a subsistence by their embroidery. This was confirmed by the mother, who came to see with whom her daughter was conversing. He asked for the negro, whom he described. The mother said such a man had just brought a parcel to them, and went out again directly, which must have occurred while Sir Patrick was in treaty with the boy who held his horse. There was no appearance of mystery about this family; they affirmed they had lived three years in the

house, and Sir Patrick, convinced of his mistake, returned home.

He found Anastasia less cheerful; she was anxious, fearful, reproached herself bitterly for breaking her promise, started at the opening of every door, and was overwhelmed with terror at the threatened vengeance of the sorcerer. In vain did Sir Patrick remind her that the menace was uttered only to alarm her, and meant nothing but that M. Bontemps wished to keep his abode secret, lest the interference of the police should prevent his completing the spoil of the credulous: it was in vain he endeavoured to laugh at her fears; he could silence, but not convince her.

In order to distract her attention, he insisted on her accompanying him to a great entertainment, which was to take place that evening at the hotel of the English Ambassador, and she unwillingly prepared to accompany him. In spite of her anxiety, she had never looked more beautiful than when she prepared to descend to her carriage, and Sir Patrick could not resist an exclamation of admiration as he surveyed

her appearance, while she paused to open a letter which the servant had just presented. Lady Lynch suddenly uttered a loud shriek, and fainted.

In the confusion that ensued, and during the convulsions which she underwent for some hours afterwards, the attendants knew not to what to attribute her strange disorder. Sir Patrick sought for the letter which she had received at the time, and found only a blank cover, containing a small strip of parchment, on which Anastasia had written the first letter of her baptismal name at the request of the sorcerer!

Lady Lynch's complaints did not decrease, though her senses returned. The attendance of the most skilful physicians was of no avail; and though, when her agitation subsided, a quickened pulse and feverish excitement were the only symptoms of malady that could be detected, she gradually sank, and on the eighth evening from that on which the explanation took place with Sir Patrick, she raised her head from the pillow, and pointing to the dial of a

clock which stood opposite to the foot of her bed, she sank back and expired!

The most sedulous enquiry could not elicit who had been the bearer of that fatal letter, and the necromancer was never more heard of in Paris! The event was much spoken of at the time, though many different versions of the tale were given, and the relaters were often charged with exaggerating or changing the circumstances, of which some denied the truth.

It was natural that Sir Patrick should forbid the attendants of his unfortunate wife to relate the story before his young daughter; and for some time they were sufficiently obedient to discuss it in a low voice when she was in the room, or to refer to it in such ambiguous and mysterious terms, as served to increase the curiosity and animate the imagination of an observant child, who, having watched and questioned them constantly, soon became thoroughly acquainted with every particular of her mother's history; and this knowledge had afterwards much effect upon her mind, and disposed it to romance and superstition.

The daughter of Sir Patrick Lynch had received the singular name of Oonagh at her baptism. This name, in Ireland, is usually bestowed on females only of the lower class, but it was given to her from the following incident.

When Anastasia Plunket was a child, she was walking with her mother one day, and an aged female beggar, known by the name of Oonagh, intreated an alms. Lady Plunket gave her little daughter a piece of money to bestow on the supplicant, who rather unwillingly proceeded to deposit it in her hand; but struck on her near approach with the wild and frightful countenance of old Oonagh, her tattered garments, and the shrivelled yellow hand extended for charity, she drew back, hesitated, and at length threw the money at the beggar, and ran back to her mother, saying, "I cannot bear to touch that frightful old creature."

"That creature is your equal by nature, Anastasia," said Lady Plunket: "it is true, she is in rags, and you wear a silk gown; you are

a pretty child, and she is old and ugly; but is this her choice, or her misfortune?"

"Oh! not her choice, mamma!"

"Then because she is unfortunate, you treat her with insolence, and show abhorrence to her touch! Go to her this moment, beg her pardon for your brutal pride, and embrace her."

Anastasia timidly obeyed; and this adventure, with her mother's comment upon it, made so deep an impression, that some days afterwards she said, "Mother, to remind me of the fault I committed the other day, and to cure me of my pride, I have made a vow that, if ever I have a daughter, I will call her Oonagh."

"Well, my child," said Lady Plunket, "if it *will* cure you of pride, the vow is a good one."

In after-years Anastasia remembered her vow, and called her daughter Oonagh.

After the death of Lady Lynch, Sir Patrick found his home without interest: he gave himself up to ambition, and became deeply engaged in the politics of his time; and finding

himself embarrassed by the charge of his daughter, he confided her education to the care of his sister, who had some years before professed herself a nun in the Abbey of ——.

Though the rule of this order was not strict, the superior was eminently pious, and even enthusiastic, and the director was of a similar disposition. Theresa Lynch (who had entered the convent in consequence of the sudden death of a lover to whom she was on the point of marriage) was naturally romantic and low-spirited. She became much attached to her niece; but was the worst constituted guide to whom such a charge could have been consigned.

Sir Patrick occasionally visited their retreat, and saw his daughter for half an hour at a time in the parlour of the convent. The storm of public events had engaged him so entirely, that, for eighteen months previous to his receiving the letters already recorded, he had not seen his only child. He now perceived that she had remained too long in her aunt's protection; nothing could be more opposed to the

views he had formed for his daughter, than the self-dedication she proposed.

His intention, for some years past, had been to unite her to Sir Maurice Bellew, her distant relation, who would inherit a part of his property, should he leavé no male heir. Sir Maurice was the representative of an ancient and distinguished Catholic family, had been carefully educated, and was considered as a young man of singularly promising understanding and disposition. He was at this time in France, where he had been principally brought up. His uncle, Lord Rostellan, had already had some communication with Sir Patrick on this projected marriage, who had only waited till his daughter was of age to complete it. He determined to withdraw her from the convent, and bring her directly to Paris, where she would appear in the world, and become acquainted with her intended husband,—both circumstances likely to produce a great revolution in the opinions and feelings of a girl of fifteen.

In due time he reached the convent, where

appearance and mann
was near two since
her father, and he
the great alteration
almost started when s

Oonagh was rather
in symmetry, and end
dignity and grace
accompany exact pro
atones for its absence.
blue, remarkably larg
her brow, which was
defined; her eyelashes
long and black, and the
her countenance was grave
complexion was rather
markable and transparen
appeared like a statue
blush and smile, though

ing they might never leave her face. At this moment pleasure and agitation had excited both to the highest degree, and Sir Patrick surveyed her with pride and surprise.

After the first greetings were past, Sir Patrick informed his daughter that he had decided she should accompany him to Paris, adding, that when she had been there a little while, she would agree with him in thinking he had done well to refuse his consent to her becoming a nun.

"Do not, my dear father, do not say you refuse a request I have so much at heart:—it is my first—and it will be my last," said Oonagh, sinking on her knees.

Long did she plead in favour of her inclination for the cloister, but in vain,—Sir Patrick had predetermined to refuse; but when their contending was over, he felt some surprise that one so young, apparently so mild and timid, could plead with so much fervid earnestness and eager impetuosity. Oonagh under the influence of a powerful motive — a prejudice — a passion — was then a very different being from

the mild, passive, and indifferent Oonagh of everyday life.

Sir Patrick imagined he knew woman well, and he thought he perceived a peculiarity in his daughter's disposition; her passionate feeling and great determination strangely contrasted with the nervous timidity and submissive gentleness of her ordinary demeanour.

She besought her aunt to second her entreaties, but without better success: Sir Patrick upbraided Theresa for encouraging her niece in the superstitious abandonment of her natural duties; and in two days the father and daughter set out for Paris, whither one female attendant accompanied them. This was Joyce Malone, the foster-sister of the late Lady Lynch.

CHAPTER II.

OONAGH shed torrents of tears at parting with the nuns, and leaving the Abbey. Having come there a lively, restless child, of a very sweet disposition, she soon became a general favourite, full of feeling, imagination, and a desire to excel. When she ceased to be a child, she grew silent, contemplative, and quiet; and leading a life full of mechanical constraint, with few exterior objects of interest, she depended on her own imagination for amusement, and after she had read with avidity all books that were to be procured by her request from the teachers, and many which the *pensionnaires* had contrived to secrete at home and introduce in the convent, she spent her time in vague religious musings, in sketching long romances in

her mind, in which she frequently represented herself in after-years passionately beloved by one of the most perfect of human beings, whom she supposed herself finally to have reduced to despair by her resolution to enter into a convent of Carmelite nuns. She sometimes wept at the imaginary afflictions and solicitations of her hero, but never failed in executing her own resolution. Her mildness, docility, reserve, and the interest with which she received religious instruction, made the nuns assure her that they saw she would one day have a decided vocation; they made no doubt she would one day be superior in that very convent.

Oonagh heard the prediction with great pleasure and with some pride. She delighted to think she was *in* the world, and not *of* the world. She sometimes, when arranging her long jet-black ringlets at the mirror, thought with complacency of the moment when they would be shorn from her head, and abandoned with all other mundane vanity; when the bandeau should hide her marble brow, and the guimpe her fair bosom. She rejoiced in

the idea that she should now prove the stability of her vocation against worldly persecution; and when, on their arrival in Paris, Sir Patrick announced his intention to take her to a splendid ball, and desired she would prepare for it by choosing a costly and beautiful robe for the occasion, she mentally likened herself to Saint Perpetua, when cast into the arena to be devoured by wild beasts.

A lady of the French court, an intimate friend of Sir Patrick, was to chaperon his daughter, and to assist in her selection of such ornaments and array as befitted what she considered as her moral martyrdom. At the same time Sir Patrick informed his daughter of his long-cherished plan of uniting her to her cousin Sir Maurice Bellew, adding many commendations of that young gentleman's character and talents; and smilingly concluded, "So, Oonagh, do not fall in love with any of the young cavaliers who may admire you, for you must be Maurice's wife."

When Miss Lynch was alone, she fell into a long reverie. "So then, even were I con-

tent with a miserable, degraded, and earthly lot, to give up my high hopes, I should not be free to choose with whom that lot should be cast! At all events, even if I do not love him, I should be Sir Maurice's wife! If I had not entirely renounced the interests of this life, how full of anxiety and apprehension I should now be! What a dreadful fate, however estimable Sir Maurice might be, to wed him because he is my father's next heir!"

When Madame de Montchanais came to assist in the deliberation respecting Oonagh's toilette, as she looked at the gay and delicate shades of the silks and tissues from which her robe was to be selected, Oonagh was much surprised to find their consideration was not so irksome as she had anticipated; nay, it was not altogether without a species of small interest—a kind of amusement—very slight however.

The day of the ball was also that appointed by Sir Maurice Bellew for his arrival at Paris; and as his fair cousin repeated to herself that he never could be more to her than an object of

good-will, as a friend, for whom she should offer fervent and distinguished prayer when she was again safe in her convent, she still found that she was not without a kind of curiosity, mingled with perturbation, at the thought of seeing him. She wondered, too, if he knew her father's wish, and desired its completion; whether his disappointment would be great when he found her determination to live a recluse, &c.

These speculations recurred very often, though on a subject of so little importance in Oonagh's eyes; and every time they did recur, her heart beat thicker, and she wished the first interview was over. She was very anxious not to blush or look conscious at their first meeting; consequently, whenever she thought on the circumstance, she coloured and trembled.

The day of the ball arrived. In the morning Oonagh considered it very possible that Sir Maurice might, if in Paris, take an opportunity of paying his respects to her father before they met in public. She did not hear a visiter announced without some trepidation.

Though several succeeded each other in the course of the morning, Sir Maurice was not among them.

The labours of the toilette commenced, and her new Parisian maid presided, — for Joyce Malone had been ill for some time; but so eager was she to witness the success of her substitute's labours, that she was assisted to the apartment of her young lady on their completion. All the diamonds of her mother shone among the ebon ringlets of Oonagh, whose pure, pale complexion, and robe of white and silver tissue, gave a strange lustre to her appearance; the beholder could not help feeling admiration mingled with melancholy. This, perhaps, struck Joyce Malone, for she exclaimed on entering, "Oh, blessed martyrs! then it is yourself that is the beautiful girl, Miss Oonagh, ma vourneen! and handsomer even than her ladyship your mother, happy rest to her soul! Sure you 're like nothing in this world but the fairy with the moonbeams upon her, that Ralph Macarthy saw when he walked over the hill of Kiltarle the night before he

died! So sad and so shining — I do be afraid that you will vanish before me like the fairy. Well, things go by contrary, — my poor lady was so gay, and bad was her luck! Now is not the time to be talking of it; and Miss Oonagh, my darling, looks grave, and her luck will be better maybe. Beautiful you are, ma vourneen, and dressed like an altar on Holy Thursday!"

Oonagh proceeded to the ball, where the magnificence and novelty of the scene, the admiration she excited, banished alike from her mind Sir Maurice and her vocation! She was amused and interested as much and as girlishly as young persons of her age usually are on such occasions. Once or twice, when some handsome young cavalier entreated Sir Patrick's permission to be introduced to Oonagh, the idea which suggested itself to her mind on his approach was, "Can this young man be Sir Maurice?" But the evening wore away, and her cousin did not appear; and the day was dawning, when, amused and exhausted, animated and weary, she retired to her bed.

Various entertainments successively were graced by the presence of Miss Lynch. After the communication respecting Sir Maurice which her father had made to her, she could not bring herself to enquire why his arrival was so long delayed, though she sometimes wondered that simple curiosity did not hasten his journey. She promised herself to surprise him much, if the security of finding her propitious had rendered him thus dilatory. What would he say, how would he feel, when he learned that a convent was to be her eternal abode? And as she surveyed her fair form in an ancient mirror which dimly reflected its beauty, she was not unwilling to think that her pious resolve would include a vengeance on her tardy lover. The innocent and pious Oonagh was piqued!

Gradually, the religious enthusiasm which had made her solitude and conventual habits so delightful, grew more cool; instead of a few companions whose hearts in this world found no resting-place, all around her seemed to have no view beyond the things of this world, its

grave mockery, its slightest pleasure. Money, fame, the king's favour, were the objects pursued by the old; vanity, pleasure, love, rivalry, filled the imagination of the young. If any allusion to the convent, or expression tinctured with the fervour of her early opinions, by chance passed her lips, she saw her young companions thought it affectation, and the graver female visiters deemed it hypocrisy; and Oonagh grew more reserved. That fearful spell, the thirst of human sympathy, which magnifies our immediate circle into a representation of the whole world, made her wish to hide a sentiment she found no one to share. In society she endeavoured to interest herself like those she saw about her; and when at home read pious books, and fashioned various little ornaments, which she embroidered for the church of her convent.

One day, while thus employed, her father entered, saying, "My dear Oonagh, your cousin has just arrived, and begs me to make you acquainted with him." Sir Maurice followed his relation, and paid his compliments with

the utmost grace and most cordial politeness; to which, after a momentary embarrassment, Oonagh replied entirely to Sir Patrick's satisfaction.

It was not in the first moments of their first interview that she had the courage to examine the countenance, and observe the manners of the man, who, but for her resolution, was to have been the partner of her destiny. When she did so, she was obliged to own to herself, that, as far as appearance could warrant the decision, it was distinction to be loved by Sir Maurice Bellew.

He was remarkably handsome, and distinguished in figure, entirely free from every sort of affectation, possessing that rare and happy grace of manner which made those who listened to his conversation, believe that no other man could have spoken what he had said; and those who afterwards endeavoured to repeat his observations, felt that the essence had extracted itself, and the attempt was like that of one who collects the leaves of a rose already shed, and hopes to breathe from them the per-

fume of the flower in its young freshness. His voice and laugh were more musical than those of other men, and could not be mistaken for those of another. No ill-natured comment ever passed his lips, and if the absent were attacked, he never failed to defend them; yet if his opinion was required, he ever gave it with the most perfect candour, and those who might have been hurt by his frankness, forgave it from respect to his sincerity.

Every day Oonagh spent in his society, she more entirely esteemed and admired him. She began to think it might be possible for a married woman to lead a religious and praise-worthy life, and fulfil her duties in the world as well as if the same years had been spent in retirement: her fancy suggested the arguments Sir Maurice would use, when he should learn her intention of becoming a recluse; and her reason was inclined to admit their justice.

One only circumstance was wanting to make them effectual—Sir Maurice did not urge them! He was polite, friendly, attentive, brotherly; but Miss Lynch, in spite of her inexperience in

society, soon perceived that she must not look to excite a deeper feeling. Sir Maurice walked, danced, and talked with her, but his manner was that of a brother—a kind one, but still a brother only; he never paid the smallest commendation to her exterior, or even appeared to remember she was young and handsome; he sometimes applauded her sentiments, sometimes reproved them, but never seemed to consider the future might connect them by a nearer tie.

At a great entertainment, to which Oonagh one evening accompanied Madame de Montchanais, they beheld a very beautiful woman. On Oonagh's expressing admiration of her appearance, Madame de Montchanais said, "What then will you say when you see Madame d'Aurillac, who will certainly be here to-night? She is returned from Italy within these few days. In her you will see a perfect beauty." Some other commendations from the bystanders, of Madame d'Aurillac's beauty, gave Oonagh a great wish to see her; she begged Madame de Montchanais to point out this charming person.

In the course of the fête, when Oonagh, fatigued with dancing, had sat down, Sir Maurice, having resigned his partner, was near, and answered various enquiries she made about some of the company. At last she said, "If your patience is not quite exhausted by the numberless questions I have asked to-night, do forgive me one more piece of curiosity, and show me Madame d'Aurillac when she comes."

Sir Maurice almost started, so singular and complete a change of his countenance took place. It was but momentary. After a short pause he said, "Certainly—you have never seen her; indeed she has been absent for some time, I believe."

A slight movement in the crowd attracted the attention of Miss Lynch; two or three voices exclaimed, "Oh! there is Madame d'Aurillac!" and Oonagh beheld a young lady of extraordinary beauty, advance, holding the arm of a gentleman magnificently dressed, and wearing some foreign orders. They were accompanied and followed by several persons, whose attention seemed riveted exclusively on Madame d'Aurillac.

She seemed to deserve all the admiration she excited. Her beauty was of a very different character from that of Oonagh; her brilliant black eyes were wild and restless, and her complexion, though much darker, was more changeable. She was full of animation and grace. Miss Lynch looked like the youngest representations of a Madonna; Madame d'Aurillac an enchantress, watching the progress of her spell. A very slight change in her expression took place when her eyes encountered those of Sir Maurice, whom she greeted with kindness and dignity. Oonagh withdrew hers from the beauteous stranger, to observe the effect of the meeting on the countenance of Sir Maurice, and saw with alarm and perplexity the extreme emotion he endeavoured to repress, and the great effort he made to converse with disengaged courtesy. After the interview was over, he continued absent and disconcerted, though apparently labouring to seem unconcerned and gay as usual.

The remainder of the evening passed sadly with Oonagh. As she returned home, she que-

tioned Madame de Montchanais respecting Madame d'Aurillac, and learned that she was an Italian, and had been married at a very early age to an old nobleman, who died within the year. She had remained under the care of her father, whom she accompanied to France, three years since, when he came in a diplomatic situation. She had been universally admired, and many distinguished matches in France had been offered to her, but refused; and, among the rest, continued Madame de Montchanais, when in Italy, Sir Maurice Bellew admired her amazingly, and she appeared to distinguish him for a moment, but it went off somehow, and she married M. d'Aurillac:—it was quite as well, for she is older than Sir Maurice, and quite Italian in her manners. I do not think they would have suited.

Oonagh, as she took off her ornaments at the mirror that night, wondered how any one could have been guilty of such obvious flattery as to tell her she was handsome. She was convinced for the moment that she was entirely deprived of every sort of personal attraction. "But it

is lucky," said she; "I shall have the less to regret in quitting this world. Had I been as lovely as Madame d'Aurillac, I might have entertained fantastic visions of the happiness to be enjoyed in it; now I know that none will regret me, I bless my destiny, and rejoice in the absence of such temptation." Saying these words, she wept bitterly; and had witnesses been present, they might perhaps have mistaken the nature of her emotion, and supposed the self-gratulation she expressed was repining.

From this time a number of small circumstances seemed to evidence that some species of interest subsisted between Sir Maurice and Madame d'Aurillac. She could not detect in the lady's manner any thing very marked; every one who watched narrowly, might discern a very slight difference; it was more flattering, more complimentary, almost respectful, and there was less self-possession, a sort of constraint which was only observable to those who had an opportunity of seeing Sir Maurice enter a company in which Madame d'Aurillac had been previously conversing in the

highest spirits. After his arrival, she spoke less, her mirth was less natural, she seemed oppressed by some invisible power. His agitation was more obvious, his manner constrained, he seemed occupied by rather than attracted to her; her attention did not seem to soothe or exhilarate, though her presence incapacitated him from observing any thing else. A woman who loved him, needed not envy Madame d'Aurillac's influence, though it evidently would prevent another from acquiring any.

Sir Patrick, among many schemes of aggrandizement and much political intrigue, thought but little of his daughter's youthful enthusiasm. After their journey to Paris, he concluded he had provided a remedy which would operate without his intervention. He saw that Oonagh seemed pleased with Sir Maurice, and not without interest in the amusements of the Court; he never doubted that her inclination to the convent had already ceased. There was some reason to think that King William began to suspect Sir Patrick's devotion to King James, and, in order to keep

terms with the reigning monarch, and at once preserve his estate, and the power of being useful to the master he preferred, he determined to spend a year at Kiltarle Castle, which being situated on a wild spot of the coast of Kerry, he would be secure from spies and observers, and could maintain a communication by sea with his friends in France and Italy, yet appear to be living as a retired country gentleman, endeavouring to make amends by economy for the display he had been induced to share while in France.

Though he had not intended to complete the marriage of Sir Maurice and Oonagh till the latter had attained the age of eighteen, he considered it would be desirable to leave her in France; as in case of a compelled rupture with the court of King William, which might at any time occur from even a partial disclosure of his conduct, it would be more easy for him to effect his escape if unincumbered with a helpless female. She would have the protection of a husband; and the alliance of a

powerful Catholic family would render both her father and her husband more formidable foes or more acceptable friends to the Court of St. James's. Formerly he would have confided her to the care of his sister, and the security of her convent; but he was now so much displeased with what he considered the superstition and romantic enthusiasm she had there imbibed, that he resolved to marry her directly.

Far other speculations occupied the mind of his daughter, when she first heard she was destined to become the wife of Sir Maurice. Exclusive of her resolution to become a nun, her soul revolted at the idea of a *mariage de convenance*. She expected to find, according to the established rule of romance, that a lover chosen by her parent would unite every disagreeable quality of mind and person, with a most violent attachment; and the last anticipations were surely pardonable in one who knew she was a wealthy and high-born heiress, and had heard from all who approached her

that she possessed no common share of personal attractions; indeed, she had this conviction also from her mirror.

Nothing can be more ludicrous than the assertion often made respecting an unaffected beauty—"that she does not *know* she is handsome." Good sense, and the absence of vanity, may prevent her valuing the quality highly, and dwelling upon it with internal exultation, or recalling it to the society by affectation, and assuming manners; but of the fact she must be aware, as was Miss Lynch; but she regarded her beauty as the decoration of a holocaust, and made the reflection which Dr. Watts has in later times so beautifully expressed, in speaking of the early dedication of youth to piety,

> "The flower that 's offered in the bud
> Is no vain sacrifice——"

an image no English mother, who has heard her children pray, will ever forget.

Oonagh, till she knew Sir Maurice Bellew, pursued this way of thinking; but afterwards, his talents and agreeable qualities, his amiable

disposition, and perhaps the admiration he excited in all who knew him, would have speedily led her to approve her father's plan, even if the curiosity and interest the knowledge of that plan created had not lent another aid, by inciting her to observe him closely. Great was her disappointment when she found

> "Cold compliment and careless bow,
> That shewed her just above neglect,
> The flame that in his breast should glow,
> Had settled into calm respect."

He did not love her, nay, he evidently was influenced by some apparently powerful sentiment towards another. Oonagh was reduced to wish anxiously that he might never guess there had been a moment, when the thought of being obliged to adhere to the resolution she had announced to her father with so much determination only four months previously, drew torrents of the bitterest tears from her eyes.

About this time a young but very successful painter was exercising his art at Paris. Sir Patrick chose to have his daughter sit to this

artist. His efforts produced an admirable picture and a striking likeness. When the face was finished, and the figure nearly completed, the painter was urgent that the minor circumstances of costume and scenery should be chosen. Sir Patrick, accompanied by his daughter and some friends, repaired to the painter's study, and each gave an opinion as to the style in which Oonagh should be represented; and the usual varieties of goddess, nymph, and shepherdess were proposed, and objected to, till Sir Maurice, being asked for his judgment, turned round, and for a moment contemplated Oonagh with attention, and then said: "I should advise that Miss Lynch should be painted as a virgin martyr—as Saint Margaret with the axe — Saint Catharine with her wheel;—her expression is grave and grand. What do you think?" turning to the artist, who applauded the idea.

The other gentlemen made several complimentary jests on the suggestion, one asserting that such a Saint Catharine might have vanquished the fifty heathen philosophers without

having recourse to argument; another said, had Saint Margaret been worthy of such a representative, even Olybius could not have resolved to repay her cruelty by decapitation.

All the civil things Frenchmen can say were exhausted upon the occasion, but Oonagh heard them not: two things only struck her mind, and inspired that powerful feeling which the French expression, *serrement du cœur*, so well describes, but of which I know no English phrase which gives an adequate or corresponding idea. They were these: when Sir Maurice turned to gaze at her, his manner was so evidently that of one who for the first time examines an object new and indifferent to his consideration because he is requested to do so, that life-long protestations of indifference could not have been more convincing. During the few months she had lived in the world, she had been too generally accustomed to the sudden and admiring contemplation of her beholders not to miss it in Sir Maurice's countenance. Her natural disposition to superstition led her to think his choice of the manner in which

she should be represented, as an omen or a prediction. It seemed as if the voice of the only man in the world she could love, pointed out the cloister as her natural and fittest retreat; and her heart replied, "My destiny, then, uses his voice to recall my resolution." She promised to herself that she should remember in after-years, in the cold gloom of her cell, who had sealed her to loneliness and retirement; such a recollection would prevent her repining at her lot, since Sir Maurice Bellew had judged it such as she was formed to fulfil.

After some further discussion, Oonagh was represented as Saint Margaret, her eyes raised to heaven, and her hand resting on the edge of the axe, a crown of lilies on a stand near her, and her countenance full of resigned meditation. The portrait was beautiful, the resemblance unequalled: it was afterwards placed at Kiltarle Castle, but, when subsequent events deprived the Lynchs of that property, was again taken to the Continent, and fifty years since was a striking ornament of that convent

at Ghent where the celebrated Jenny Cameron ended her exiled days. Where is that portrait now? The bright original and the admired copy are gone—both gone,

"Où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de laurier."

Sir Patrick engaged his intended son-in-law to sit to the same painter, who was equally happy in this exertion of his art. Oonagh was actuated by a strong interest in her own portrait when that of Sir Maurice stood beside it; she made a thousand visits to the painter's study—in fact, whenever she could engage a friend to give an opinion of her picture. All who entered, after having admired her's, used to gaze at that of Sir Maurice, and exclaim at its beauty and resemblance; and Oonagh gazed also, admitted the likeness, but her expressed admiration was limited to the remarkable accuracy with which Sir Maurice's steel breast-plate was imitated; she was never weary of regarding it, and pointing it out to others, because it afforded her an opportunity

tunity of contemplating the mimic countenance, as brilliant as that of the original, and not more regardless of her.

One day Sir Patrick entered her chamber, and communicated his intention of withdrawing to Ireland for a year, adding, that such a removal had determined him to hasten her marriage, and that he should immediately communicate with Sir Maurice and Lord Rostellan on the subject.

Oonagh was overwhelmed with distracted feelings on receiving the intimation. To be offered to another woman's lover — accepted with ill-concealed aversion, for interested motives, or rejected with loathing and contempt, seemed what she must expect, and what she should deserve, if she submitted to such humiliation. She could not bring herself to confess to Sir Patrick that she knew Sir Maurice loved another; for the first time, she was guilty of insincerity, and besought her father to spare her the misery of marrying, when her heart was devoted to the idea of becoming a nun. Disappointment rendered her more eloquently passionate

than enthusiastic devotion had done, when she first pleaded the same cause; and her father, though greatly irritated by her opposition, and surprised at her maintaining the same opinions after all he had done to eradicate them, at length agreed to postpone his plan, concluding that a few months' residence on the wild and lonely shore of Kerry would certainly dispose her to rejoice in any event that would recall her to Paris. But attributing to ignorance and superstition her vehement refusal of Sir Maurice, whose society she had evidently been pleased with, and whose personal qualities might have rendered him agreeable to any woman, he began to think an endeavour to enlarge her mind, by a more complete education than was usually given to women at the close of the seventeenth century, would be very advisable, and, more than all experiments, tend to make her despise the prejudices she laboured under.

At that time "there was no royal road to learning"— none of the short cuts to science that in modern days soothe the path of boyish mpatience and feminine feebleness—no "Con-

versations on Political Economy," wiled the studious female into the danger of "a little learning;" she drank deep, or tasted not the Pierian spring: and without denying our obligations to the ingenious and respected authors of the elementary works named above, perhaps the more dry and tedious process of acquiring information had the advantage of cultivating the power of attention. Now, all women know a little of every thing; at the close of the seventeenth century, those who had taken pains to improve themselves were persons of superior acquirements.

In one of Sir Patrick's latest visits to Kiltarle, he had learned with certainty, as he imagined, that indications of a silver-mine existed on his estate. Next to his political speculations, nothing could be more agreeable to him than this; and he carried to the Continent a portion of the ore obtained by some rude experiments. It was his intention to engage some person capable of conducting mineralogical researches, to accompany him to Ireland for that purpose; and he promised himself a pursuit that would prevent his

feeling that utter stagnation which a residence in so wild a spot would otherwise produce. He made application in various quarters, and at length found a person who, from the recommendations he obtained, was exactly calculated for the purpose.

Herman Schenk was a German, and reputed to have made great progress in the sciences of geology, mineralogy, and astronomy and chemistry; and Sir Patrick, on conversing with him, observed that he seemed singularly well informed on subjects unconnected with scientific pursuits. His manner was not agreeable, and his appearance more remarkable than prepossessing. Rather below the middle size, he was thin and spare, and stooped extremely; his eyes were small and bright, placed very near his nose, which was long and sharp: his face seemed to promise great intelligence, though it was rendered less expressive by a squint, which had the usual consequences of that defect, by preventing your being able to decypher his looks.

Sir Patrick soon began to feel confidence in

this new dependent; and on all subjects, except those connected with politics, conversed very freely with him. He told Schenk of the defective education Oonagh had received at the convent, and engaged his assistance in improving her mind; Schenk was to give her lessons in geography, astronomy, and history. As this man was about forty-eight years of age, plain in appearance, and of a grave and respectful deportment, Sir Patrick did not feel any hesitation in domesticating him at Kiltarle.

When their approaching departure was spoken of in the family, Oonagh was obliged to hear patiently, and reply politely, to all the complimentary lamentations of her French friends, acquaintances, and admirers. The harder effort was to bury in her own bosom the profound sorrow caused by Sir Maurice's friendly adieu, and his raillery on the broken hearts she would leave behind, and the regrets he supposed she would feel in recollecting the amusements of the French court in her wild solitude. "But," he concluded, "*la belle cousine* must wait to hear who died of her absence till I come, with a list

CHAPTER III.

A MONTH after her departure from Paris, Oonagh beheld her paternal home for the first time. She had seen the formal arrangement of the most celebrated French gardens; she had travelled but little, even in the most cultivated spots of France, which was the only part of the world of which she retained the slightest recollection; therefore she surveyed the aspect of her father's house with a deep surprise, wholly unmixed with pleasure.

What was then called the *new* Castle of Kiltarle, was a large grey stone mansion with small windows, irregularly planned, and with various attempts to render it at least partially a fortification. It stood on what was almost the extremity of a green tongue of land, barren,

and interspersed with rock, which jutted forth into the Atlantic Ocean, between the bays of Tralee and Dingle. This slender peninsula had formerly extended evidently much farther, but the Atlantic was one of many neighbours who did not respect the rights of the Lynches.

The old castle, now a ruin, which had formerly stood on the verge of the shore, was now separated from it, and had become itself an island. A part of a strong broad wall still bore the dashing of the waves, and formed a bridge which connected the roofless remains of the castle with the main land; and this bridge, as narrow and perilous as Al Sirat, or the "Brig o' dread," which Sir Owain of Northumberland discovered as the only termination of St. Patrick's purgatory, was the sole means of approaching it, except by water. The angry waves seemed daily to reproach the old walls for their long resistance.

The country people affirmed that if straw was heaped at night in any of the desolate chambers of the old castle of Kiltarle, the Banshi of the Lynch family would ere morning

sweep it forth. Father Moriarty, whose only fault was, that he had a fancy to account naturally for some fairy phenomena, which some of his congregation considered an approach to free-thinking, endeavoured to persuade them that the waves, and not the Banshi swept the chambers; but this conjecture proved highly disagreeable to the whole neighbourhood, several persons having seen an old woman, with flowing grey tresses and a scarlet cloak, who wandered about the old castle of Kiltarle, and sometimes was seen even in the more modern building. She was named Mai-vro, and when any misfortune threatened any member of the Lynch family, and particularly the night preceding a death among them, Mai-vro never failed to appear, drying her eyes with her long grey locks, and uttering dismal moans and piercing shrieks.

The last time she had particularly been remembered to have moaned for them, was the night Anastasia had died at Paris. It was respectfully noted as a mark of Mai-vro's acuteness, that though there is no evidence of her

having any communication with Paris, she was as well aware of the melancholy event, as if she had watched by the bed of the unfortunate Lady Lynch. It was a pleasing reflection for the attached followers of the family to know that their feelings were shared by this supernatural companion; therefore it was rather hard that Father Moriarty (who could not deny the cries *were* heard, because ten different persons had heard them) insisted that they proceeded from a flight of sea-mews forced in-land by stress of weather.

As Father Moriarty was an excellent and sensible man, the retainers at Kiltarle knew not how to reconcile this bold conjecture of his with his general character for piety and good sense, till the difficulty was smoothed by the consideration that he probably wished to prevent any alarm in the minds of the servants, lest (as had once before occurred for a short time) they should refuse to traverse the long stone galleries after dark, except in little bands consisting of five or eight persons—a practice found so highly inconvenient to the arrange-

ments of the family, that it was very desirable to prevent its recurrence. This was the solution for Father Moriarty's conduct that appeared most likely to Joyce Malone, and which she advanced when relating these circumstances to Miss Lynch the day after the family arrived in Kerry.

The wild gusts from the Atlantic were highly unfavourable to the growth of wood in the neighbourhood of the Castle, and plantations are seldom thought eligible where security is an object; indeed the spray of the sea was so frequently watering the adjacent ground, that even the herbage was scanty and languishing. An attempt had been made to create a sort of pleasure-ground where the Castle intercepted the fury of the gale, but the heads of the stunted trees bore testimony to its prevalence by all turning in one direction—in-shore.

The only specimen of the vegetable kingdom that attained any degree of luxuriance, was one that is too frequently a covering of many fields in Ireland: this was the gigantic sort of groundsel usually known by the name of

St. James's wort, or ragweed. When Oonagh commented on its ugliness and profusion, Joyce Malone replied that it was more particularly the property and delight of the fairies, and it might be dangerous to interfere with them in this or any other of their fancies. Oonagh sighed, and not being desirous to taste "the pleasures of the plains" in the fairies' unsightly garden, she turned her steps to the edge of the coast, where she frequently admired the superb spectacle the ocean presented in all its moods; and more frequently, it must be owned, she thought of Paris, Madame d'Aurillac, and Sir Maurice Bellew. She tried to think too of the convent and her vocation, but the pleasure and the pride with which she had once cherished those ideas, had passed away.

A great portion of her time was spent in the society of Herman Schenk; and she not unfrequently saw Father Moriarty, the priest, a shrewd and sensible man. But as Sir Patrick was not an ardent professor of religion, and the priest from religious feelings was an ardent partisan of King James, Moriarty, who de-

servedly possessed great influence over the common people, became very useful, and was closeted for hours with Lynch; while Herman Schenk, in the intervals between his mineralogical researches in various parts of the estate, became more exclusively the companion of Miss Lynch and her maid, (or duenna, for she exercised both functions,) Joyce Malone. Very few other persons spoke English, and visiters they had none, if two or three persons are excepted, who usually arrived in boats, and spent three or four days with Sir Patrick, most generally shut up in his study. These persons were generally foreigners, Italians and French, and departed by water; and their names were seldom known, even to the small society of Kiltarle.

Though Sir Patrick Lynch was a brave and determined man, the natural consequence of the designs in which he had engaged, was to produce anxiety and distrust. He was silent, grave, and pre-occupied; many hours were consumed in preparing written statements

and despatches for his friends beyond the sea; much time was spent in meditation, and the conversation of Father Moriarty, and hearing the priest's account of certain negotiations intrusted to him.

In Paris, where his companions were Englishmen of the same politics and religion, where his personal liberty was secure, and it was more easy to guard against the observation of King William's emissaries, Lynch had disengaged hours of comparative peace and enjoyment of society: he was then cheerful and conversable. Though his daughter could not develope the cause of the change, it produced an oppression on her own spirits.

Another circumstance which contributed to throw a degree of constraint on the intercourse of the family at Kiltarle, was a kind of coldness and mutual dislike which grew up between the Priest and Schenk.

Moriarty was tall, active, and upright; with a bold keen blue eye, indicative of shrewdness and determination; his manner was grave and

decided. He appeared to regard Schenk with a contemptuous distrust; but, their occupations being different, they rarely met but at meals.

Schenk was civil and gentle in manner, seldom speaking, unless particularly addressed and on those which were his favourite subjects, and then he expatiated with eagerness and fervour: an air of confidence in the person he was addressing, a great deal of imagination, and some ingenuity, made his conversation much more agreeable to a young person, than that of Father Moriarty, who was regarded with respectful dread by his parishioners.

"Sure it 's ourselves that has the great loss in Father O'Dowlan," said Mrs. Malone; "and he was the good priest that never said, 'Poh! good woman, you 're talking nonsense.' 'I'm all of a tremble yet. There was Biddy Callaghan beginning to complain, so I thought I would just run down to Mrs. O'Shaughlin, and borrow an eagle-stone for the crature."

"An eagle-stone! Joyce, what 's that?"

"Did you never hear of that, Miss Oonagh, my darlint? Why it 's a stone found in an

eagle's nest, and if it's tied round a woman's neck, it brings her luck and a happy time. Well, Miss Oonagh, not to be tiring you too much, Molly O'Shaughlin lives in that little cabin with the houseleek growing on the top of it, just on the edge of little Duncaskin Bay (where the boat came in with those two dark gentlemen last week); so Molly lends me the stone, and when I was coming up the hill, (and very fatiguing the path is with the loose stones,) who should I meet but Father Moriarty coming down to the water; and vexed he looked, and fit to ate me. 'What are you doing here, Joyce Malone?' says he, very quick; and 'Nothing, sir,' says I, 'but has been to Molly O'Shaughlin to borrow the eagle-stone for Biddy Callaghan.'—'Poh! woman,' says he, quite fierce, 'you're a fool; you had better have gone after a doctor.'—'Why then,' says myself, 'and begging your pardon, sir, that knows every thing, would not both be best for Biddy?' and 'Poh!' says he again, walking down the hill as if he had ten legs, let alone two. But that's not the way Father Dowlan

used to speak to us! We will never see the like of him again anyhow; and merry be the people in Ballygoile that's got him from this parish."

Schenk having brought to Oonagh some beautiful pebbles he had found on the beach, she asked him if he had ever heard of an eagle-stone, adding that Joyce Malone had been much mortified by Father Moriarty's doubting its power as a medicine.

"Though I have no great faith in the acuteness of Joyce Malone," said Schenk, "usually speaking, I see no reason why on the present occasion she should not be right, and our friend Moriarty wrong."

"Do you think so?" said Oonagh: "is it not attributing a magical power to the stone, to think it could cure disease or still pain?"

"The word magic, madam," replied Schenk, "is often lightly used, and much abused. There exist powers and properties in various substances, and combinations of those substances, for the most part unaccountable: we call the science that treats of them medicine; its professors are honoured, paid, and proud of their

office and attainments. It is affirmed that another science, in some respects analogous to the former, is practised, which has received the opprobrious name of magic,—an art more subtle, more profound, requiring greater powers of mind in the adept, and its effects may be made as available to the happiness of mankind; yet its professors are feared or despised, persecuted by their fellow-creatures, beheld with disgust and distrust even by those who profit by their acquirements: by others they are considered as base impostors, robbers of the credulous, professors of an illusion."

"Is it not then an illusion?" said Oonagh: "can such powers exist?"

"If I were a physician," replied Schenk, "and you were to complain to me of excessive pain, ceaseless anxiety and perturbation, and privation of sleep,—if I presented you with a small fragment of a certain gum, which in a few moments would allay those evils, should you call the great service I rendered you magic? No, for you are aware of the nature and properties of opium, though you

cannot say how or why opium possesses these qualities. But if I offered an elixir which could lengthen life to ages of unfading youth, the great medicine which converts the most valueless to the most precious metals, or a potion which would compel the affection of the most indifferent heart, I should be denounced as a sorcerer—yet these are great gifts, good gifts, surely?"

"Great indeed!" said Oonagh, with a sigh—which was drawn more particularly at the mention of the last.

"And why should those gifts be evil, Miss Lynch, because we know not how they are obtained? or why more extraordinary than a thousand other properties possessed by natural substances? A century has not yet elapsed since electricity became known to the philosopher as an object of science; yet the power of attraction possessed by amber, which I showed to you the other day, had been known two thousand years and more—but it might be attributed to magic when electricity was unknown. Look at this small dark stone: if I

immerse it in vinegar, it will acquire the power of locomotion, when it has remained some time in the acid. I cannot account for the fact, but you may satisfy yourself that it is one—call that magic, if you will.

"That branch of the science which is called Celestial Magic, or Judicial Astrology, seems the most just and natural application of the knowledge of the stars. If it is allowable for the husbandman to guide his preparation for rural labours by observing their relative positions and appearances; why should it be unlawful for the statesman to draw inquiries from them for the government of kingdoms, or for any individual to seek to ascertain, by casting his nativity, what they promise concerning events of the highest importance to him?

"There is a still stronger prejudice," continued Schenk, after some slight hesitation, "against Ceremonial Magic, as it is termed; but if we can obtain the guidance of events, for our own or others' benefit, and abstain from all evil application of our influence, who can arraign it as a crime? And what are forms and

ceremonies? — a thousand are complied with from civility, as a homage to the most insignificant, and even the most odious of our acquaintance, sometimes to perfect strangers; and if we take such pains to propitiate persons wholly indifferent, should forms of speaking, or slight and mysterious concessions, be withheld from powerful friends, from terrible foes, who may thereby be conciliated?"

Oonagh shuddered; Schenk's voice, low, hesitating, but distinct, the uncertain and sinister expression which obliquity of vision gave his sharp face, and this strange discourse, impressed her with a vague and gloomy awe. They were in a low gallery,—its narrow windows looked on the sea, in which the crimson and portentous sunset was sternly fading in a stormy evening of April. Common belief assigns the greatest degree of mechanical sadness to the contemplation of the later ravages of Autumn; but watch the early Spring storm, before the fresh hopes and hues of the season have grown familiar and evident — when the recollection has long been dwelling on the

ruthless oppression of Winter, and the eye vainly seeking the promise of change—watch it as Oonagh then did, on the bleak shore, where no bud or blossom, or sweet bird's song seemed to predict brighter moments, and it will seem the most deeply sad of all seasons.

There was a pause, and Oonagh said, "No; I fear, if magic could aid us, it would be unlawful to avail ourselves of the art. I, more than all others, ought to dread it, if all the circumstances are true which I have heard related concerning the death of my poor mother."

"Pardon me, madam," replied Schenk, "a contract was entered into by two persons; the one party failed in adhering to the tenour of the agreement, the other fulfilled it. Much as the events which ensued may be deplored, it was not the exercise of the Frenchman's art from whence the misfortune originated, but the Lady Lynch's want of resolution. Excuse the observation, but justice demands it."

Oonagh wished to resist her own disposition to superstitious fancies, and she answered, "My father does not believe in the art of which we

have been speaking; he assigns natural reasons for all the circumstances related in his presence as supernatural."

"Sir Patrick," said the German, "is a brave man, a soldier, a man of the world; such men rarely attach importance to events and feelings unconnected with them in those relations: but by his appointment being your preceptor, Miss Lynch, I think it a duty to give you just ideas on these subjects. Do you desire a certainty as to whether a singular degree of accuracy may be obtained in tracing the past, or predicting the future? if so, propose some question to me, either as to past events, with which from time and place I must be wholly unacquainted, or future ones, which must at present be unknown to all: if I have attained the knowledge of the past, and prove it to you, or if the predictions I offer now, are fulfilled hereafter, you will doubtless have more regard in future for the science I have been endeavouring to uphold."

"I should like to ask first some questions as to the past, M. Schenk — I must endeavour to

recollect some conversation at which you were not present. Well — I think you shall tell me what conversation passed between me and *my father's friend* Sir Maurice Bellew, the last day I saw him at Passy, when Madame de Montchanais had lent her villa to my father."

The German had a slender cane in his hand, with which he seemed to describe figures on the floor, and continued this employment regardless of what was passing round him; though, while so engaged, the daylight completely faded, and the servants brought lights, which vainly contended with the dark oak panelling of one part of the gallery, and the fading figures from Ovid's Metamorphoses which adorned the rest of it.

A Daphne, whose yellow hair had turned white, while the green leaves sprouting from her fingers were grown blue, was flying from a pale Apollo, in one panel. In another, Æolus reproved the whistling of some fat-cheeked Wind, preparatory to the incubation of the sad Alcyone, who sat by as a woman, gazing on her

future comrades, the sea-birds, as if she wished they would teach her

——" Her first fluttering in the sky "

Chione with the arrow of the envious Diana just entering her boastful tongue—a severe vengeance on female vanity! formed another subject;—and Adrastus, on his return from Thebes, exhorting the Epigonii to revenge the deaths of their fathers. The animated attitudes of the figures of this piece formed a strange contrast with their faded colour. Adrastus looked as if he was alarmed at his own tale, and the Epigonii as if the very thought of the proposed expedition had bleached them with fear. This piece was the largest, and covered the end of the gallery, except a space on each side, containing a carved door, of dark oak, with arched tops. The opposite end of the gallery was of similar construction.

After some time had expired, the German addressed Oonagh, "I will now tell you, madam, what took place at Passy during that interview."

Though Oonagh was very confident no human being had been present at the conversation with Maurice Bellew, and least of all the German, who had on that occasion been on a journey in an opposite direction, she was a little startled at this address. The dark scantily-furnished gallery, lighted only by languishing lamps which left either end in obscurity — the sea blast, which was shaking the old casements with frequent gusts—the pale, half-seen figures on the tapestry, to whose dead, dark eyes, fancy and the uncertain light at times seemed to lend motion and expression — her strange companion, and the time she had been waiting, were circumstances which were not without influence on her mind.

It may seem strange that she should thus have invited Schenk to scrutinize what her conference with Maurice Bellew had been ; but, besides the incredulity she felt as to Schenk's being acquainted with it, she had uttered the challenge without having weighed the consequences. From having Maurice always in her mind, she could not resist the opportunity of

speaking of him, when she could do so without rendering herself liable to the accusation of being more occupied with the recollection of him than circumstances warranted.

"You were walking," continued the German, "in the broad alley of poplars at Passy. Sir Patrick Lynch was summoned thence on business, and desired you to keep Sir Maurice till his return. In the absence of your father, the discourse turned on Ireland: you had no recollection of the country, and inquired about many particulars relative to your future mode of life in Kerry. Sir Maurice answered you jestingly, so as to give you rather an unfavourble picture of your native land, by contrasting its backward civilization with the state of things in France, which, he predicted, you would greatly regret. The conversation was unsatisfactory to you, and but little remarkable in itself: one small circumstance will satisfy you, however, of the accuracy with which I repeat these details. Your father called Sir Maurice away, when, bowing to you at his departure, one feather fell from his hat. You did not

restore it to him, but pressed it to your lips, and have ever since carefully retained it."

A deep and painful blush overspread Oonagh's fair face at finding this trait of her heart's weakness was known to Herman Schenk; she remained silent, with her eyes fixed on the ground. There was nothing in his manner, however, that could mortify his auditor; he repeated the circumstance in the same grave, cold, distinct, and slow tone, in which he always spoke, and did not by emphasis or comment dwell on it.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Lynch soon returned to her chamber, humbled by the certainty that her unrequited affection to Maurice Bellew was known to her preceptor, whom she could not think of without a sentiment of awe. And though she struggled with the oppression of her spirits, and endeavoured to refuse her belief in the art he assumed was real, yet when Joyce Malone quitted her at night, she continued working her embroidery, and could not resolve to raise her eyes from the frame, lest, when she raised them, she should fancy the arras hangings of her room presented some strange and unusual appearance, which fear might convert into a spectral illusion;—and when she did make the effort, she heaped the turf in the wide grate, that she

might have the comfort of bright light to encourage her. She looked from her narrow window at the heaving surge, lighted by occasional moonbeams, and listened to the heavy dash with which at intervals it broke upon the shore. No other noise, save the moaning howl of some of the dogs, disturbed the solitude.

Oonagh resolved to recall Joyce Malone that she might hear a human voice. One of those awkward passages, so frequent in old houses, led from her room to that of her attendant; to this chamber she repaired, and found her preparing for rest, and rather alarmed at the entrance of her lady.

"Then it's myself, Miss Oonagh, that does be thinking of the fairies when I see you first! And what is it you're wanting?"

"Why nothing, Joyce; but I have been thinking of the fairies. I am rather dull, and, if you are not sleepy, do come and tell me some story about them, or about anything, in fact."

"That I will," said Joyce, seizing her cloak, and following Oonagh back to her chamber. "And a good fire you have made to be telling

stories by! it puts me in mind of the fire Kitty Toole and myself used to make of a Hallow-eve, to burn nuts in. Sure then I never told you a story of a Hallow-eve, that's true as you are there.

"It happened close by Ardcarrick, where I lived before I married poor Terence. There was a farmer there, who was very well in the world; he was the richest farmer within thirty miles of Ardcarrick, and he had just one daughter to leave it to, and she was the handsomest girl round about that country, but she was very proud, and obstinate, and thought nobody fit for her, or good enough. And all the farmers sons, and the agent's son, let alone the farmers, wanted to marry her; and she refused them every one, and said there was no man in that country fit to be her husband.

"Now, in her father's house there was a lad of sixteen, and he was called Padyeen Carroch, because his name was Patrick. And his hair was bright red, and he used to put up the cows, and look after the pigs, and a very good lad he was though a servant, but little of his age;

and Ellen Macarthy hated him because his hair was red.

"The land Macarthy was on was sold to an English gentleman, and his son used to be shooting upon it: he was a very handsome young man. One day he was loading his gun in a field near Macarthy's house, and Ellen passed by to milk the cows, with a pail in her hand. She did not see him and the gamekeeper till she had passed the stile. 'And who's that?' says he; 'I did not think there was a girl in all Ireland, let alone Kerry, as handsome as that one.'—'You may well say that, sir,' says the gamekeeper, 'for that's Ellen Macarthy, and most people say the likes of her never stood on the mould.'

"Well, from that day the young gentleman made some reason every day for calling in at her father's: he wanted a drink of milk, or to know where mushrooms grew, or to choose an apple in their orchard, and would ask Ellen to help him find a good one; and he would come in with his hands stuck full of thorns, and beg her to take them out, for his father's

housekeeper was old and blind, and could not find them; in short, he was more at her father's farm than in his father's hall. And her aunt used to say: 'Ellen, I am afraid you had best be taking care of yourself — sure his honour will never marry you.' But Ellen laughed, and said, 'Do not fear for me, I will be a great lady, or I'll be nothing but Ellen Macarthy—but nothing worse. Why should he not marry me? great men have married poor girls before now.' And her father used to say, 'Why, she is *now* more like a lady or a queen itself, than a farmer's daughter.'

"His honour came every day; still he did not talk of marrying, but he told Ellen she was the handsomest woman in the wide world, and he could not live without her. And as she knew the family were going away for the winter, she thought he would surely ask her to marry, that they might not be parted; but he only asked her to love him—which was easy talking. The winter was coming fast, the leaves were falling, and so was the rain; and the wind moaned and whistled as it does now,

and Ellen grew sad and anxious, and wondered how a young man can leave a girl he cannot live without.

"At last, the harvest being all in, the labourers were paid and sent away. On All-hallow's eve there was nobody left in the house but old Norah the servant, who was spinning by a fine clear turf fire in the kitchen. Macarthy sat opposite to her, in a high-backed chair, of the other side; Padyeen Carrooh was mending a fishing-net by the dresser; and Ellen was nursing a sick puppy his honour had given her.

"'A fire's a comfort such a sharp night as this,' says Macarthy. 'Ah, it 's winter fairly set in,' said Norah;—Ellen sighed at the word winter. 'And it will be a hard winter, too,' says Norah, 'when frost sets in on All-hallow's eve. But now we think of that, Ellen, sure, when I was your age, it would not be nursing a puppy I was, but burning nuts to see whether my love was true; or baking a soot-cake to dream on; or sowing hemp; or throwing a ball of worsted to see who held; or——'

"'What is that?' said Ellen; 'I never heard of that.'

"'Why, go to an upper window, throw out a ball of worsted, and ask who holds? and the man you are to marry, or the devil in his likeness; will answer his name.'

"'Ah!' said Ellen, 'no devil can take his likeness; I'll try that.'—'And I'll go to bed,' said Macarthy.

"Ellen took a ball of worsted, and ran to the farm-yard, where there was a loft over the barn; she ran up the stone steps outside the barn, and threw the ball of worsted out of the loft window, holding the end tight in her hand. When she thought the ball had reached the ground, she called out, 'Who holds ye?' and a voice answered 'Padyeen Carroch.' Now Ellen had reckoned to hear his honour's voice, and frightened and vexed enough she was, when she called again 'Who holds ye?' and again the voice answered 'Padyeen Carroch.' And a third time she had the same answer in the same voice, which was the voice of Padyeen Carroch.

"She grew very angry, and ran into the kitchen, where she found him standing by the dresser mending the fishing-net, as she left him. 'Isn't it very bold of you, Padyeen,' says she, 'to come and catch my ball of worsted, and repeat your name to me, who am your master's daughter?'

"'Faith, Miss Ellen,' says he, 'it 's myself that has never stirred from this place since you were in it, as old Norah might witness, if she was not gone to bed.'

"'How dare you tell me such a lie?' says Ellen; 'it 's not five minutes since your ugly voice answered me from below the loft window.'

"'Troth, Miss Ellen, it must have been the devil in my likeness.'

"This vexed her more than all the rest, and catching up a pewter plate, she threw it at his head with all her might. It knocked the poor lad down, and cut his head open, and covered him with blood from head to foot. He said nothing, but went to the pump, and washed it off. Ellen felt ashamed of having been so passionate, and sorry to have hurt the poor lad;

but still thought it was very impudent of him to hold the ball of worsted.

"'So, Ellen,' said Macarthy, the next day, 'you have broken my servant's head, and sent him away!

"'He made me very angry, father, with his impudence,' said Ellen; 'but I have not sent him away."

"'Yes, but you have though. He came to me this morning by daylight, and told me where he had left every thing that was in his charge, and said he could stay no longer, for he had gotten your ill-will. He left you the tame blackbird he reared, and hoped you would forgive him, for he had done nothing to offend you.'

"Ellen had no time to think of Padyeen, because the winter came, and his honour went; and he made her many offers, but not what she expected; and he told her that he should see nothing worth loving till he saw her again — but he went.

"The winter was very heavy with Ellen Macarthy! but it passed, and the family did

not return to the hall in spring. She made many errands to go to the housekeeper; but could hear nothing of the family, but that the house was not getting ready for them. And she had more offers among the neighbours, but she continued to refuse them, and wait for his honour; and she had time enough to think of him, for her father was laid up often and often with the rheumatism.

"One day she was sitting by him, and she heard the report of a gun. She ran out to see who it was, and found his honour and a young lady on horseback at the door. 'Ah, Ellen my dear, how do you do?' says he. 'I promised my wife I would show her the best and the prettiest girl on my estate to-day; and I am glad to see you looking so well,—and how is your father? See what fine eyes can be found among our bogs,' says he to his wife, who smiled, and said,

" 'Indeed, Ellen, I have often heard of you.'

" Ellen could only blush and curtesy, and keep the tears from her eyes till they were out of sight. She was ashamed to complain, and to

have expected such great luck. But she could not settle down afterwards to marry one of the neighbours, after saying there was no man fit to be her husband.

"In a few years more Macarthy died, and she managed the farm alone; and the red-cheeked apples, that she used to gather for his honour, she gave to his children when the nurses walked that way with them.

"At last the hall was sold to a gentleman who had made his fortune beyond seas; a dark, sun-burnt gentleman he was, but very civil and well-spoken, and a kind landlord. But it was all one to Ellen Macarthy; she was cured of expecting to please great men, and cared not for pleasing low men, but was content to die an old maid, as her chance seemed. Her landlord used often to give his opinion about the farm, and seemed to understand it. After a while he told Ellen he loved her, and she liked him, and agreed to be his wife; so the hall became her's at last, and very happy she was in it.

"One day her husband was thrown from his horse when he was hunting, and received a cut

on the temple, but not a very bad one; and as his wife was bathing it, she said, 'After all, this will soon be cured, and it won't be the worst hurt ever you had, my dear, for close to it I see you have had a horrible gash where this great scar is:—how did you get that, Mr. Connor? Was it fighting beyond seas?'

"'No, my dear,' says he; 'that blow was given by a woman.'

"'A woman!—holy martyrs! these wild foreign women are as fierce as men. A *black* woman, Mr. Connor?'

"'No, my dear; the fairest girl in all Ireland, let alone Kerry: that blow was given by Ellen Macarthy!'

"Ellen shrieked, for though he was grown tall, and his hair was grown dark, and he was tanned by the sun, and had lost the brogue by living in foreign lands, she knew she was the wife of Padyeen Carroch!

"But, Miss Oonagh, sure you won't have a turf to go to bed by, or I could tell you twenty stories, and every one as true as that, my dear."

Miss Lynch went to bed, and dreamed that

impaired interest she felt for Sir Maurice Bellew; but anger is, perhaps, the only passion which solitude can diminish—fear or love it is apt to increase. In him Oonagh had seen what she might naturally consider a standard of excellence, and no subsequent experience of society had enabled her, by comparing him with others, to rectify what was rash or partial in her first decision.

Every vessel that drew near the wild coast, made her consider the chances for and against its bearing Sir Maurice on the visit she had been taught to expect. Sometimes she imagined that she wished circumstances might occur to prevent his coming; sometimes she caught herself dreading that he might not have the inclination to come—and this feeling, it is to be feared, occurred the most frequently.

With deep blushes and suffocating palpitation, she heard Joyce Malone announce one day that a small vessel was lying off and on; and that some of the servants had seen a boat row from it towards the shore. Oonagh trembled, and walked several times involuntarily towards

the window and towards the mirror; and after each such expedition, sighed and seated herself at her embroidery frame, which, after various endeavours to employ herself, she relinquished, upon finding that she was working to complete a very large green leaf with pink worsted.

She was not summoned to her father, but when the family assembled at dinner she found a guest who was a complete stranger. He was a middle-aged man, and all curiosity respecting him subsided when she perceived him to be a foreigner, very like the guests she had already seen at Kiltarle; and like his predecessors, during the days he spent there, he was several hours closeted with Sir Patrick.

Women are accustomed to scrutinize the countenance, tone, and manner of those who form their society with much more attention and perseverance than men. Affection makes them watch those they love, and try to divine their wishes; good-nature and tenderness of heart prompt them to oblige and please those that fall often in their way; and politeness and vanity lead them to win the approbation of

the casual companions of an hour. Men make acquaintance—women study theirs. It is astonishing with what intuitive accuracy women, whose powers of observation on other matters are extremely bounded, can scan the sentiments, disposition, and present humour of those who are much their superiors in understanding and ability, and who are sedulously endeavouring to dissemble with them. The confluence of timidity and pride in the same disposition brings this species of divination to perfection; and these were in the character of Oonagh. She was an attentive observer. It is true there was nothing to interest her in her society at Kiltarle, but from habit she noticed all its members.

The last arrived was addressed by Sir Patrick and Father Moriarty by the name of Pinelli. Miss Lynch imagined she discovered a sort of anxiety in his manner, as his visit proceeded; a disposition to abstraction, which was with difficulty controlled; and an effort to seem cheerful and at ease, which cost him much. She knew that her father and his friends had much to

compared with the buildings in France and Italy.

"Though this, from being built piecemeal, and not originally the principal residence of our family, is not well adapted for the purpose, yet you are more fortunate than if we still inhabited those massy and sea-surrounded walls yonder," said Oonagh, pointing to the old castle, which was visible from the windows.

Pinelli said he hoped to examine it before he quitted Kiltarle; and Miss Lynch called Joyce to show him the direction to pursue in order to return to his chamber.

She afterwards was struck by the singularity of his having come from the opposite side of the castle. Her apartment opened on one side into a turret, from whence a winding stair descended, at the foot of which a narrow door afforded an egress from the house; but the gallery into which it opened on the other side, had no other staircase downwards but that which passed by Pinelli's chamber.

Sir Patrick informed his daughter that he

expected Sir Maurice Bellew every day; and in spite of every resolution to the contrary, Oonagh's mind dwelt on the expectation of seeing him, with more interest than she was willing to feel, or even own to herself. When she retired at night from her father's presence, instead of undressing, she fell into a long train of reflection, and involuntarily fixed her eyes on the window, from whence a moon of gorgeous splendour might be seen in a calm clear sky: it was reflected on the now quiet sea, which gave no sign of disturbance but a languid ripple, and no sound but an unfrequent plash. The beauty of the spectacle at last attracted her thoughts from their occupation; and to enjoy the view, she placed her lamp on the ground, and passed into the turret, where a longer and projecting window gave a wider prospect.

Long she remained in contemplation, when she fancied a footstep approached, which trod with stealthy caution, and appeared to have entered her chamber. "It must be fancy: Joyce Malone had long been at rest; no other

person inhabited the gallery, and the stairs passed by Sir Patrick's door." She repressed her respiration, and listened—it were impossible to doubt that she heard a human tread.

Whoever the intruder might be, there was a pause, as if caused by fear to alarm, or doubt how to proceed. Oonagh vacillated between the superstitious fears of her childhood and the better-founded alarms that loneliness and the character of Sir Patrick's adherents warranted her in feeling.

There was no means of quitting the turret except by the winding stair which led to the door below, or by the door which opened to her chamber, where the intruder, if there was one, was now established. Even were she certain to find the door at the bottom of the winding stair unlocked, she felt afraid to issue from it at that late hour. Her lamp was in the chamber, and though the moonbeams perfectly lighted the turret, the stairs were (except the first four or five) involved in profound darkness. She resolved to remain completely still; if plunder was the object of the nocturnal visit-

ant, he should have an opportunity of gratifying it undisturbedly; and if undisturbedly, would have no wish to seek the absent and unoffending tenant. Her purse and jewels would be found with little search, and it was impossible the intruder should choose to remain after he had obtained all that could gratify his avarice or relieve his poverty.

Silence had endured so long, that Oonagh began to hope her alarm was unfounded, when she again heard light movements; the door of the turret opened softly, and a man entered, who anxiously gazed around and started when he beheld her—it was Pinelli! He seemed to have a momentary hesitation on seeing her, but it soon subsided, and he addressed her with a determined manner.

"I had hoped, Miss Lynch, to have avoided this rencontre: since I am so unfortunate—in a word I must tell you the truth. It is of the last importance to my safety, and life perhaps, to leave Kiltarle this instant, unknown to Sir Patrick. I have ascertained that the only issue by which it is likely I can depart with impunity,

is from this turret; allow me to pass you without alarming the family, without making the fact known till to-morrow."

Oonagh, though terrified at the idea of assisting his departure, which she saw was for some reason likely to be disapproved by Sir Patrick, felt that she could not prevent it, and only doubted as to complying with the latter part of his request. He guessed what passed in her mind, and proceeded:

"I have passed with Sir Patrick and his friends for what I am not; the arrival of a person who will make this known, will subject me to their vengeance."

"No!" said Oonagh, eagerly, "my father is just and honourable; you have been his guest —what have you to fear?"

"Your father," replied Pinelli, "would towards me act as the instrument of interests which he dare not compromise. Be certain, even while we speak, the time is passing in which I might yet escape. You are young, a woman—you would dread to see blood,—to see death,

and to think you might have prevented it! Choose whether you will let me go in peace; but choose instantly."

"Go then," said Oonagh. "I swear I will not betray you by giving any alarm to-night, but remember, if it is in your power to injure my father, that I have done what I could to save you."

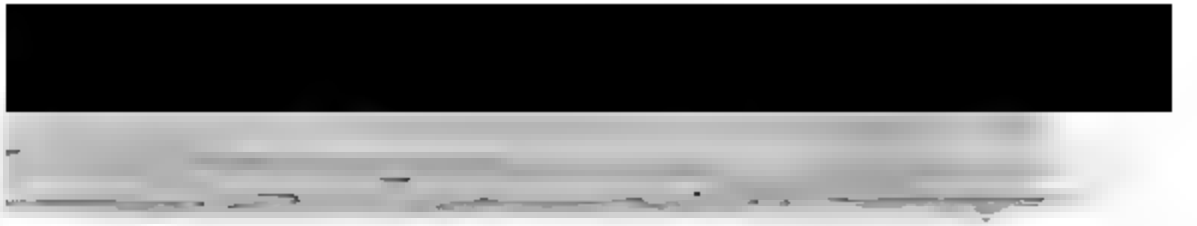
Pinelli hastily promised to remember his obligation to her, and descended the stairs. The castle continued silent and still. Oonagh could scarcely hear the faint grating of the door by which the fugitive departed. She kept her promise, but saw Pinelli had been so far right, that her father appeared much disturbed when they met the next day; and she then confessed the share she had in Pinelli's evasion.

Sir Patrick admitted that she could not have acted otherwise; but the circumstance was fraught with danger to himself and friends. Pinelli was the bearer of counterfeit documents, purporting to be from some of King James's foreign agents, and had used with so much dexterity the partial knowledge he had of their

plans, and his false vouchers, that Sir Patrick and Moriarty never doubted his fidelity, or imagined that he was an emissary of King William's, sent to entrap them into admissions hereafter to be used against them. He had partially succeeded; but finding that a genuine agent of the Jacobites would arrive immediately, he had been obliged to escape to avoid being confronted with him. These circumstances Oonagh gathered from Sir Patrick, who admitted that Pinelli's deception might be of fatal importance to them.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.



AIMS AND ENDS.

VOL. III.

WORKS OF LITERATURE AND ART.

1.

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Vol. I. to 1833 comprising about 300 original Papers by the most distinguished writers, and thirty finely engraved Illustrations, of Portraits of the Female Nobility, Landscapes of the Seats of the Nobility, and finely coloured Costumes from original Drawings by Daniell, R. A Parris, Ross, Holmes, Dawes, R.A., Moreton, &c. &c. Price bound one guinea, Nos. 7, 8, and 9, for January, February, and March, 1833, are published since

2.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF Distinguished Females.

Including Beauties of the Courts of George the 4th and William the 4th, from Paintings by Lawrence, Jackson, Shee, &c. &c. with Memoirs, by J. Burke, Esq. publishing in half-a crown numbers every fortnight (to be completed in 24, uniform with Lodge's Portraits. 5 numbers (3 portraits in each,) are now ready.

3.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL, 1833, and

4.

THE BIBLICAL ANNUAL, 1833.

In Turkey Morocco, 21s.

"These beautiful and most useful volumes form a family treasure."—Literary Gazette.

5.

THE ROMANTIC ANNALS

of England, France, Italy, and Spain.

Uniform with the Waverley Novels at 6s. per volume.

"They are valuable illustrations of manners."—Times.

AIMS AND ENDS:

AND

OONAGH LYNCH:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CARWELL."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL III.

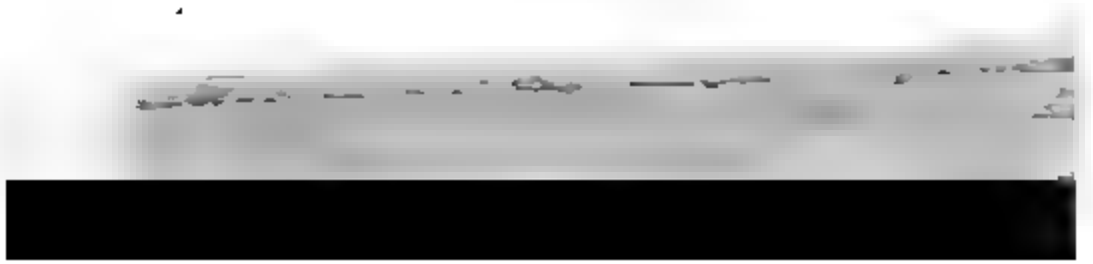
LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, HOLLES STREET.

1832.

London: Printed by S. Bentley, Dorset Street.

OONAGH LYNCH.

(CONTINUED.)



OONAGH LYNCH.

CHAPTER V.

THE solicitude to which the event of Pinelli's imposture had given rise—the gloom of Kiltarle—were alike forgotten by Miss Lynch, when Sir Maurice arrived there; the bleak spring of Kerry seemed fraught with the sunshine and orange-flower odour of southern Europe, and Oonagh's gladness at meeting him enabled her for some hours to forget that the gladness was her's alone.

Maurice had nothing to divide his attention with Oonagh; he conversed more with her, and was much more agreeable, even as an acquaintance, since he had lost the preoccupation she had observed at Paris. His religion and po-

litics were the same as those of Sir Patrick, but his character and feelings were entirely different; his ambition was to distinguish himself by serving his prince and his country, and if his chivalrous devotion to the first was predominant, that loyal romance will be pardoned by those who know how strong the feeling was in his party and the seventeenth century—at least, if they can pardon the extreme importance which Madame de Sevigné attaches not only to royal favour, but to the slightest indication of royal notice, and the smallest distinctions of court etiquette. Among many unaccountable and laughable instances of this, there is one pre-eminent. When the vain daughter of Gaston D'Orleans communicated her intended marriage with Lauzun, adding that she had postponed it to a certain day, Madame de Sevigné advised her to conclude it at once, lest any unforeseen obstacle should intervene; that to delay it "*c'est tenter Dieu et le Roi.*"

Sir Maurice eagerly shared in the political consultations of Sir Patrick, but not with the same spirit: he thought more of the King's

interests, Sir Patrick of his own. Once, when speaking of public affairs, during the frequent interviews Maurice now had with Oonagh, he seemed to allude to his individual feeling. When she smiled at the warmth with which he dwelt on the Jacobite cause, and observed to him how much he had it at heart, Maurice replied, "Yes, dear Oonagh, every day, every hour adds to the deep feeling of anxiety for a restoration: the disappointment, the ill-success of other interests — circumstances which wean the heart: in short, of late, for some time past, nothing else has seemed fit to excite the enthusiasm which in my boyhood was devoted to less worthy objects."

Oonagh was not without hope of hearing what had been the objects he now deemed unworthy; she dared not breathe lest she should interrupt him, but he made no farther allusion to himself.

There had, then, been a time when he had felt for others what he did not feel towards her! She was the unregarded companion of Maurice Bellew, though he admitted he had been capable of enthusiastic attachment, and

for those who had disappointed—perhaps been indifferent to him. How she wondered at their insensibility! at the strange and perverse distribution of affection in this world, which made her's a silent sacrifice, and his a vain offering!

Sir Patrick was far from suspecting that Maurice was indifferent or disinclined to his daughter. Her fortune, and the other advantages of the alliance, made him suppose a connexion, so much the interest of Bellew, must be greatly his wish; while the grace, beauty, and amiable disposition of Oonagh, seemed to make it impossible that worldly advantages alone should influence his pursuit. Oonagh's opposition to the match he still considered as the result of her aunt's superstition, and the flattery of the nuns; and he was the less curious in scanning what were the feelings of either, as he, (like many men who become fathers in early life,) laboured under the delusion of supposing, that his children would so continue till he chose to consider himself an aged man: a period then far distant, and liable to be postponed, in his imagination, to a much more distant time than nature intended.

During his residence in Kerry, the death of his cousin Lady Honor Lynch, daughter to the last Earl of Glendalough, occurred, by which the remaining estates of the family were added to his already ample fortune; and he received the congratulation of King James, accompanied by promises the most gratifying to his ambition. He almost repented that the Earldom only had been his request, and that he had not sons to share the inheritance of his increased possessions.

"Oonagh," said Sir Maurice gaily, "I must congratulate you upon being the greatest beauty among heiresses, and the greatest heiress among beauties. What would become of the court of France, were you not in the Kerry mountains? How many more admirers will be added to your list, and how I should like to know which will be successful! Remember, I insist upon your not choosing M. de Cercy, nor the Comte de Vilman. Indeed, I should make a more lengthened proscription, but they say, when prohibitions are too numerous, they are most generally disregarded."

"In my case they are needless, Sir Mau-

rice," replied Oonagh : " I chose long since my destiny, and am more than ever resolved to adhere to my early determination. When my father consents to allow it, I shall return to the convent which I quitted with reluctance, and wish I had never quitted at all."

She spoke with grave determination. A very slight tinge of colour passed over her cheek, which was usually pale as the white rose of Provence. It did not arise from the consciousness that his indifference bound her to the cloister, but from impatience at the disengaged manner with which he spoke of the possibility of her belonging to another.

Maurice was far from the presumption which would have enabled him to make the true interpretation. He only saw in the resolution she announced, the empire the nuns had obtained over her mind, and the justification of Sir Patrick's occasionally half-uttered complaints, " that Theresa had filled his daughter's mind with superstitious fancies." He therefore rejoiced at having found an opportunity of combating opinions he considered as opposed to her ultimate happiness; and laid before her,

with very earnest eloquence, all those arguments likely to convince her, how much, how deeply she would probably repent, if, from mistaken piety, she resolved to forego all the natural interests and ties of this life.

She heard him use all the persuasion her fancy had sometimes lent to a visionary hero, but without personal interest in her decision—without a warmer interest than friendship and good-will might inspire! She blushed for the vanity that had taught her to expect more!

Sir Maurice's anxiety to induce a change in her resolution often led him to renew the conversation: pique and disappointment gave an increased appearance of decision to her intention.

In an interview she had with Sir Patrick soon after, some discussion arose relative to a marriage with Sir Maurice, when Oonagh expressing a wish not to hear the alliance again proposed, Sir Patrick said, with some displeasure, that he did not believe Maurice would find much difficulty in winning any other lady: "Most young women would know the value of his affection."

"Affection! my father," replied Miss Lynch;

"surely you will allow one objection — one invincible objection is, that Sir Maurice does not love—does not think of me as——"

"Oh! then, in short, all that is wanted is a little wooing!—a few pages from Mademoiselle de Scudery—'a letter from Hephestion to Parisatis?' "*Celui du quel vous vous êtes cachée avec tant de soin, ne peut se cacher de vous, oh Parisatis!*"—Is that all, Oonagh? Well, that is easily obtained. The moment I give Maurice leave to address you, can you for an instant believe that he will not gladly avail himself of it? Do you think the heiress of Glendalough and Kiltarle likely to be overlooked? And you will not, I am sure, Oonagh, affect to deny that you are considered beautiful—one of the most beautiful women that ever appeared at the court of France? Maurice Bellew is not a man to disregard either of these claims."

"An heiress I am, dear father—a beauty I may be," said Oonagh, gravely and sadly; "but still I may not be beloved. But," added she more hastily, to prevent her father dwelling on an idea that might fret or irritate him, "it signifies little; my resolution is taken:—

at all events, I desire nothing on earth but to finish my life where I first learned how I ought to spend it. Dear, dear father, let me return to my convent."

"I will not have this childish whim ever named again in my presence," said Sir Patrick, angrily: "understand this at once, Oonagh; and if you *dislike* Maurice Bellew (which is what I cannot believe of any woman, not blind or stupid), you may marry Lord Rostellan. He would have naturally been the husband I should have preferred for you, had not the age of his nephew been more suitable to your own."

"Lord Rostellan!" exclaimed Oonagh. She stood aghast at the idea.

Lord Rostellan was two years younger than her father, but appeared more aged, from frequent attacks of gout, and the traces of premature age earned by dissipated youth. He had been married, but was childless, and at the death of his wife had speculated upon choosing another; but being very fond of Maurice (who was his presumptive heir), and very averse to marriage, which, in his experience,

had been a long scene of discord and disturbance, he had relinquished the idea. While he yet entertained it, Oonagh, in spite of her youth, had been one of the persons he thought an eligible match, for the same reasons which had recommended Maurice to Sir Patrick; and when he gave up all thoughts of Miss Lynch for himself, he wished her the wife of his successor.

Sir Patrick had lived so much in France, that it is not remarkable he should have adopted the ways of thinking which prevailed there at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He, therefore, considered women as having no moral existence till after marriage; and the establishment of a young woman, as entirely the affair of her father or guardian as the management of her estate. The feeble and timid nature of Anastasia—her taste for frivolous amusement and entire submission to his will, had contributed very much to confirm these ideas; and though fond and proud of his daughter, her expressing a different will and opinion from that which he dictated, seemed the extravagant folly of a child, whom it was

necessary to overrule, but scarcely worth while to convince. Still, his fondness for Oonagh prompted him to explain to her, at some length, all the advantages likely to result from her marriage with Lord Rostellan or Maurice Bellew; and he concluded by saying, that had he been the father of several girls, some of them, *of course*, would have been dedicated to a religious life, to ensure the suitable establishment of the rest; having but one however, it was equally of course that she should marry.

Timidity prevented Oonagh from pleading, on the contrary side, with all the force another might have done; some spell restrained her tongue when she wished to remind Sir Patrick that Maurice seemed indifferent to her, and that she thought he loved another:—was it mortification?—was it pride?

Perhaps, had her father encouraged her confidence, or even insisted on her disclosing if she had any beyond that which was the ostensible motive, he would have penetrated her secret, or it might have burst from her heart; but he showed so evidently that he thought her childish and silly, that she felt depressed

and reserved, and rejoiced to have their conference interrupted by a foreign despatch, which brought Sir Patrick the most kind and flattering assurances of his master's favour, and reliance on his zeal.

"Then it is certain I shall be married!" said Oonagh, "and even less happily than if the wife of Sir Maurice; for, if not beloved, I should then have a right to place my whole happiness in promoting his. I should see him constantly; and surely, as a friend, I should be valued. I should too constantly study his will, too accurately divine his wishes, to be a burthensome companion! But, to wed another man!—Lord Rostellan!—or any man, would be the depth of misery! To hear of Maurice's misfortune, and hardly dare to weep—of his happiness, when my rejoicing must not exceed the cold limits of good-will and benevolence—his name, when I must not claim it—his voice, which is now to me as the sound of angels' hymns to the hermit in a desert, it would then be crime to listen and to prize the sound!"

These musings filled Oonagh's mind as she

wandered on the sea-shore, and pursued a narrow and rugged path sometimes frequented by the fishermen. It was often uncertain, and at length all traces of it seemed obliterated. Miss Lynch's attention was recalled to her situation; she was at a considerable distance from the castle—how far, and in what direction, she knew not—and might not be able to find her way ere night-fall. She sought on all sides some marks to direct her course, but there was a rugged uniformity even in its wildness, that defied her observation.

After various wanderings in fancied paths, she climbed a pointed crag, which afforded a more extensive view; and though she could not perceive any indication of the way to Kiltarle, she observed that on one side the herbage was less scanty, and some languishing and dwarfed bushes of furze seemed to denote the way inland, and consequently offered the greatest chance of finding a guide. Oonagh proceeded on that side. The signs of vegetation increased, and her anxiety diminished as she saw a trace of bare pebbles among it, and a division between the tall mallow and sorrel which skirted

either side,—it was certainly a path. This led her through a narrow ravine into a sheltered plain moor, green, and better furnished with wood than the immediate environs of the castle; but the spot was new to her eye. While she surveyed it, she observed a man bearing a small basket, and on approaching him to enquire her way to Kiltarle, she perceived it was Herman Schenk; to whom she communicated her previous embarrassment, and prepared to return with him to the castle.

After the first few minutes of the walk, Miss Lynch sank into thoughtful silence, and her companion soon ceased to make any effort to converse with her, till she started on hearing a distant gun, and exclaimed, "That must be Sir Maurice Bellew's gun!"

"Your ear is quick, Madam, in catching distant sound," replied Schenk.

Oonagh blushed, and was silent, but the German in a few moments again addressed her.

"If a friend had the power to render you a considerable service, should you distrust his motive, and decline the advantage, if offered on condition of his receiving a benefit from you?"

"Certainly not," said Oonagh; "why should my having the power to serve a friend, diminish my respect and regard for his character, or my confidence in his good-will?"

"Your sentiment is just," replied Schenk; "I might have foreseen your reply, from my knowledge of your disposition. Yet, before I speak with perfect frankness, I must obtain your leave to do so without the fear of offending; and I must farther require your promise to be silent respecting the service I offer, whether you determine to accept or refuse it."

"I know, Mr. Schenk, I can never have any just reason to be offended at any communication you may make, and I hope you do not think me," added she, smiling, "so ill-tempered as to be offended without reason: I freely promise you, whether I accept or refuse the service you offer, to be perfectly silent to every one on the subject."

"From the occupations that Sir Patrick engaged me to undertake in this country, Madam, you may easily suppose that chemistry, geology, and some other sciences connected with these, have been the principal pursuits of my

life; and to you I need not hesitate to disclose that the more recondite branches of mineralogy and botany, (which the Chaldeans termed natural magic,) afforded me particular delight. Study soon proved how much the very name of this science has been misunderstood and maligned, and by removing a prejudice, enabled me to add Theurgia, or celestial magic, to these acquirements. The pleasure inspired by increased knowledge, improved faculties, and the power of conferring important benefits on my fellow-creatures, was diminished, by finding the strong prejudice which rendered some ungrateful, and all distrustful; nay, some of those to whom I offered the fruits of severe study, weary vigils, and frequent privations, became my most treacherous persecutors; more than once my life was only saved by immediate flight. So far from reaping the fruits of my discoveries, my life has been a series of profitless wanderings, solitary musings, and constant penury.

"More prudent than most of my predecessors, I renounced the profession of such knowledge as raised the envy and envenomed the malice of my inferiors in science; I accommo-

dated myself to the views of those among whom it was my lot to be cast.

"When Sir Patrick engaged me to make a mineralogical survey of his possessions in this country, I came to reside at Kiltarle, without knowing the situation of his family. A very short observation showed me what his views for the establishment of his daughter were; and (excuse me, Miss Lynch, if) I saw those views were not adverse to your feelings, nor did it escape my notice that Sir Maurice was less impressed by the honour designed him than might have been expected. The consequence will be Sir Patrick's disappointment, your wearing out your days in a cloister, and the endless repining of him, whose blind indifference at this moment, would be evermore remembered with the deepest self-accusation.

"These evils it is in my power to prevent, yet I greatly doubt the prudence of attempting it. You would not be tempted, however, to rely on one rash enough to overlook personal danger: I ought not to be the victim of my efforts to effect the happiness of your family, and shall in return exact enough to procure competence in

please, sufficientl
the heart of Sir
cure the affection
your father, and f
"No," said O
loved me of his o
does not, why shou
"Why should y
"whom do you in
pose to be beloved,
neither can, nor oug
Oonagh started fr
knew all that had p
her secret suspicions
Bellew and Madame
seemed to have been
circumstances on wh
founded! Miss Lyn
advantages proveh

science?—but my father always talks of it as the error of our ancestors, when the world was more ignorant, and mankind less capable of discerning truth—"

"It were disrespectful to accuse Sir Patrick of a vulgar error in making the assertion," said Schenk; "but are mankind more capable of discerning truth at present than in past ages? The physical powers of men have ever been the same; what reason have you to suppose their moral powers are greater now than in past ages? A certain point in science and attainments a civilized nation is allowed to reach; and from the time they have reached it we may date their gradual declension. Did not the Egyptians possess, nearly three thousand years since, the arts, the science, of which all traces are now lost to them? Have not the same gains and losses been the portions of other nations since? Mankind, we may from thence learn, are susceptible of but a limited degree of improvement, because their powers of acquirement are limited; and the deliberate opinion of the philosophers of past times may safely be adopted by the present generation, with as much confidence

as those of their most able contemporaries can inspire. That magic is a real science, was admitted by the greatest sages formerly, and can it be denied by their posterity? If it is a chimera, you risk nothing by employing the means it offers; my spell cannot harm, and you may at least prove whether it can help: in the one case you remain as it found you, in the other you obtain the object you have most at heart."

"And if I succeed," said Oonagh, "how should I have it in my power to recompense you?"

"You shall give me an instrument to entitle me to the estate of Ardcarrick, when you have the misfortune to lose Sir Patrick's paternal care. It is possible that so large a portion of your land might seem, to persons less generous and just (I may add) than yourself, too high a reward for any service; but of this, Madam, you shall yourself judge. The danger I incur both to liberty and life by practising an art against which there is a general prejudice—the expenses attendant on procuring the ingredi-

ents of this subtle essence, and the difficulty of the preparation, demand a recompense, in *my* opinion; the value of my service, of course, *you* must appreciate."

Oonagh did appreciate its value, and had Schenk demanded her whole rich inheritance and half her life, his spell would have seemed a cheap purchase of the means of securing the heart of Maurice Bellew. After a pause, and with a hesitation arising from a wish to hide the willingness with which she accorded the proposed remuneration, Oonagh authorised the German to prepare the charm; while he who had watched and justly interpreted her feelings, almost repented he had not set a yet higher price on his aid, as he saw how readily any reward would have been granted. He promised the philtre in three weeks, assuming that certain herbs necessary to its composition must be gathered when the planets by which they are governed are in particular aspects.

While he was engaged in conducting her homeward, nothing more passed on the subject; but Oonagh during those three weeks alter-

it with equall
though unqui
happy, embell
him she loved
freely, and die
intimacy.

From Sir Pa
tion of uniting
quaintance com
ginning narrowl
every word and
he expressed, a
pressed relating
ference, curiosity
added to than di
interest; consequ
quainted with his
her's.

manner might have led him to know that he would be accepted if her suitor, he had heard them, and seen her, with so little wish to avail himself of the possibility, that he had failed to examine what her disposition to him might be.

Her extreme youth, reserve, and timidity; the desire at his age to spend some more years of disengaged independence, before he charged himself with the destiny of another, might sufficiently account to some for his coldness; while others might be tempted to ascribe it to his having already found an object that absorbed his attention and shut his heart to Oonagh Lynch. Whatever might be the cause, while they were in France, he was only a friendly-disposed acquaintance, who did not seek to develope her sentiments or engage her attention. During his long visit at Kiltarle, the absence of other objects, and constant approximation to her, naturally led him to converse with and observe her more; and Oonagh's manner to him was much changed also.

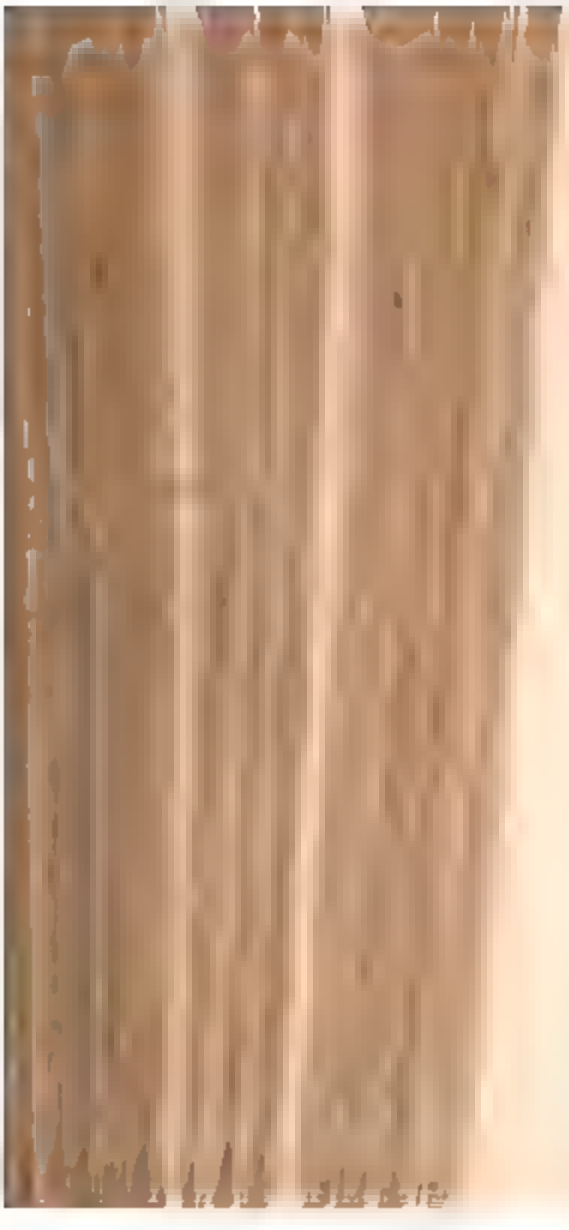
While she had imagined he might become her husband, anxiety and timidity embarrassed her manner, and consciousness fettered her

dressed her co
grew to treat
longer afraid
proach, to pre
or ride with
without hesitat
her fear had di
This change
tunity of judgi
becoming acqua
if any are dispo
impression he r
recollect the cre
end of the seve
many of good u
thier gender. As
Maurice appeare
pleasure in her soci
"Since I

child, never thought much on the subject, Oonagh, till I became well acquainted with you; and now, I am always wishing I had sisters who resembled you."

These were the first words of kindness, or rather of preference, she heard from Bellew, and they filled her with exultation and gratitude. All the flattery and homage paid her by the young Frenchmen seemed cold and mocking words, compared with these few; she had never heard any that pleased her so much. They seemed to be repeated to her by a thousand soft voices, by day and by night; the day seemed brighter when they recurred; the gloomy pile of Kiltarle, and the bleak shore of Kerry, assumed a new aspect, when she repeated to herself, that though she was not loved, Maurice wished for her constant society.

Few circumstances increase the power of pleasing so much, in either man or woman, as believing they already please; and this is more positively advantageous to the proud, who do not choose to commit themselves by making an effort they imagine may prove fruitless; and to the timid, who fear to offend, and expect to



...as she could
panion.

The three
had expired;
on, so satisfied
sent, that she
future, when sh
her preceptor.

"At length,
to fulfil what I
ment binding yo
read it. Should
I promise to resto
claiming for my l
dence in my una
tunate enough to
depend on your gr

Oonagh read t
future right in th
signed and

containing a portion of a certain powder, which he directed her to infuse in any liquid Sir Maurice should drink; adding, that it would immediately dissolve, and was entirely free from any taste or odour that could create suspicion.

Oonagh received it with a trembling hand. Before it was her's, she had anxiously wished for, and fearlessly contemplated its use; now, she felt irresolute—alarmed at her undertaking—fearful of the result. "Could it prove hurtful?"

Schenk reiterated his assurance of its harmlessness. "The progress of its effects is even imperceptible, and not instant: I will pledge my life that no injury can occur to health, life, or reason," he earnestly affirmed; and at last Oonagh's hand slowly closed on the phial.

On the following day, when Sir Maurice returned from shooting, fatigued and heated, he asked for wine, and on the servant bringing some, and placing the bottle and a silver cup by him, Oonagh thought of the phial, and on his stooping to caress his dog, she cast the powder into the cup. A moment more, and Mau-

in their habi
Oonagh not to
spell, which
present life to

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Sir Maurice Bellew had been traversing the Continent, on that tour which was formerly considered necessary to complete the education of an English gentleman, he had, of course, made some stay at Rome, where he received all the attention that a Catholic of rank, wealth, and Jacobite politics might expect at that period to meet with in the Papal dominions.

The travelling tutor to whose care Lord Rostellan had entrusted him, was, soon after their arrival at Rome, attacked by violent illness, which in a few days terminated in death, and that event made Sir Maurice unexpectedly his own master. He had always conducted himself so well that Lord Rostellan felt no

alarm at his being without a governor; and not finding immediately a person qualified to succeed the last, suffered his ward to complete the time allotted for his sojourn at Rome alone.

Bellew continued to visit all the objects worthy of notice, and to frequent the best company of that capital. Among the foreigners then residing in it was a Sicilian, by name Count Lanti. He had not been long there, nor were his acquaintance very numerous; but those who had accidentally met him, described him as singularly agreeable, and deeply skilled in music and painting, and possessed of two or three pictures which were *chef-d'œuvres* of the art.

One day that Bellew had accompanied a friend to see a celebrated picture of the Madonna in the ——— Palace, while he was expressing his admiration of the piece, other gentlemen, with whom they were unacquainted, being in the room at the same time, his friend, addressing one of the strangers, said:—"Beautiful as this is, I hear, Count Lanti, you have a Madonna which is still more so."

Count Lanti bowed, saying, "There might

be two opinions, but that he should feel particular pleasure in giving them an opportunity of forming either, if they would favour him with a visit."

A slight movement of curiosity made them accept the proposal. Sir Maurice had been introduced by his friend, and not many days after, they waited upon Count Lanti He received them with much civility, and led the way to a saloon which contained a few excellent paintings, and the Madonna which had been so much praised. It was worthy of its reputation. The discourse turned on music, and Count Lanti's conversation was so interesting, that their visit was prolonged to an unusual hour. In the course of it, he drew near the instrument, and struck some chords in order to illustrate some opinion, but soon stopped, and said, with a smile:—"In spite of my knowledge of music, I play so indifferently, that I must appoint a representative;" and, calling once or twice "Hortensia!" out of the open door which was at the end of the saloon, a young girl entered, who slightly bowed to the company, her eyes fixed on the Count's face.

with admirat
figure, and t
particularly h
unequalled in
There was a k
manner, which
expression of
plete with gai
performance wa
the Count, who
then rising, she
bow.

Lanti continue
made not any c
and, from his di
and requiring re
any opportunity of

bad played to them that day, might be considered as a model of perfect beauty, and then made a thousand conjectures as to who and what she was likely to be, and how connected with Count Lanti. The same enthusiasm was not felt by his companion, who coldly admitted she was pretty, but denied the pre-eminence Maurice ascribed to her, and ridiculed the fervour of his praise. "But," added he, "I remember a Polish friend of mine, Ravinski, talked of having seen a daughter of Lanti's, who, he said, was the eighth wonder of the world:—I dare say this is she! Ravinski, however, was a little ashamed of his frenzy, and afterwards said, it was only at first sight, or at a distance, that she was so marvellous. I thought he seemed rather ashamed of his taste, and did not wish to be reminded of it."

Maurice wished to find an opportunity of judging whether he was right in considering the young musician as perfect in beauty as the first time he beheld her, and with that purpose soon repeated his visit; but Lanti was from home.

Another day he was more fortunate: they conversed on various topics; at length Bellew

music

Coun

circumst

yes,—I t

daughter

sons, besid

nerally peru

friends to h

ception in y

evening when

of my friends t

Sir Maurice

Count Lanti, a

friends" collecte

where he soon ob

playing games of c

Some persons were

selle r

that she might perhaps issue from thence, as she had formerly done.

In the mean time Count Lanti approached and pressed him to play; to which he acceded, and alternately lost and won some moderate sums. As play was an amusement to which Bellew was not addicted, he was, as he looked, weary and abstracted. Count Lanti approached, and telling him he "looked weary, and it was time he should hear a little music," led the way into the inner-room, which in more than one respect resembled the garden of the Hesperides; as, besides the attractive object that drew him thither, it contained a very adequate representation of the dragon, in an elderly Frenchwoman who sat at work on one side of the instrument. To her a fat ecclesiastic was telling a story of great length apparently, which was occasionally interrupted by his taking himself, and sometimes offering to her, a pinch of Spanish snuff.

Another personage of the same profession, so tall, lean, and gaunt, as to form a contrast with the other, had seated himself in an attitude of

titude of interes
open snuff-box i
tried to strugg
could sleep, in
might have gaze
less and incompe
to him, sometin
trying what she h
sometimes caressir
ing as if sleep and
bright and wander

Count Lauti int
quested his daught
she had found an
ing, and capable of

The Count return
Mademoiselle Lanti
good music has stil
what is only

On Bellew's replying as may be surmised, Mademoiselle Lanti sang, with the sweetest voice and most touching expression, several beautiful airs, and conversed with so much grace, vivacity, and intelligence, that Bellew, on quitting her father's hotel that night, felt convinced the earth had never produced her equal.

It may be supposed that his visits were frequent — they soon became diurnal, and were lengthened to the utmost period civility would allow. He was always well received by the Count, and met a distinguished welcome from Hortensia; he neither reflected on the past, or considered the future, but—the present was delightful. He was rarely interrupted by the other visiters to the Hotel Lanti; few of them ever entered the little apartment where Hortensia sat, though the approach did not seem forbidden; the card-tables in the saloon offered greater attraction than her eyes or her voice: occasionally, however, the admiring gaze and rapt attention of some young cavalier gave Maurice Bellew a degree of offence, for which he had not yet asked himself the reason.

An older man, or one less exclusively de-

voted, or more acquainted with the world, would, perhaps, have seen some matter of speculation in the circumstances which surrounded Mademoiselle Lanti. It might have been deemed imprudent by some, that a careful father should thus domesticate a young and disengaged foreigner with a daughter so young and beautiful.

It was strange, that of an age when most young females have scarcely quitted the convent, Hortensia should have no female society but her governante; and that venerable person's observation was less acute, it appeared, than her nose or chin: she was more intent on the embroidery-frame usually, than in watching the deportment of her charge; more complaisant in listening to the interminable tales of the fat Abbé, than quick to check those who might seek to win Hortensia's heart. But these errors were such as Maurice, even if he had observed them, would have seen with favour; he was the gainer by them all, and it is only when the faults of our neighbours cross our inclinations, that we deal out our disapprobation with unsparing rigour.

The first time, therefore, that Bellew thought Lanti did not sufficiently guard all approaches to his daughter, was one evening when a handsome and distinguished-looking man entered the little apartment where Bellew had for two months spent such happy days. Hortensia was singing, and did not observe the circumstance; the governante made a profound inclination to the stranger, who returned a slight and rather haughty bow, and seated himself rather behind the group round Hortensia.

Bellew, though he saw the entrance, soon forgot the existence of the stranger, and at the close of her song was deeply engaged in eager conversation with Mademoiselle Lanti, when the visitor came forward to accost her. She received him with hasty politeness, adding,

"I did not in the least expect the pleasure of seeing you — I was quite startled."

"I was afraid so," said the stranger drily. She blushed, but did not reply.

There was something in the address of this gentleman that struck Bellew as highly disagreeable: it was difficult to define what was the peculiarity, but it might be called confidence

was rather
almost wish
be authorize
with a feeli
to subdue h
ridiculous.
the Hotel La
the stranger
tensia—even
been almost t
he entered, a
"Pray introdu
Hortensia hesit
"Sir Maurice,
to make your a
and acquiesced i
and constraint; h

expression less observable than the preceding night. Bellew was not without hope it had only existed in his fancy; he did not wish to think Hortensia less divine in other eyes than his own. Whether she penetrated his thought and dreaded the effect Ravinski's manner to her might have upon his mind, he could not know, but her gaiety was diminished, and her mode of addressing himself more constrained, since Ravinski's arrival.

Why should he suffer this state of things to continue. Though a foreigner, he was rich and independent, and had no friends to control him. Except Lord Rostellan and Sir Patrick Lynch, whose friendship, family connexion, and more advanced age, had invested them with a kind of right to inquire into his views, and remonstrate if they were not sane and advantageous,—no one on earth could object to any choice he might make. Hortensia was noble by birth, and of his own religion; and his fortune was so ample as to justify his neglect of any consideration respecting her's. He could not doubt, from the reception he always met with from Count Lanti,

that no objection would arise from him. Maurice resolved to ask her hand at once. He repaired with the intention to her house.

It was not now so easy to find a moment to converse apart with her. Come when he would, Ravinski was there before him, and always so near Hortensia, that it was impossible to escape his observation. Two days were thus wasted; and much as Maurice would have preferred the pleasure of conversing unreservedly, he saw that he must trust the expression of his attachment to writing. He thought with much exultation, that, if his suit was favourably received, he should directly obtain a right to banish, not only this troublesome intruder, but all who endeavoured to share the time and attention of Hortensia; and he could not be accused of presumptuous anticipation in hoping his professions would be well received, if judged by those who had an opportunity of observing the cordial distinction with which she treated him.

He left Count Lanti's full of these contemplations, and was roused from them by hearing his name called by one who followed him. He

turned, and to his great surprise found it was Ravinski, who, taking his arm, proposed to accompany him home. Though Sir Maurice was not cured of the early impression he had imbibed against Ravinski, he could not, without impoliteness, decline this offer, however disagreeable the interruption might be; and he forced himself to accept it, involuntarily quickening his steps, in order to be the sooner rid of his companion.

Ravinski laughed: "You seem in haste, Sir Maurice, but I will honestly tell you it is not reciprocal. I have it in my power to render you a service, of which you will not at this moment exactly estimate the value, but hereafter you may regard it differently. You see me with distrust, but believe me it is for your own sake; I tell you that Lanti, in spite of his titles, and the varnish on his pictures and himself, is a rogue, and his establishment supported by gambling; and that very pretty little girl—"

"You speak very familiarly of the young lady," said Maurice indignantly.

"Well," said Ravinski, "we will not dispute

about terms—his very lovely daughter, then, is not the innocent you suppose; she intends to marry you. You are very young, and I think it the duty of an honest man to save you from so unfortunate a snare, which may, if successful, overwhelm your after-life with regret and shame. Take time and reflect," added he, seeing the eyes of Sir Maurice kindling with rage, as the bright moonbeams shone on his face; "I repeat, take time to reflect and observe. Good night!"

Sir Maurice was alone on the steps of his hotel, irritated and astonished beyond measure: doubting whether he heard aright, when so extraordinary a calumny was really urged against the noble and polished Lanti, and the young, graceful, and beautiful Hortensia; doubting whether he ought immediately to follow Ravinski, and insist on his retracting his accusation, or fly to Lanti to warn him against his treacherous visiter; doubting, in short, every thing, but the truth and perfection of Hortensia—to whom he directly addressed a letter, expressing the most devoted affection, and containing an entreaty that she would see him for

five minutes, that he might obtain from her own lips permission to address her father.

He despatched a confidential servant with his letter, and received in answer a few words of kindness, desiring him to call at the Hotel Lanti at nine the next morning, to ask for the Count, who was obliged to be absent at that hour, and, on hearing this, to ask leave to wait for him in the garden. The exactness of these directions seemed to imply that Hortensia was interested in his obtaining at least a hearing; and his rage at Ravinski, whose selfish object in dividing them was evident, knew no bounds. But it was not worth while, at such a time, to waste a thought on that incendiary.

He strictly obeyed Mademoiselle Lanti's direction, and at nine the next morning demanded to see Count Lanti, was informed he was absent, but expected to return in an hour, which interval he told the porter he should spend in the garden, and descended a flight of marble steps into a long walk, covered with trellis-work sustaining the most luxuriant vines, which entirely excluded the sun. At the end of this walk was a summer-house: the door was

open; the guitar, tied with rose-colour and gold riband, was on a table, from which Hortensia rose to meet him.

The modesty and sensibility with which his professions were received, excited his most fervent admiration; he could not sufficiently venerate the total absence of coquetry, the nature and frankness of her demeanour. But the dial announced the closing hour, and Hortensia observed her father must soon be at home; and then turning to Bellew, she added, "I do not wish that any one but my father should be in our confidence till we have quitted Rome, which we are soon to do. To any one else I should feel it painful to confess, that some unfortunate imprudences have so embarrassed my dear father, that he is under obligations (very painful to one of his spirit) to persons whose forbearance might cease towards him if offended."

"His friends surely cannot be offended by another being added to their number, and that other a son devoted to him for your sake."

"That is not precisely what I mean," said Hortensia, a little embarrassed; "some of his

friends thought—wished—in fact.—But why should I conceal any thing from you? I *will* be frank: other friends wished to become his son also, and they might, by distressing him, avenge themselves on me."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Bellew; "but if there existed a man capable of such base feeling, what could he do? My fortune is ample, and I need not tell you what my zeal would be in your father's service."

Hortensia thanked him, and paused, but soon added, "His embarrassments were not all pecuniary; unhappy disputes, in which circumstances involved him, have laid my father particularly under obligation to Count Ravinski: I was unlucky enough to please, but could not return his preference. I cannot now enter into a particular detail, but I have reason to think he regards us with a revengeful sentiment, which the knowledge that my affection is given to you will augment to a degree that may be dangerous to my father. Promise me then, dear Maurice, that you will not allow Ravinski to suspect the purport of your visit to-day, nor the terms on which we are."

At any other time Bellew would have tried to prove how impossible it would be that a gentleman could conduct himself as she appeared to expect Ravinski would do; but the recollection of the warning so lately received from him, seemed to justify Hortensia's suspicions of his malice, and he made the promise she required, and with still more reluctance agreed not to make any difference in his manner towards Ravinski.

This was a difficult task. It is always more difficult for a man to conceal dislike and displeasure, than for the other sex. Even the most artless and youthful females, from the habits of subjection and restraint in which they are educated, from the timidity which generally makes them dislike to show their feelings, are more successful in repressing their evidence, than men who have lived some time in the world.

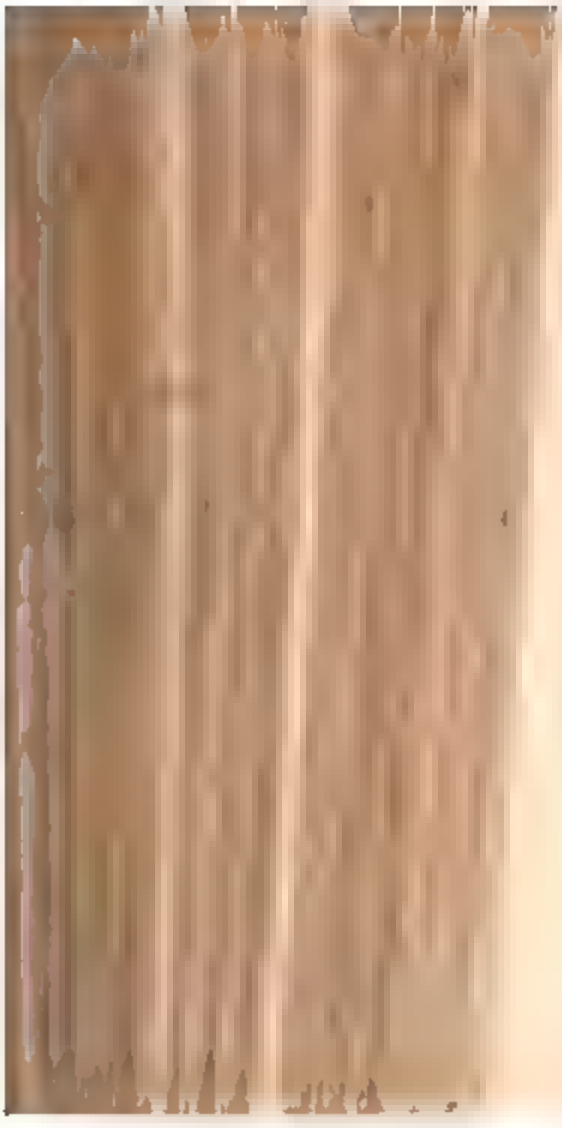
Maurice could not entirely hide the contempt and resentment inspired by Hortensia's account of Ravinski's character. He was cold and constrained in his manner, in spite of all the efforts he made to appear natural and at ease; and it

sometimes struck him that Ravinski observed and rather enjoyed the embarrassment he discovered. Lanti, whose reception of his addresses had been in the highest degree flattering, proposed that the marriage should take place when they arrived at Palermo, whither he was preparing to go.

In the mean time their former habits of life were unchanged: in the evenings the gaming proceeded in the larger saloon, while Maurice, Count Ravinski, the two ecclesiastics, and the old governess, attended Hortensia in her small apartment.

To make amends to Bellew for this addition to her society, he was permitted to spend some hours in the early part of the day in the summer-house, with no other interruption than the occasional presence of the governess: he never had the ill-fortune to find the retreat invaded by Ravinski, and looked forward with great anxiety to the moment he should quit Rome, and be rid of one whose presence was every hour more oppressive.

Hortensia seemed to feel its influence: she appeared anxious to avoid displeasing the Pole;



tensia feign
The idea sh
justice. Wh
artless nature,
the sacrifice o
frank expressi
affection.

Immersed in
retired from th
sooner, becaus
fatigue and he
gazing on a p
admitted too m
beams.

The evening,
was one so fine,
not to spend it in
about and

moonlight that it was a little open. Determined to mention the circumstance to Lanti's household, he entered, and proceeded by a narrow walk, on one side skirted with shrubs, divided on the other by a high hedge from a broad gravelled terrace. Voices, and the sound of footsteps in the walk beside him, arrested his attention and steps.

"Why should you persecute me? why become an enemy because you have been too dear a friend?" said one, in an earnest whisper. "How would my better fortune injure you?"

"It is not that it *injures* me, as you term it," was the reply; "but this instance is one in which *you* injure: a worse man would answer your purpose as well. I did not object to Darsigny, but here is a man who deserves better than to have you for his wife. He is young, and you shall not trick him."

"Then, in spite of my entreaties, you will warn him?"

"I *have* warned him; but he is young, and in love; your looks are more powerful than my advice."

During this discourse, a doubt, a painful

apprehension, seized the mind of Bellew. Th
voices of each speaker seemed not unknown t
him. It was impossible, it could not be—y
the voice sounded like that of Hortensia!—a
the male speaker, whose tones were still lo
suppressed, he should have supposed to l
Count Ravinski.

In spite of his perturbation, Maurice felt
would be dishonourable to continue longer
avail himself of his accidental situation in ord
to satisfy himself that his suspicions were wel
founded. Were he to return to Lanti, h
could scarcely have hidden his agitation—wer
he to warn the household, he might not rend
any service to the imprudent or deceitful Ho
tensia. He returned to his own abode, u
willing to credit the evidence of his sense
though reflection every moment assured hi
their evidence was just.

The agreement between the circumstan
alluded to by the male speaker with what ha
actually passed between him and Ravinsk
struck him forcibly. He was tempted to a
the meaning of the warning from him; bu
if his suspicion wronged Hortensia, and sh

was right in dreading Ravinski's malice, he should thus invite a slanderer to malign her! Should he own his perplexity at once to her?—This seemed to him the most honourable plan; and he repaired, as usual, the next day to the Hotel Lanti, and had hardly entered the summer-house, when he felt ashamed of his doubts, and confident of Hortensia's truth.

Her bright eyes grew brighter at his approach; her vivacity and cordiality made him certain he was welcome: he had not the resolution to own any of the speculations that had desecrated her image for a moment in his mind; he could not believe they had even raised a momentary doubt. She spoke of their voyage, of the plans for their after-life, and enquired about Ireland, France, and the political circumstances that might influence their living much in either country after their marriage: which seemed so entirely settled in her idea, that Bellew was glad to forget what he now considered the monstrous phantasy of the preceding night. His penitence for having entertained an injurious idea of Hortensia, even for a moment, made him more frank and fer-

vent in the expression of his devotion to her.

"Yet," said Hortensia, "how can I be certain that your present feelings would last under circumstances adverse to them? Suppose my father effected a temporary separation between us, would your attachment survive, after long absence, under the temptation of meeting others equally worthy of your love, or more so?"

Maurice eagerly interrupted her with the assurance that the last supposition was impossible.

"Suppose, then," said she, "that enemies tried, by slander, to make me *worthless* in your eyes?"

"Ah!" said Bellew, "that has been tried, and with no greater success than all attempts to divide us must have. I am glad you have reminded me of it."

"And by whom," said Hortensia, rising, "was that base stratagem tried?"

"What does it matter?" said Bellew; "let us only pity those who are capable of framing such vile falsehoods."

But Hortensia required the name of her

accuser with such eager vehemence, and made such a point of Maurice confiding it to her, that, as Ravinski did not seem to have required secrecy, Maurice confessed the conversation that had passed between him and the Pole.

Hortensia said little, but her lovely face for a few moments expressed a degree of anger and irritation of which he could hardly have supposed her to be capable. This passed however, and she also was able to smile at the ineffectual malice of Ravinski.

The arrangements for their departure proceeded rapidly, and their design seemed to be totally unsuspected by the Pole, who continued to spend his evenings at the house; and though he did not again seek an opportunity of warning Maurice, his manner to Hortensia was still tinctured with the bitter and ironical expression which gave so much displeasure at the commencement of their acquaintance; but she no longer seemed to observe it, or, if she did, to feel any displeasure.

Ravinski rose to quit the apartment of Hortensia one evening at a much earlier hour than usual. Maurice, who always saw his departure

with satisfaction, was surprised to hear her press Ravinski's stay with an air of earnestness, needless as proceeding from politeness, and displeasing to himself, who, being naturally frank, saw with pain and surprise the graceful deception she practised with so much ease. Ravinski resumed his seat, bribed by her promising to sing some Polish airs; and he remained at Lanti's till the whole party broke up.

Some of the gentlemen were detained by one of the company, who asked them to sup with him. On his making the same invitation to Ravinski, who declined it, he said:—"Nay, *you* shall not refuse me. While we were at cards in the outer room, I heard Mademoiselle Lanti playing some of your national airs; and if you will join us, I promise you shall hear them by a performer as skilful, if not as handsome."

Ravinski yielded, and joined the party; but Maurice thoughtfully pursued his walk. As he entered an open space, where the moonbeams shone brightly, he perceived that he had, by mistake, taken the cloak and sword of Ravinski instead of his own, and, as he was then very

near the abode of the Pole, he resolved to leave word where his own should be sent, and these reclaimed.

For this purpose he turned into the street, which was deep in shadow. Just as he raised his hand to ring the bell, he felt himself struck with many blows, and perceived he was attacked by three men. Sir Maurice was strong, active, and brave, and defended himself as one endowed with those qualities might be expected to do in such circumstances; and if his cloak, by embarrassing his arms, was of some disservice, it also saved him from several blows, and diminished the force of some that did reach him; while his were so heartily given, that one of his assailants fell. The door of a house at the opposite side of the street opening, there issued several persons with lights, apparently to assist him, upon which his other opponents fled.

Bellew had received two slight wounds, but before leaving the spot, he was anxious to see the face of his dead enemy. In vain did he gaze: it was wholly unknown to him! While he yet contemplated the features, and wondered

what had caused this attack, some of the persons who had pursued the fugitive assassins returned, exclaiming, that another of them had fallen, and was yet alive. Sir Maurice repaired to the spot, and found that the second robber had fallen from loss of blood, while attempting to escape; and he caused him to be carried to his hotel. His own wounds were dressed, and found to be not dangerous; but the surgeon pronounced those of the assassin to be mortal, and his death very near!

Bellew visited the chamber of the dying man, who perfectly retained his senses, and, on being made aware of his condition, requested very earnestly to see a priest, with whom he had been in conversation for some time when Maurice entered. He approached the bed with some curiosity to see his enemy, and inquired why, without any attempt to rob, he had attempted the life of one, who, not knowing, could not have offended him. The wounded person gazed on him with surprise, and asked, in his turn, if this was the man whom he had attacked? When answered in the affirmative, he declared that the assault had been intended

for another. At first he appeared unwilling to reveal who that other was; but, upon being pressed to make the only atonement in his power to those he had intended to injure, he avowed that he had lain in wait for Count Ravinski, who was expected home at midnight; and at that hour a cavalier arriving, and preparing to enter, dressed in a cloak which resembled the usual attire of the Count, (as much as the imperfect light allowed them to discern,) he and his companions had set upon Sir Maurice, who had killed one, and wounded him. Feeling himself grow faint, he had fled, but sank from loss of blood, ere he had passed the next street.

Sir Maurice then tried to obtain the cause of his enmity to Ravinski, and to learn what was the motive of his companions. The faintness of failing nature was on the tongue of the dying ruffian, and a farther disinclination made him hesitate to speak; but the priest, (who had just received his confession,) urged him to fulfil a duty by enabling Count Ravinski to guard against his unknown foes; and he at length owned that "he was promised a

sum of money by some who conceived themselves aggrieved by the Count Ravinski. A person whom he had known for some time, and who was supposed to have been concerned in similar transactions before, had asked him to share the enterprise, which was undertaken at the request of a foreigner then residing at Rome. He either did not know, or chose to conceal who this person was, affirming that he was only assisting, and had not been the principal, who was named Gaetano Trentuno."

When Maurice first learned that the intention was to destroy Ravinski, conceiving it was right to acquaint him with what had occurred, he despatched a messenger to his hotel to summon him directly; and he arrived at the close of this confession, and put some questions to the wounded man. But life was passing from him; he lived but few minutes after Ravinski arrived,—who proposed to examine the body of the assassin who had been slain on the spot: in his pocket was found a note containing these words:—

"When your work is complete, send word

that the bracelet is found. On presenting it, you will receive the stipulated recompense."

With the note was a small parcel containing a bracelet of no great value, but of remarkable workmanship. The Pole examined both for some minutes, and holding up the bracelet, said, "Bellew, have you ever seen this before?"

It was indeed familiar to his eyes; he had often seen it on the arm of Hortensia!

Ravinski then, without speaking, held out the note to him.—Was it possible that these characters were traced by her hand? The writing seemed to dazzle him; long and in silence he contemplated the surprising similarity between that note and those he was in the habit of receiving from her. He could not deny, he would not admit it, but continued to hold the writing without speaking. At length, suddenly raising his head, he exclaimed, "This is accidental! She must have lost the bracelet, and offered some reward, and desired it might be claimed."

"What then," said Ravinski, "was the work he was to complete?"

A dispute ensued as to whether Hortensia should be permitted to know of the note and bracelet: Maurice expressing his firm belief that she would explain it; the Pole accusing him of wishing to give her an opportunity of deceiving him. "But," said he, "all I ask is, that you will not mention to her this adventure, or having seen me, for *one* day; and, as you will allow my safety is endangered either through her or others, my request cannot be deemed unreasonable."

To this Bellew acceded, and repaired to the summer-house of the hotel of Lanti. Hortensia's eyes sparkled when he entered. "You are come then at last," said she—"but *so* late!—but you *are* come."

Maurice entirely forgot the last twelve hours while they talked as usual. It did not require an effort to seem unchanged to her.

Half an hour after his arrival, a servant entered, who presented a small parcel to Hortensia, saying it was brought by one who said he was to receive a reward "for having found her bracelet." Involuntarily the eyes of Sir Maurice fixed themselves on her fair face.

With agitation scarce controllable, he beheld the rapid changes of her complexion, and the unusual expression of her eyes. She kept silence for some moments; and as she received the bracelet, she trembled. At length she said, "Bid him wait a few moments; I must bring him some money," and then quitted the summer-house.

Her absence was short, and she appeared composed on her return; but Maurice, whose suspicions were now awakened, saw it was by exercising a strict empire over herself. "Your bracelet is a favourite, Hortensia."

"It is—I had lost it—you perhaps think it is hardly worth my preference; but these sort of fancies are unaccountable; I have had it a long time."

"Oh, Hortensia," said Sir Maurice, grasping her arm, "tell me, I conjure you, why was it given to Gaetano Trentuno?"

Hortensia started; her colour fled, and returned, and fled again; she appeared shocked and undecided; but at length said, "I might deceive you—I might account for it in some plausible manner, and turn aside your sus-

picion, or deny the truth of your information: but I scorn it! Ought a villain to live who had tried to ruin my happiness and reputation? *Ought* he to live who had traduced me to you?"—Her eyes flashed fire, her lip trembled—

"She in whose eye so modest and so bright
Love ever woke, and held a vestal fire"—

seemed suddenly transformed into a fury.

"Ravinski had been the most ungrateful, dishonourable, and remorseless of villains towards me," she continued; "nothing but his blood could expiate his treachery—but it has been expiated—and you, Maurice, in the bitterness of my resentment, and my determined revenge, should only see a proof how deeply I prized, and how much I dreaded to lose, the heart of which he sought to deprive me."

It was impossible that the horror her conduct inspired should not make Sir Maurice's answer add to the irritation of Hortensia's feelings, and that it should not discover the great change that had taken place in his own. That was the last time Bellew entered the house of Lanti—the last time Hortensia in hope and joy heard him express affection. He wrote to

her once more, a long and incoherent adieu, in which the passionate attachment he renounced, still struggled with the sense of her unworthiness; and the next day he quitted Rome, and heard not how the tidings of Ravinski's escape from her vengeance appeared to affect her.

CH

THOUGH Sir M
tensia, an inexplica
the recollection of
the first feeling o
siderable period he
still longer he dis
character of her wh
all, he resolved nev
mit his happiness a
prove another Hor
position his friends
with which his acqu
lution oftener made
nounce it, but resp
tellan point out tho

son-in-law, without feeling flattered by the distinction, and without the slightest intention of availing himself of such favour. Oonagh's feelings he did not guess. He had heard Sir Patrick so often lament the superstitious prejudices with which his sister had inspired her; he so distinctly remembered the conversations in which he had combated, and she had defended a determination pronounced with so much more energy and resolution than her gentle manners usually showed, that he did not, and could not doubt its sincerity.

When at Paris he had met Hortensia as the wife of M. d'Aurillac, he was deeply affected by seeing her again. He almost doubted the reality of the causes which had divided them. It seemed so strange that a time *could* come which obliged them to meet as slight and indifferent acquaintance! Perhaps, on his side, this would have been impossible, but for the ease with which Hortensia adopted—gracefully, but completely adopted—such a mode of treating him. Few, who did not watch like Oonagh Lynch, could have perceived the indications of more excited feeling. This, in fact, wore

lew, make a g
the understandi
grew indifferen
rejoin Sir Patri
had not always

When he ha
had an opportu
stantly; and
them together
peared to more a
but not shy, the
will banished the
ner, and she bec
confiding as sh
Though reserved
nities of being be
with them, from t
ficial observers, of
of dislike, they are

Oonagh's conventual prejudices were not remarkable to one who in habits was a Frenchman, and consequently but little used to converse with young unmarried ladies, and still less prepared to find them free from the modes of thinking their education was calculated to inspire. Her unconscious disappointment at Sir Maurice's indifference, by removing all anxiety to please, all fear to offend one who she perceived would never be more than a friend, had freed her manner from embarrassment. She spoke with the ease and frankness of a sister, the submission of a pupil, and the gentleness of a woman; and Sir Maurice had begun to regard her with deep interest, and some admiration, when Schenk disturbed her resignation by awaking a hope which she had ceased to cherish: the turbulent palpitation of suspense returned, the vigilant observation that sought an injury in every look and tone, the alternations of hope and fear, all the anguish of protracted doubt which could not be confided.

Though Schenk had become her confident, she shrunk from his guessing how deeply she wished the success of his spell. She tried to,

wait the result with patience. "If I could only be sure that at the expiration of any given time Maurice would love me, I should *rest:* I could attend to all I heard, understand what I read, enjoy the air, the sun, the skies, (and oh, how much !)—I should not feel as if bound to a wheel that is always revolving—Will that day ever come? But Schenk is deceived; he spoke too confidently, too enthusiastically—or he deceives me. Would I had never heard of his spell! I was at peace, content to be a nun;—now, when I return to the convent, how cold, sad, and chill will it seem! I shall never again know what peace is!—Well, I can perform all my duties, though I can take no pleasure in them."

Oonagh had no friend near to assure her of a fact, that, if known in early youth, and remembered when this world's combat is begun, would save us from a thousand follies—God has joined our pleasures with our duties; in vain does man try to separate them. Let any man recall his past years to his mind—let him remember those he has spent in the indulgence of his tastes, his passions, perhaps his vices; let him

distinctly remember, even *while* they were passing, the imperfection of their enjoyment, the self-reproach and fear which qualified and interrupted them. Let him also recall the years in which he has been forced to say, "I have no pleasure in them;"—days spent in privation, solitude, and the fulfilment of painful duties, uncheered by the voice of encouragement, sympathy, or approbation; and he will admit, that the hope his obedience (imperfect as it was) did not displease—the recollection of that divine promise, "I, even *I*, am he that comforteth you"—lightened these dark, dark days, while custom rendered his irksome duties light; and such a period, even while it was passing, became one of the happiest in his life.

But Oonagh was at that age which can foresee no part of life when youth should have passed; it seemed to her, that if she was not Maurice Bellew's wife, she could find no other point of interest in the future. From the eternal recurrence of her anxious thoughts on this subject, she was roused by an impression of which she hardly dared to admit the truth. Was it an illusion?—was Schenk more than

passed in [illegible]
tainty. But it
the glorious he
sorrow could n
with Maurice
years of perfec
at eighteen—alr
Lynch was freq
utmost duration
—surely she ha
and love betwee
began to hear t
the dread of its p

About this ti
an incident tha
Jacobites. A ge
picion, whose pa
examined ; nothi
seizure, unless hi

enamelled; on the other side with the following verses inscribed; the opinion they gave was too desponding to gratify the party (at that time) whose sentiments they express.

"This mystic knot unites two royal names,
Victorious Louis and long-suffering James,
Pious and true asserters of the Cross,
Whether it be by conquest, or by loss.
Their glory equal . different is their fate,
Laurels on one, palms on the other wait."

When this circumstance was in discussion at Kiltarle, Bellew observed, he still trusted those lines did not contain a prophecy, and that laurels as well as palms might one day be an equally appropriate decoration for either initial, adding, he wondered so timid a seer was so positive in prediction.

"He is not the only discouraging soothsayer we have had respecting his Majesty. Did you never hear that Lady Anne Hyde persuaded the Duke, as he then was, to consult an astrologer at Breda, just before he was married?" said Moriarty.

"And what," asked Oonagh, "was then predicted?"

"Oh, they said he drew lots with some gentlemen who accompanied him, and each found

some circumstance relative to their future lives justly foretold; and on the lot drawn by his Majesty, these two lines appeared,

' All hope is vanish'd
From him who 's twice banish'd.' "

" A contrivance, I suppose," said Bellew, rather scornfully, " of the people then about him to inculcate more conciliatory manners in his Majesty than his natural frankness would allow him to display."

" Not unlikely," said Moriarty, calmly and candidly, as he quitted the apartment.

" I should feel rather curious, if I did not think it wrong," said Oonagh, " to have my horoscope taken."

" By all means," said Maurice, gaily. " I know that Schenk upholds the science of astrology."

" Yes, sir," replied Schenk, " I avow it; I cannot believe that the ' heavenly arches' are ' decked only for show; and with these glittering shields,'

' T' amaze poor shepherds watching in the fields.
I 'll not believe that the least flower that pranks
Our garden borders, and our common banks,
And the least stone that in her guardian lap
Our mother earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath some peculiar virtue of its own,
And that the glorious stars of Heaven have none.' "

He clasped his hands, and his sharp wandering eyes seemed to seek the meaning of the very clouds that the sea-wind was driving across the sky.

Maurice laughed. "Well, my good friend," said he, "you shall cast the nativity of Miss Lynch, and also mine, this night."

Schenk agreed, and went to prepare his spells.

Oonagh was beginning to remonstrate with Maurice, but he laughed and said, "Dearest, forgive this folly, but it will be so amusing to see the fortune that Schenk will make a point of foreseeing for you and me. Out of respect to your father, he ought, and I dare say will, promise a principality or two of most satisfactory dimensions."

Oonagh smiled, and sighed.

They repaired to the long gallery, and ascended the stairs to the turret occupied by Schenk. The moon was young and pale, but the stars, now unveiled by mist, fixed their clear cold eyes on the deep, which was bounding below them, and mocked their scintillation with a faint reflection of light. A table was covered

position was tr
forth the qualit
the happiness c
dwelt rather on
which she learne
such stars, the r
self irreproachab
glorious destiny
earth."

Oonagh thoug
what was meant
on earth."

Bellew smiled.
he, "do not let m
that of Miss Lync

"It does not s
German; "I only
lations." He then
Maurice before the

mencement of his life, and promised martial honours, from the aspect of Aldebaran and Bellatrix in Orion: at length he paused. "Sir Maurice, you are incredulous? I will not weary you with the repetition of other indications of fortune—I have said enough to show you our mode of prediction, which is all, I conclude, that could excite your curiosity."

"No; positively, Schenk, I will have it all; I insist upon knowing if all my stars have the same good-will to me as Aldebaran and Bellatrix."

Schenk still hesitated; but on Sir Maurice's continued request and raillery, seeing that Oonagh also smiled, "I will continue, for a disregarded prediction cannot signify; were you a believer in our art, I could foretell what would make you, perhaps, uneasy. The Caput Algol Medusæ is so posited as to threaten a violent death, or heavy misfortune; 'tis the most dangerous star in the heavens, and its worst aspect is on the nativity of Sir Maurice Bellew."

"'Tis unkind of the Caput Algol Medusæ," said Bellew, laughing, "and entirely without

the menacing
with little a
was then too
The stores
belonging to
fate's *broad ar*
we fear to lose

" The
Exil

I have seen t
the internal cons
appointment mus
deavour to grieve
cient cause, unco
themselves, that th
bute due to the inst
That tribute Con
in the first weeks of

triumph over, she considered with deep solicitude every look and expression of affection. Love gained by magic, was like the money of the sorcerer, which, when kept a while, seemed only withered leaves clipt into its form, as light and valueless! Was the attachment produced by a spell? might it not vanish in an hour, like the animation of inebriety? perhaps be succeeded by hatred and loathing,—at best by indifference?

"I am not the natural passion of his heart—that has not been given; I have stolen it by a stratagem, and robbed some blessed creature to whom he would have voluntarily surrendered it: she will perhaps wear out her days in a cloister, as the deceitful Oonagh should have done."

And this was not the only reflection, arising from her situation, that tormented her. Sometimes, when Maurice confided his opinions, feelings, or account of past events, with the openness their relative position produced, another species of self-reproach struck the heart of Miss Lynch. "He speaks every thought to one who cannot return his confidence? I must ever have a

concealment from him; I must ever be a
hood, a trick, a juggle, seen but not known

With this feeling, a thousand words sp
at random appeared to her conscious mi
implied reproach; many expressions w
under other circumstances, might have
deemed complimentary, overwhelmed her
humiliation; and she was astonished to f
possible to grieve and fear when chosen by
affianced to Maurice Bellew.

There were moments, however, in which
was forgotten; when she was sure that, ha
never known the German's fatal spell,
Maurice would have loved her. Then
longed to try whether that love would sur
his knowledge of the means by which it
gained. Her heart was on her lips—they
vered to disclose her secret, but closed ag
she would not *yet* relate a secret which m
cost her so dear; she would wait a few days
she saw more of his disposition; and she w
ed, silent, anxious, and bewildered, fearing
every throb of her heart might be audible,
speak for her. But how could she ever spe
her promise to Schenk bound her to silenc

the service he had rendered her; the penalty her mother underwent for having failed in a similar engagement, warned her to avoid incurring the risk; and honour smote her heart with the reflection that she was bound to keep her promise inviolate—to refuse herself the relief of confessing all to Bellew—of obtaining his pardon for her stratagem, or, at least, of seeing how far his interest in her would remain. But it could not be; the gulf between them would never close; entire confidence could not exist; the highest pleasure of friendship must ever be wanting to their union.

Many times, when Bellew was speaking of the female character generally,—the value he expressed for the quality of frankness and sincerity, the praise he gave to her natural and unaffected manner, the dislike he expressed for the opposite defect, pierced the heart of Oonagh, and all the more as he spoke with peculiar feeling and vivacity on the subject. The recollection of Hortensia made him execrate all double-dealing; and all he said was by Oonagh applied to herself. Her's were the "wearing days and sleepless nights" of those

who have made themselves idols of clay,
worship, though conscious of their frag
and those who are tempted to scorn her di
as self-created, should endeavour to reme
whether the graver trifles of life, wealth, p
rank, have not deprived them of rest and
as completely as her doubtful claim on l
rice's heart had crossed the peace of Oonag

Sir Patrick, who had with pleasure dec
his approval of an attachment which ena
the fulfilment of his early plans for his da
ter's establishment, prepared to celebrate
marriage; but as he did not wish to
observation on his family, the event was to
place with as much privacy as could be
served in a family of rank at that period.
concealed feelings of his daughter he would
any case, have been very unlikely to dim
He, too, had his idols, and they occu
every meditation of his day and every di
of his night:—his foreign correspondence;
detailed accounts he transmitted of the sta
political feeling at home; his endeavour
win partisans, to conciliate the indifferent
deceive the hostile, were unremitting; his

forts to forward the interests of his party were sincere; and those he made to obtain a preference over his friends, to intercept the promise of reward of which those friends might be deemed worthy, were equally sincere, and more ardent. He was also deeply engaged in the mining speculation which was under the superintendence of Schenk, whose reported expectations of a profitable result were in the highest degree encouraging.

Such was the state of the inhabitants of Kiltarle; and those who beheld from the sea the grey, massive towers of its gloomy castle frowning in loneliness from the bleak coast, could scarcely have supposed the intense affection, the scheming ambition, the racking anxiety, which swayed the inmates of its secluded chambers.

Yet they, like their fellow-pilgrims on earth, had moments, hours, and days worthy of envy, of regret, in recollection — a foretaste of the happiness graciously accorded to man, even in his present state of folly, error, and vice:—dare we compare it to the indulgence of a parent, who allows his offspring to pursue

man! be gr
they are take
granted!

One of th
Maurice and C
ing together o
The wind was
an unfrequent
passionate infan
The storm was
burst in pillars
of the shore; he
a soft and mou
plunged into the
on points of rock
patient as sentinel
waters as calmly h

"I wish," said Miss Lynch, "the land and sea we now look on formed the whole world; that the earth contained nothing but Kiltarle!"

"An odd wish, Oonagh, but a flattering one to me. At the moment you spoke, I was thinking how much too easy it would be to forget that the world contained anything but Kiltarle; to forget the active duties that loyalty and patriotism demand; in short, I feel and fear that happiness has a tendency to render us indolent and selfish."

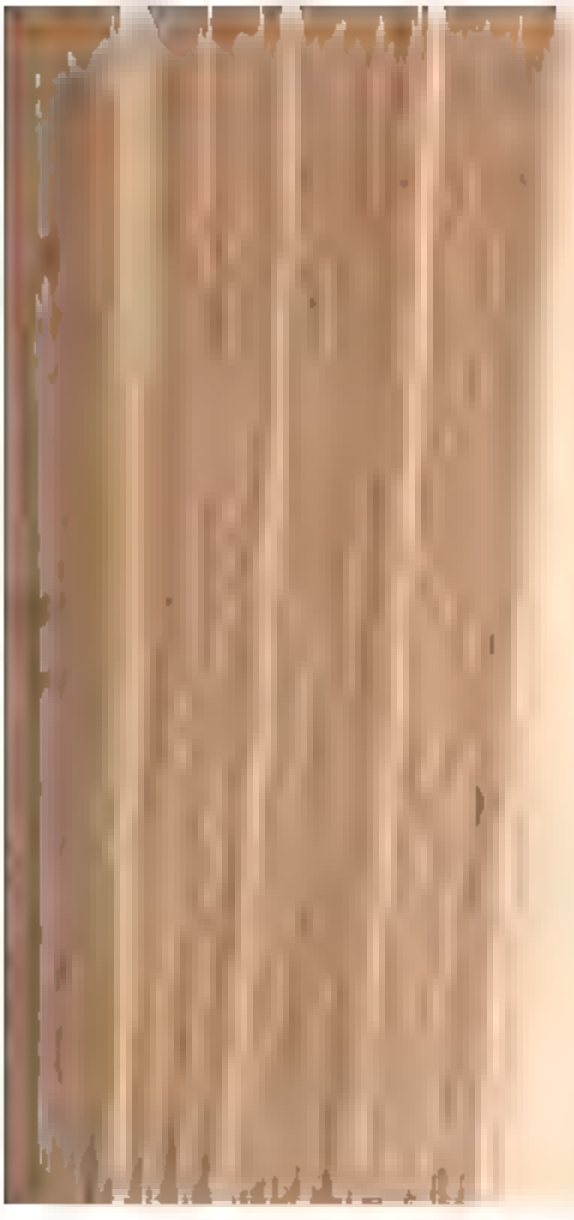
"*Are* you so happy?" replied Oonagh, gazing anxiously in his face. "Maurice, dear Maurice, are you *sure* you love me?"

"Are you not sure I do?" said he, looking at her with surprise.

"I try to think so, but I cannot always believe it."

"Oonagh, if I did not know you to be the most unaffected and frank of human beings, I should imagine you were pretending a little coquettish distrust, to amuse yourself with the earnestness of my justification, or my irritation at being disbelieved."

The praise included in this reproach filled



Herman Scher

Bellew supp

and disclaimed

ing :—" Your

even, but not

place has cert

more so now, t

we, of all hum

happiest."

"Do you kn

consideration als

"I hope," sa

never have cause

"What I hav

because I have

all we hear, read,

in this world ca

dition of man's s

we have reached

bud swells and blushes—it opens to exhale its perfume, but withers before we can breathe it! I am, (when I believe you love me,) *too* happy. A secret voice seems to tell me, I have reached my point of fortune; this world can *give* no more—But—oh, Maurice! how much it may *take!*"

"You are too fanciful, Oonagh: because a man has performed half his voyage in safety, must he expect to be wrecked ere the close? Such conclusions are as destitute of reasonable ground as the promises of Bellatrix and Aldebaran, which Schenk holds forth to us. You have too much mind, my dear Oonagh, to give way to timid, desponding feelings, from such childish bodings. If, in this life, sorrows must come, let us not anticipate, or seek to extract them from inadequate causes."

Self-reproach always renders us timorous, if it does not make us desperate; and Miss Lynch could not own that it mixed its bitter with her present felicity.

The garments arrived which were intended for her marriage, and jewels of great value were the gift of Sir Maurice. Oonagh con-

the impressic
arrangement
the ample po
mutual advar
tle, and listen
law enjoins s
sinuous evasio
tered were soc
to convey an a
and herself wou
—inseparable i
and affection!

Moriarty wa
chapel adjoinin
had first offere
in the subjuga
German present
"hoping that sl
with just favour

between some persons politically connected with Sir Patrick; other engagements prevented him from attending it, but Sir Maurice was to go instead, and to return on the day of his marriage. This absence was only for twenty-four hours; yet Oonagh felt more grieved than she would own, at this short separation, though it might probably be the last that might occur for years between herself and Bellew.

On the bridal morning Sir Patrick entered his daughter's chamber betimes, and, after congratulating her upon the approaching event, he entreated she would be ready by eleven o'clock to attend the chapel, for ere that hour Sir Maurice was expected; and, when the ceremony should be over, Sir Patrick was to proceed to the meeting at Kenmare, with some papers for consideration, the preparation of which had engaged him so much that it had withheld him from accompanying his intended son-in-law on the excursion from which the latter was now returning.

Oonagh proceeded with her toilette; and, had her thoughts been sufficiently disengaged to enjoy the triumph of its success, there would

pearl twisted among its b
than usual; but at time
dered over, and then
Her dress was complete, e
which her attendant prese
posed of that pale rose
worn as the emblem of t
the last of the race her
rose of York, but not now

" Twined with her b

Oonagh prepared to pla
bosom; but she heard the
enter the court-yard, and
hand. Joyce Malone raise
them; and Oonagh, whi
them, perceived that the

Joyce Malone, "but this is a bad sign; for I dipped the stalks of these roses in holy water, and it is myself that tied a little slip of vervain with them, and all to bring luck, and keep off the witches; and there is not one of them left, nor the vervain itself! And now you are dressed, you look too pale, and too heavenly, and more like Miss Honor O'Neill, at her profession in the Abbaye-aux-Bois—that day year her lover, the French gentleman, was killed!"

Oonagh descended to the gallery, and found Sir Patrick. She concluded that Bellew had retired to change his riding-dress for one proper for the occasion; and not choosing to disturb her father, who was walking up and down the gallery in deep reflection, she sat down in one of the windows without speaking. The silence endured for half an hour, and Miss Lynch began to wonder at her lover's non-appearance, when Sir Patrick, starting as from a dream, exclaimed:—"Where is Bellew? What can detain him?"

"I imagine he is dressing," she replied.

"Impossible!" said her father; "they have not told me of his arrival."

"I thought I heard horses:—is he not come, then?"

Sir Patrick questioned his servants, who said, Sir Maurice had not yet arrived; and, as it was but half-past eleven, though his mistress might secretly accuse him of tardiness, his father-in-law harboured no anxiety on the subject. But when two hours more had passed away, his absence excited general surprise.

Sir Patrick became impatient, and his daughter alarmed. At first she tried to appease her uneasiness by supposing that Bellew, from anxiety to be at home early, had urged his horse to such speed that the animal had sunk from fatigue ere the journey was completed. Other horses were despatched to meet him, under the care of Sir Patrick's confidential servant, Terence O'Brien; and though Oonagh often turned her anxious eyes to an ancient clock, in a magnificently inlaid case, surmounted with a brazen figure of Time, her father retired to his library with Moriarty, apparently satisfied that nothing material had occurred to detain Bellew, who would probably soon appear.

Three times had the dust-clogged tongue of the old clock stammered forth the hour ere Sir Patrick returned to his daughter; and on this occasion he used many arguments to prove that nothing unusual *could* have befallen her lover, which only served to convince her that Sir Patrick would not have attempted to combat her fears had he considered them as entirely vain. If he did, he soon met with cause to change his opinion, for he was summoned, on the return of Terence O'Brien from Kenmare, to hear that his messengers had not met, or heard any tidings of Sir Maurice in their way thither; though upon reaching the house of one McKenna, a tenant of Sir Patrick's, in whose house Bellew had lodged on the preceding night, he positively affirmed that gentleman had, (after spending the evening in company with those persons whom it had been his object to meet,) ordered his horses, and proceeded from the house as early as four in the morning; which intelligence was confirmed by a blacksmith who lived a mile farther on the road towards Kiltarle.

This man declared, that being at work before

daylight, he heard the tramp of horses, and wondering who was so early on a journey, he had the curiosity to go to the door, about sunrise: it was sufficiently light to distinguish objects with tolerable accuracy; he saw a gentleman attended by two servants:—he had often seen Sir Maurice, and was sure it was he; and what rendered him still more confident was, that the horse on which the stranger was mounted, was a remarkably large strawberry roan horse, which he had, on a former occasion, shod for Sir Maurice. The travellers passed at a brisk trot, and were soon out of sight, pursuing the road to Kiltarle.

What had subsequently befell them could not be discovered; the road for some miles farther was lonely and wild, and no one in the villages, through which their way would afterwards have led them, could give the slightest trace of their journey.

To Sir Patrick, it appeared not unreasonable that some circumstance had arisen to require Bellew's presence elsewhere; that he had written to account for his delay, but the messenger to whom it was entrusted, (probably some pea-

sant in the neighbourhood,) had from carelessness, or mischance, failed to present the letter, which might still arrive. Maurice was young, strong, and active, had with him two able servants, and all (as was the custom of that period) well armed; nothing could have befallen him in the probable course of events.

Oonagh felt that, if he had written, he would have insured intelligence of so much importance reaching her hands in safety; but two conjectures, however unwilling she was to admit them, forced themselves on her mind. Either Maurice had perished by the hand of an assassin, or the inebriation caused by the German's spell had ceased, and the horror of giving his hand to one whom he did not love, had made him fly from the country. No other causes were sufficient to account for his mysterious absence.

Dreadful to her as was this last suspicion, it was the most welcome of the two suppositions. It was also the most likely; for had Maurice died, is it credible that no trace of struggle—a weapon, a glove, a sound remembered by some, whose fortune had led them

near the spot where his pure and noble blood had been shed—should have served as testimony of his deplorable end? Most of the peasants were vassals of Sir Patrick, the rest of Lord Rostellan. In that part of the country, Sir Maurice, the heir of both families, was considered as the highest object of human veneration, and his person well known to all. In so lonely and poor a district, foreign plunderers had too little hope of gain to harbour in quest of it. Who, then, could have proved either a secret or open enemy?

No; he had awoke to the delusion of having loved Oonagh Lynch! perhaps not aware that she had known and created the delusion. The pain he feared to inflict, by declaring it no longer existed, made him pause and hesitate ere he made the grievous avowal; he was now, perhaps, seeking words which might not seem to wound, when they spoke his indifference—while a secret internal conviction told him, that she could not hear it and live! Or he was trying to resolve on redeeming the vow at which he shuddered, to fulfil his engagement at the price

of his peace—his honour against his happiness! And the combat still endured;—it was long, but Bellew would conquer—he would still come to offer a hand dis-severed from his heart, and when he did so, surely she should discern his reluctance, willingly free him, and resign her place in this world's warfare—a place she seemed to herself to have striven for unworthily, and in contradiction to the presentiment which had first justly indicated a convent as the natural haven of a heart not made for this world to fill. All anxiety would then be over: to hear of Bellew's happiness, though shared with another; to know she had not blighted it; to hear he proved himself a worthy successor to her father, would still be enough to gild the gloom of her life-long seclusion.

She had time for these and a thousand other painful meditations, for Bellew came not; and Sir Patrick, who, by evening, became also a sharer of her anxiety, instead of going to Kenmare that night, waited in hopes of receiving the tidings which he assured her could not fail to arrive ere morning, when he purposed to go

himself to Kenmare, and examine Mc Ke
as to the time and circumstances of Bell
departure.

Oonagh took the pearl chains from her h
and laid aside her bridal robe, hardly cer
that she was not suffering from the oppres
of a wild and frightful dream.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE sleep of sorrow is often long and heavy; but the misery of anxiety pierces through the light slumber fatigue forces on our eye-lid. Oonagh started into recollection every few minutes of that weary night, though no sound but the clock, the watch-dog, and the waves lashing the sea-beach, broke its silence; and sometimes from the land-ward side the long dismal shriek of the fern-owl sounded like the first announcement of bad tidings.

Oonagh was beginning to hope for the approach of dawn, when she heard the sound of some stir in the lower part of the house. It appeared to include the tread of men, and the muttering conversation of hoarse, low voices. "Could Bellew have arrived? could he now

put on a dre
apartment; h
of her chamb
to relinquish
to postpone
testifying her
trying to hold
feeling of gen
wait; her fath
much happines
was in store fo
seem composed
minutes elapsed
the noises were
it appeared as if
message came!

Suddenly seve
ent directions to

chair, his sword also; the lamp still b
though the dawn of day was now suffi
powerful to permit all objects to be see
tolerable distinctness.

Oonagh gazed vacantly round the roo
some moments, when unusual appea
caught her eyes. An ivory crucifix,
usually stood on a bracket of the same ma
against the wall, was lying broken on the
The arras was partly hanging from the
A carved oak bench stood at the wall b
the bed; the back was an arched rai
points terminated in a star—the crest,
scroll beneath each, bearing the motto
Lynch family, "*Surgente spero*;" an
this bench was spread the crimson d
coverlet of the bed, and apparently some
bedclothes beneath it. On the floor she
ceived one of her father's gloves, and the
day now showed it was wet with blood, pl
of which were near it also.

A desperate expectation of some unk
evil possessed the mind of Oonagh a
sight—she rushed forward, seized, and with
the coverlet, and beheld the inanimate bo

Sir Patrick stretched on the bench! Fierce defiance still lurked in the lines of his face, and his still unclosed eyes glared wildly; the crimson cushion on which he lay, contrasted with his pale cheek, and his firmly closed lip alone denoted the rigidity of death.

Oonagh gave one long shriek at the sight: like all witnesses of unforeseen destruction, she could not believe life was actually extinguished, and her first impulse was to seek assistance. She ran through the next room to the door at which she had first vainly tried to obtain admittance, and, wholly forgetful of that circumstance, made repeated attempts to open it, calling to all who she thought might perhaps be within hearing; but the unbroken silence and quiet continued.

She returned distractedly to her father; the bright full sunshine was on his ghastly face, and even the few minutes that had elapsed from the first discovery, had produced more certain evidence that human help was evermore vain for him!

To the sad, to those even who have long been heavily afflicted, the many pleasant objects

long, long gra
scythe, waved
sweet song of
bird; the sight
of summer, are s
ness, 'tis true—
gratifications are
ambition are pals
the first period
seem to mock u
gleaming on the
friends has just c
for ever, fall like
we would hide ou
and leave them for
in this world's light.

Oonagh shrank
father was dead. H
by the hand of anot
enemy? in

yet could not imagine how the deplorable catastrophe was wrought. Could this event be connected with the absence of Sir Maurice? was it known in the castle? were his vassals treacherous? or how had the secret murderer reached him?

Miss Lynch sank on her knees by her father, and prayed distractedly. When her recollection grew less confused, she again passed through the private door, and called for assistance; this time she was quickly answered by Joyce Malone and Terence, who perceived she was already acquainted with her misfortune, which she found they had come to disclose.

The circumstances of the event were thus recounted:—Late at night, a sharp knocking at the gate had induced Sir Patrick to admit three persons, who presented Sir Maurice Bellew's ring in token of their being despatched from him. After Terence, by Sir Patrick's desire, had led the way to the library, the porter invited the rest of the company (consisting of several persons) into the great hall: some complained of fatigue and thirst, on which he courteously offered to call a fellow-servant, who

would provide some refreshment. He went o
for the purpose, and the greater part of t
company followed Terence and their comp
nions to Sir Patrick's library. The foremo
presented a letter, observing that Sir Ma
rice had advised instant attention might b
paid to its contents. They were written in
cypher in which he had already received man
despatches, and while taking a cursory glan
of this one, he was informed by the messenge
that they bore a warrant against him for hig
treason, for which he was then apprehende
Those who had followed their companions i
the library, now entered; their number, an
all being well-armed, showed their prisone
that resistance would be vain.

From their entrance having been gained b
presenting the seal-ring of Sir Maurice, the
was every reason to suppose he had falle
into their hands, or perished in resisting them
circumstances calculated so show Sir Patric
that the Government were well acquainted wit
all it was for his interest and safety to kee
from them. He could not doubt that attainde
and death awaited him, if he submitted; an

his chance of escape by open opposition was equally unlikely. His servants and retainers, dispersed, at rest, and unexpecting, could not be summoned to his aid; his opponents were too numerous to encounter with a single arm with any hope of success.

Too brave, and too much used to difficulty and danger to lose his self-possession, he heard their errand without apparent discomposure; examined the warrant with curiosity, but without any seeming apprehension; and acquiesced with indifference to the proposal of sealing up his papers; while he internally revolved the possibility of hazarding an expedient that still seemed to afford some hope.

Were it possible to join his friends in France, the hour that restored King James would bring back all that he must now cede to his enemies. He therefore expressed himself confident of being able to satisfy the Government of his integrity; offered some casket of papers for inspection; and, when near the low door of the arras-hangings, he suddenly struck down one of the officers, over whose prostrate body he leaped, and hastily ascended the little stair-

case, as one whose life depends upon his
The low and narrow door only allow
pursuers to follow singly; and, as they
not the castle, there was a fair prosp
his eluding their search.

Perhaps he would have done so; bu
of the party, who had remained at the
on receiving a hasty notice from one o
companions from the window, joined th
suit, and, having the advantage of bei
much nearer, soon overtook Sir Patrick
was proceeding to Duncaskin Bay, in t
tention of escaping by water. Finding h
detained and surrounded, there was n
left for it, but to cut his way throug
enemies, or sell his life dearly in the at
His adversaries were well armed, while h
only a *couteau de chasse*. They were for
time deterred from closing on him, fro
certainty that the first who did so must
But their friends were advancing, and a
some of Sir Patrick's servants. The f
his opponents was cut down, and met
instant death: the second succeeded in w
ing the *couteau de chasse* from his grasp

not without receiving a wound, which irritated him so much, that, in the struggle that ensued, Sir Patrick received a mortal wound in the neck. The blood flowed so rapidly, that his last sigh was breathed as soon as his enemies were conscious of their victory.

His servants were permitted to bear his body to his own chamber, and then underwent a kind of examination. Schenk and Father Moriarty were detained on suspicion, (of which the latter alone was deserving,) and Schenk was, therefore, speedily liberated. Owing to the narrow observation Sir Patrick's conduct had for a long time undergone, and to the evidence Pinelli had collected, while in his feigned character so long a resident at Kiltarle, the Government were fully aware of Sir Patrick's offences, and those of his instruments.

Oonagh had quitted her chamber while the servants were under examination, which was the reason she had penetrated to her father's apartment without meeting any one. In the utter desolation that surrounded her, the only consolation she had was to know that Maurice had not voluntarily abandoned her. But then

she could not doubt he was in th
of his enemies — that he was a prison
in danger of losing life and fortune.

The horrible catastrophe of her fath
lyzed and stupified her faculties. She
hours gazing vacantly on the familiar
that had used to surround him in his
and library. She prayed hourly for his
happiness. She gazed on the pictures
Patrick and her mother—his strong an
ful figure — the steel breastplate wh
was represented as wearing—the strong
he appeared to grasp — the view of
in the background, and a scroll in t
bearing his device, a star — the motto
gente spero,"—his proud and animated
tenance! His armour had proved vain
was now no hand to grasp the strong
There was no heir to bear that crest
motto would no longer apply to earthly
and Sir Patrick had thought but little
hopes which were spiritual!

Hardly was her father consigned to th
when it was necessary to announce to
that the castle and lands of Kiltarle wer

to the crown, and she must prepare to quit the inheritance which was once to have belonged to her and to Maurice Bellew! All the estates which were to be her's in right of her father, were now the property of the Crown.

This was not, however, a denunciation of poverty; for the ample property of the Plunkets devolved to her in right of her maternal ancestors, and was so settled as not to be affected by her father's political errors.

Little as we are influenced by consideration for affluence in early youth, there was much to affect Oonagh in parting with her place and people. It was distressing to hear the lamentations of the poor old tenants at losing "the family." She was told innumerable tales of the peculiar reasons each had to feel more attachment and regret than the rest. With the mixture of simplicity and art inherent in humanity, they enumerated the little favours they had hoped to receive from her hand, and besought her to obtain the promise of their absence from their future masters; and they remembered a thousand anecdotes of her parents and family since Miss Lynch would have gladly been forgotten.

She endeavoured to dwell on the consolati
afforded by the knowledge of the wealth d
rived from her mother, which would still e
able her to serve her old dependents; perha
to buy back a part of the land that had be
Sir Patrick's. These were the meditations su
gested by the grief of her father's retainer
for the distracting anxiety she endured on S
Maurice's situation, and the horrible end of h
father, had dulled her feelings on every oth
subject.

As Moriarty and Schenk were detained f
some time on suspicion, Oonagh for the fir
time in her life found herself compelled
decide for herself without seeking advice
encouragement from others. It added to h
sadness; for women, ordained and accustom
to depend on others, have little satisfaction
the loneliness of independence, and there a
few considerations more melancholy than t
certainty that none are interested in your d
cision.

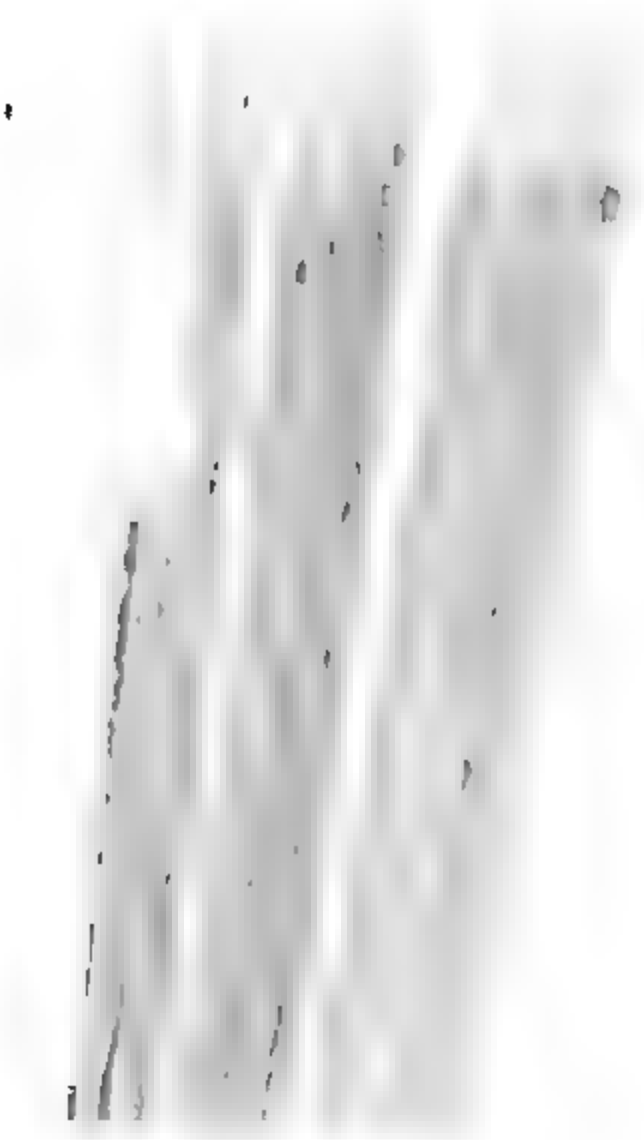
Sir Patrick's forfeiture was now pronounce
Kiltarle she was obliged to quit, yet to rema
in Ireland till the affairs relative to her remo

ing property were arranged; and at all events she could not return to France ere she ascertained the fate of Bellew.

Oonagh resolved to remove to a convent at Tralee for this period of suspense. She departed with Joyce Malone. Blinded with tears, she endeavoured to catch a last view of the ancient house she was quitting for ever: she turned towards it, but her tears concealed its gray old walls from her view, and the loud lamentations and passionate ejaculations of her attendant, alone told her when that last glance was impossible.

The convent was poorly endowed, and consisted of twelve nuns and their prioress; persons of less consideration than Miss Lynch, and who were greatly flattered by her seeking even a temporary retreat among them. Every thing consistent with their rule was done to make her residence agreeable to her; and she retained a degree of liberty she would hardly have enjoyed in a French convent.

It was one day announced to her that one of the tenant's daughters had walked to Tralee for the sole purpose of seeing her. Oonagh



mo
agr
E
wan
Oon
to y
receiv
she p
desired
hand o
Oona
Maurice
"By
past sinc
Oonagh,
you;—but
added to

sorrow, like every other, is common to us both; but vengeance is my privilege.

"A few moments, a few words only, I dare venture at this moment. I cannot leave this kingdom without seeing you; obtain the Abbess's leave to visit St. Agnes' Well on Friday next. Leave your attendants at Cormick's cottage; and we shall meet again."

Then Maurice was not changed!—he lived!—they would meet again! And Oonagh, who had so often sworn to detach her heart from every earthly feeling, felt it suddenly and forcibly recalled to all the delusion, struggle, and anxiety she had so often and earnestly abjured. She had not lost his heart, though it had been won by a crime: like the rebellious Israelites, self-reproach and fear departed together.

St. Agnes' Well was a chalybeate spring, to which the vulgar in that part of the country attached a superstitious virtue, and the better informed ascribed some medicinal value. Some persons who had, or imagined they had, profited by one of these qualities, had enclosed it beneath an arched stone cell; and in a small house adjoining lived an old woman, who ob-

wither
from t
ther.
the wat
a great
usually
ing dwelt
The wa
but a sho
ground su
from the
duced to ch
not only fro
being of all
should he be
to excite suspi
place.

she ordered to await her return at the cottage of the old woman, and proceeded alone to the well.

It was one of those dark, calm, autumn mornings, that shows like the displeasure of a friend: the unshaken gossamer, studded with the night-drops, spread over the furze-bushes; a slight fog hid distant objects, but the air was warm and genial: Oonagh felt as if she stood on the threshold of a great sorrow, in spite of the expectation of seeing Maurice. A moment more, he stood by her side, and received a tearful and speechless welcome. The circumstances of his absence and silence were thus explained:—

On the morning he left Kenmare, he had no sooner passed that part of the road which led through the more populous district, than he met a small party of armed men, who first passed them, after asking some trivial questions, but speedily turned, and surrounded Sir Maurice and his servants, whom they arrested in the King's name. The attack was so sudden, the odds so unequal, that resistance would have been vain, if intended; but Sir Maurice had

at Kilta
perfectly
connexio
His of
some of
schemes f
meeting i
partisans
Friend, M
wards forf
service.
Sir Patri
ditable pla
once been c
tion.
Nothing
ing than som

Patrick
to be in
in its re
evasion,
To this
anxiety,
her father
Long di
with Maur
share her
herself if h
Schenk's en
At last, t
selves came t
immediately
the attainder
the memory o

feit; so that I may be at ease about your actual situation when you are in France. A few months, nay, a shorter period, may place our rightful King on his throne: he will reverse the iniquitous sentence of the Prince of Orange, restore your fortune and mine. In France, beloved Oonagh, we shall meet again; and, I trust, the only separation we shall then ever know, is that time in which we shall crush the usurper. Delay not to leave this unhappy country—forget the sorrows you have known in it—forget every thing but me, and that we shall soon meet again!"

"We may meet, Maurice," she replied; "we *may*—but we may not! Too certainly, a great struggle will soon take place: in the bloody days that may be appointed, even in victory, I may lose you—and what then will this dark world and King James's success be to me? I feel an internal conviction, that for us all will end ill:—my father fell—and you!—oh, Maurice!"

"If I should," replied Bellew, "you will remember that I did my duty; you will often

how inf
dulge y
shall not
our misfc
there alw
same distr
the happy
and impel
unstable.
tiny."

A short a
had departe
his horse, ar
Oonagh. She
expression of
nance, as it c
mind, long ser

and grace? It seemed as if he would ever be what he then was—

He, whose young and polished brow,
The wrinkling hand of sorrow spares;
Whose cheeks bestrewed with roses know
No channel for the tide of tears.

CHAPTER IX.

OONAGH returned to the convent to w
to pray, and to hope for better times. She g
every hour more anxious to return to Fra
and awaited with much impatience the arra
ment of her affairs in Ireland.

The sisters of the convent, her present ab
were Irish gentlewomen. Most of them
entered it in early life, and known but l
previously of society; had received few ad
tages of education, and possessed no attrac
as companions for one who, in her short
quaintance with the world, had seen only
graceful and superior class belonging to
court of Louis the Fourteenth. The lonel
of Kiltarle was equalled, and had only chan
ts nature, and for the worse, as those k

who in deep anxiety, or heavy affliction, are not allowed to dwell on those painful interests without interruption—not from kind and anxious friends, but from the indifferent, who force their attention to trifles, and disturb, without diverting, the heart "from its own bitterness."

The petty jealousies, childish vexations, and trifling cares which consumed the time and filled the minds of these poor ladies, struck Miss Lynch with surprise; and rather desecrated her ideas of cloistral solitude, which had been derived from the convent where she had witnessed the ardent piety, and sincere abstraction from worldly feelings, that distinguished her aunt Theresa.

The first circumstance that broke the uniformity of her anxieties was a letter announcing the safe arrival of Maurice at Paris. It expressed the warmest affection, but the general tone was more sad, and less sanguine, than it had ever been before. He was now upon the spot, and saw all the exaggerated confidence with which the court of St. Germain's had misrepresented their expectations of support and success. He saw the innumerable claim-

ants depending on King James's bounty, and his struggle to help them all, which, in spite of the truly royal magnificence of Louis, was almost impossible. Every hour increased his difficulties, and the number of petitioners. At once a beggar and a king, perhaps no man had ever been placed in a position more fertile in embarrassment and mortification.

It is strange that James, whose errors, though great, were only those of opinion, (for none can question the sincerity of one who proved it by such signal sacrifices,) of all monarchs, seems to obtain the least sympathy from those who read the details of his history; while many more faulty characters are eulogized and bewailed. Yet he possessed many good qualities. Turenne rated his valour so high, as to observe, "If ever man was born without fear, it is the Duke of York;" and the most remarkable proof of the constant and effectual operation of his religious belief was, that his naturally harsh and severe disposition became entirely changed, in the latter years of his life, to a mildness wholly unusual at an age, and in a situation, so much more likely to irritate and

embitter it. He sacrificed his all, (and the stake was not mean,) to bring his people to the faith he considered necessary to salvation: if he failed, we may blame his judgment, but we must respect his intention,—a homage due to all, whatever their conduct may be, who are not guided in it by any selfish consideration, or hope of personal advantage.

While the lute, the poetry, the grace and loveliness of the beauteous Mary of Scotland, are accepted as claims for forgiveness for her violent and changeful passions, thirst of vengeance, and entire absence of principle, even by those generations who never could hear her gracious greeting, and on whom her matchless face has only faintly smiled in fading canvass; the harsh reserve, unbending determination, and ungraceful coldness of James the Second, has failed to obtain a pardon for his licentious youth, his bigoted maturity, and even for his devoted and truly religious age. Perhaps there never were produced two more striking examples of the impression derived from personal qualities, having so long survived their possessors!

Maurice had hitherto lived among
whose zeal was prompted by abstract beli
indefeasible right, or those whose interes
them fiercely to profess and defend it.
youthful and romantic heart confounded
cause and the leader: he gloried in his d
terested devotion to each. For the first
he heard in France that species of ridicule
contempt, both which led, a century later,
more bloody catastrophe in that country.
the first time he had an opportunity of obse
how blind King James and his partisans we
the realities of their situation, and what wer
sufferings of penury in those whose early h
of careless luxury had unfitted them to
it, or to occupy themselves in the vulgar
humble cares for the morrow, which m
heavy a tax on to-day. While the pri
some revolted at living on Louis's cl
dealt by James's hand, the avidity of o
murmured at the narrow portion allotted th
and the affectionate hearts of his true ser
were wrung by finding themselves a w
burthen, adding to the embarrassments of
they would have died to serve!

Various as these feelings were, they produced gloom, sadness, and discontent in all. That rapid, unconscious calculation of the chances of human destiny, so common to those who reflect much and hope little, which men have agreed to call "presentiment," foretold a disastrous close to their present efforts and future hopes. The free wild breeze which swept the noble terrace of St. Germain's, and the far-stretching forest of Laye, seemed the "Protestant wind" forbidding them again to breathe English air.

From these contemplations Bellew anxiously turned to the hopes he founded on the valour of his master's adherents, and the generous assistance of Louis, in whose hands he could not then guess James was a tool: an *expensive* tool it is true, but no more, to the royal *friend*, who excited him to the most violent and self-prejudicial measures, at the same moment that he pensioned his minister, (Lord Sunderland,) and employed Barillon, his own ambassador, to distribute money among the English mal-contents, while claiming from the world the character of a benefactor, and from the victim of this signal

treachery the confidence of a friend and the submission of a dependent. But the baser dregs of human motives are longest in developing themselves; and distrust of Louis's sincerity did not then occur to any of James's adherents.

Maurice, however, throughout his letter, in spite of his wish to write encouragingly, created a contrary impression. He urged Oonagh to sell her mother's property and hasten to France; he loved too sincerely, and was too confident of her entire affection, to feel a cold scruple at availing himself of the fortune being now entirely on her side; it was ample, though now only consisting of what her father's attainder could not deprive her, by the estate possessed in right of her mother.

Oonagh was cheered and enchanted at his letter; in spite of the jealous vigilance with which she examined every sentence, she could not find one word that could inflict distrust and depression by its coldness or ambiguity. He had written to her as she would have written in his situation, which rarely occurs in correspondence between a man and woman who love

each other; they are apt not to make allowance for the different modes of feeling, and still more for the difference in its expression, that education, habit, and sex, have caused.

"Yes," said Miss Lynch, as she laid down the letter, "whatever my fault has been in obtaining the spell, it has proved effectual; and what would I not give, that I had fairly and really won the noble heart I hold by a base stratagem!"

According to the advice given by her lover, she applied to her agent to forward the sale of her lands, and tranquilly awaited the completion of this arrangement.

At this period she received notice that one of her father's retainers had applied to the Abbess for permission to wait upon her; and being asked whether she wished to admit him, she enquired his name, and learned it was Herman Schenk. Though that name recalled some melancholy as well as some embarrassing remembrances, she did not wish to decline his visit, and signified to the superior that she desired his admittance.

Schenk appeared to value the permission

"Even if circumstances had not compelled
to ask the honour of an interview," he
"I could not have quitted this country wi
out requesting leave to offer a respectful fa
well to the daughter of my revered patron,
wish her all the happiness she deserves a
bids fair to attain; and above all, it is my du
as an honest man, to learn from her own li
whether I have justly and fairly fulfilled t
part of a compact which she has so liberal
rewarded. I could not enjoy the recompens
science in this instance without being satisfied
most fully satisfied, that it is not the zeal of
labour, but the triumph of its success, that y
rewarded. I shall then freely and gratefu
apply to my own benefit the earnings of
service, and forget the vigils and hazards
performance demanded. Forgive me th
madam, for an enquiry, that in other circu
stances would justly be deemed a most
warrantable impertinence; suffer me to
whether you are satisfied of Sir Maur
Bellew's devoted attachment, and whether yo
union continues to be an event resolved on
both?"

Oonagh signified that it was.

"It is well, madam," replied Schenk; "I can then have no hesitation in availing myself of the instrument by which you assigned me the estate of Ardcarrick, however I must regret that circumstances have made your bounty bear a more considerable proportion to your means than when it was bestowed on me."

After a few more expressions of good-will and interest, Schenk departed, and Miss Lynch reflected, not without uneasiness, on the hasty gratitude with which she had originally alienated so large a share of her property. At the time she gave it, the ample estates of Sir Patrick had made it seem but a moderate remuneration for all she desired on earth. Little as she knew of her affairs, she was aware that Ardcarrick included the greater proportion of her mother's portion, which was now to be her sole dependence. How was she to account to Maurice and the world for this singular liberality towards the German? and what would remain to them?

While still perplexed with conjectures, a few days after Schenk's visit, she received two let-

ters; one from her agent, containing a detail account of her pecuniary affairs, and stating that Mr. Herman Schenk, late agent in Sir Patrick's mining speculation, had put in a claim to the estate of Ardcarrick, and produced an instrument, apparently signed and executed by herself, entitling him to the whole of that property.

The agent continued, that some doubts had been excited as to this paper being genuine as Mr. Schenk had received a considerable stipend for his direction of the mines, from Sir Patrick; and the magnitude of the gift in question had rendered it suspicious. Miss Lynch would probably remember, that a few years back a *part* only of the tract called Ardcarrick had belonged to the Lynch family in right of Miss Plunket; that her other estate, named Inchcalliach, had been exchanged for the remainder of it, with the approbation of all concerned, as it was considered most advantageous for her daughter so to do. In fact, therefore, Ardcarrick now comprehended the whole nearly of what remained to Miss Lynch. The agent added, that the importance of the

transaction made him feel it a duty to ask her final orders, and to recommend mature consideration ere she ceded rights so valuable.

In spite of the respectful and cautious manner in which this address was expressed, it was easy for Oonagh to perceive, that the agent considered her conduct actuated by a folly almost amounting to madness.

She dreaded to open the other letter, which was from Lord Rostellan, as she had feared, and began with apologies for unsought interference, but expressed his hope that the friendship and connexion so long subsisting between her father and himself, the relation in which he stood to Sir Maurice Bellew, and the engagement between her and the latter, might all be urged as circumstances whereon he might found a claim to take the liberty of offering his advice; particularly as persons of her age—above all, females—stood greatly in need of the assistance of older friends of the other sex, on occasions involving pecuniary transactions.

He proceeded to say, her agent had informed him of Schenk's claim, and the deed said to be her's, which assigned to him almost the

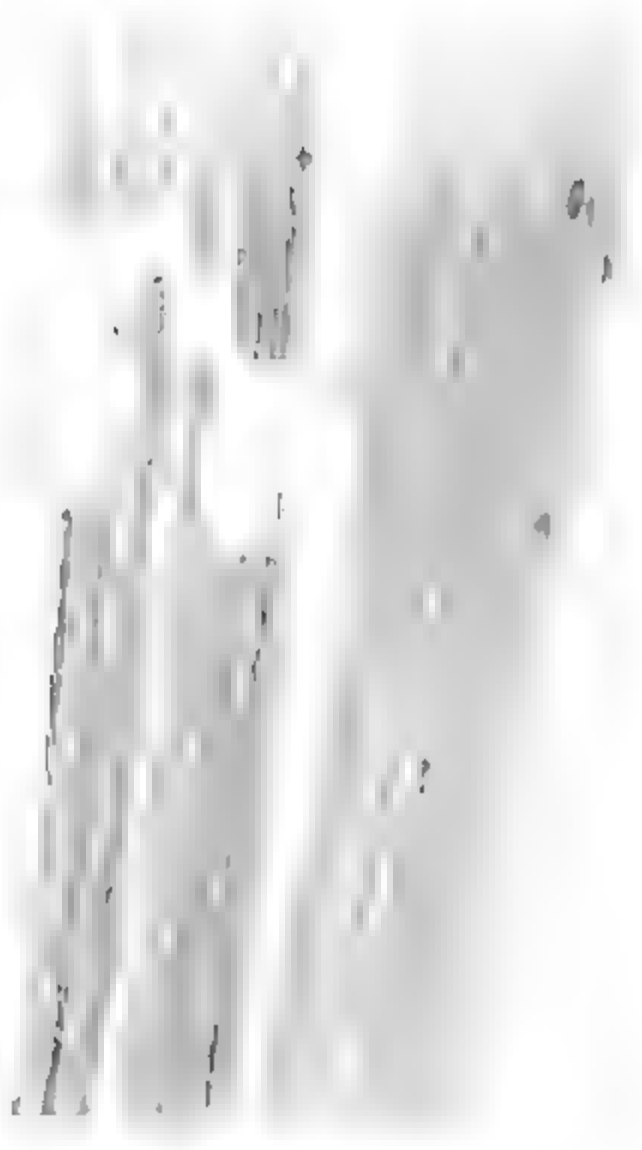
whole of her remaining fortune. He could not help suspecting that Schenk, of whose integrity he had ever entertained a mean opinion, had either forged the paper, or in some way most foully imposed upon her. "In any case," continued Lord Rostellan, "of what nature are the services which demand such a princely recompense? It were too much, if you were still the heiress of Kiltarle; but, in your present situation, madness could hardly account for your sacrifice, almost of the means of living, to the avarice of a man to whom you can owe any considerable obligation. He had, therefore, counselled her man of business to take no step till he again heard from Miss Lynch."

Oonagh was overwhelmed with consternation. She had voluntarily given the promise to Schenk, and, at the time, thought the recompense hardly adequate to the blessing purchased. He had fulfilled his part of the engagement; and the apparent fairness displayed in his endeavour to ascertain whether such was the case before he advanced his claim to-

reward, made her blush to entertain even a wish to revoke it. Yet how was she to plead his service, when she had promised never to divulge its nature? And if she did not, what opinion would Lord Rostellan, or even Maurice Bellew, form of her conduct?

A little reflection convinced her, that, whatever her suffering might be in consequence, it was her duty to keep the promise she had made. She therefore informed the agent, that it was true, she had, in consideration of Mr. Herman Schenk's great services, surrendered to him her right in the lands of Ardcarrick; that the change in her situation could not release her from the promise made ere it took place, however unfavourable to her interests the fulfilment might be. She concluded by requesting he would turn all that remained of her property into money, and remit it to a banker in Paris.

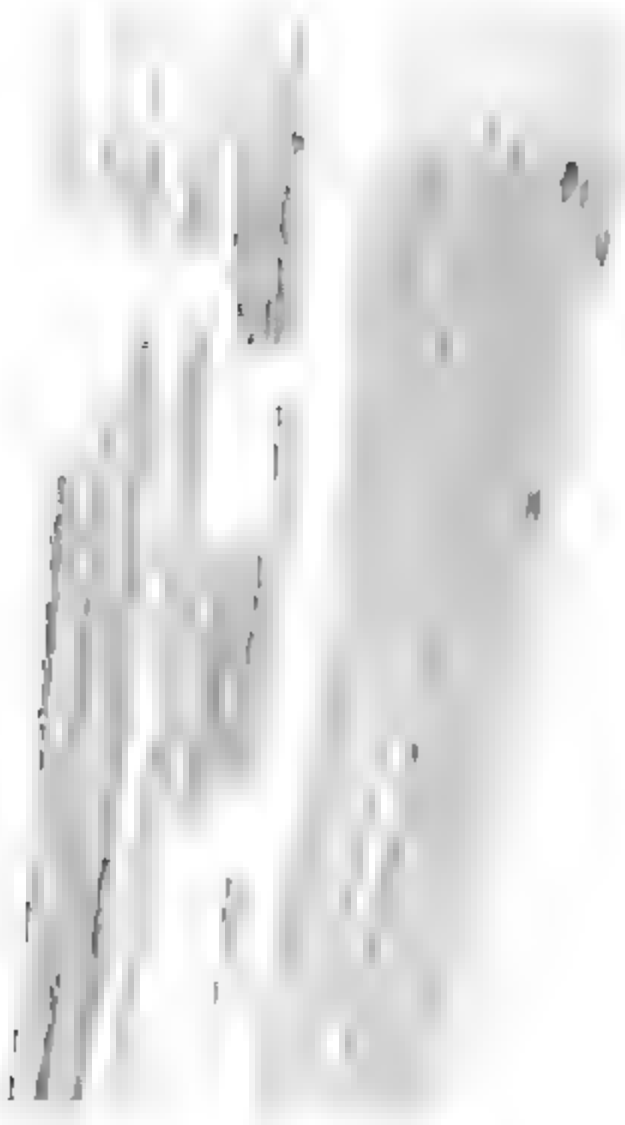
To Lord Rostellan she dwelt on the services of Schenk generally, and the sacredness of her promise; and, to diminish his surprise at her munificence, truly added, that when the do-



a
on
wi
was
of t
man
pafec
all pe
in it.
ought
Oona
to do
showed
gift so co
disfavour
garded he
her namin

more settled times. Maurice was now utterly pennyless, and dependent on the bounty of a master himself a dependent. The only hope the future held out was the chances of King William's overthrow; till that event, (if ever it did take place,) Maurice would of course attend King James on every expedition; his continual absence, and their mutual poverty, would make their married life one of the greatest privation and difficulty, and leave her exposed to a thousand mortifications. The course he hoped Miss Lynch would pursue was to return to the protection of her respectable aunt, and the safety of her convent, till their marriage could be arranged with better prospects. He was sure she would see this circumstance as he did; and he would aid the representations she would doubtless make to Bellew, with all the earnestness and zeal of which he was capable.

He then took leave of her with an air of coldness and suspicion that pierced her heart, when she reflected that it was Maurice's nearest friend and relation from whom she thus parted: the same man who would have stood by at their



te
ad
gri
in
who
O
She
she
strang
attachi
peasant
she had
the lordl
family, a
him—the
seemed to
quitted she

as it was blown towards her from the cottages, received a sigh of adieu—though she went to Maurice Bellew.

Her earliest object at Paris was to join Madame de Montchanais, where she found Sir Maurice waiting her arrival. The great joy of meeting after so many dangers and so much sorrow, banished for some hours every other consideration; they forgot the past, and thought not of the future. Oonagh was satisfied that Maurice loved her.

The next day Madame de Montchanais carried her to pay her respects at the Court of St. Germain's. Its aspect was not yet that of an exile's retreat: there was still the reflected splendour of Versailles; the hopes, the intrigues of former rivalries, to animate and distract the inhabitants; the grace and dignity of Mary of Modena, and the prejudice which hallowed the cause and person of its melancholy master.

Oonagh was received with kindness and distinction, as the daughter of an efficient and distinguished partisan. The Queen begged her to remember that though she had lost a father, she

had found a mother, who wished to retain
title till she was consigned to the protec
of a husband. An apartment in the palace
alotted to her use, and it was understood
was to reside there till her marriage took p

Two circumstances reconciled and even
dered this plan more agreeable to Oonagh
a return to her convent. As Maurice
necessarily remain with the King, she w
more frequently have him with her; and
convent would have recalled the remembr
of the resolutions now given up, and per
a feeling of shame at having originally m
tained with such pertinacity a purpose
quished so eagerly.

Soon after her establishment at St. Germa
the money her agent had promised to
reached Paris; and her having ceded
carrick to the German became known to M
rice Bellew.

He did not view it with the suspicio
Lord Rostellan; but he asked her if she
not think she had been too liberal? "My
Oonagh, surely your generosity has led you
far. The services of Schenk in the capa

for which he was employed were amply remunerated ; and in other points of view I have a slight opinion of his merit and character. He was an empiric. You remember the astrological nonsense he used to talk; I am convinced if we had been simple enough to give him a hope of being believed, he would have pretended to possess the elixir vitæ, or philosopher's stone. Men who pretend to superhuman powers, must necessarily be impostors. Tell me why you gave a reward, so much too large for any service, to a man apparently undeserving of any? Perhaps he has made you believe he was useful in concealing or in assisting our political negotiations? believe me, he was not trusted in the *least* degree."

"Maurice," said Miss Lynch, "he did deserve reward—a high one! I have solemnly promised never to divulge why it was given—do not, therefore, ask me: I cannot tell you; and it is a deep sorrow to me to be compelled to keep one thought a mystery from you. It is what I hoped to have been impossible; it will surely never again occur; but I cannot help it. Have you sufficient confidence in me

Bellew replied, "Na
with unwillingness you
dence. But you have s
press to know what y
conceal; though perhap
he, smiling, "doubt th
priety of making the dou
ed to Schenk. And I fe
by some strange imposition
should concealment have
cessary towards those mo
and consequently most h
served you faithfully re
my dear Oonagh, whether
case: judge for yourself
confide in me. Such cons
important, since by resi
fortune, however well the

Oonagh wept bitterly: she was heart-struck by the generosity of Maurice in trusting to her, and by his ready submission to the necessity of her fulfilling an engagement so adverse to their mutual interests. She felt how few men would in such a case have refrained from insisting on an explanation. She longed to tell him all, but remembered her own solemn promise, and the fate her mother incurred by breaking her's. Nor was she without apprehension as to what Maurice's opinion might be of one who had won by an unlawful stratagem, the heart which no sympathy of natural and youthful affection had prompted to seek her's. Such knowledge might disgust the least fastidious, without any other cause; but in her case, the spell which had proved so efficacious might be dissolved by the fact being promulgated. Such she had often heard cited as the mysterious law of the art whose power she had so rashly sought. She forbore then to speak, and Maurice kindly endeavoured to soothe and console her; but both were influenced and restrained by her reserve: he saw that some of the representa-

it is better to be w
in that case the
refuses himself the
partial communica
who feels he is onl
half trusted.

CHAPTER X.

In spite of the unfavourable aspect of their fortune, Maurice urged Oonagh to marry immediately. The privations of poverty, he pleaded, were lighter, if endured together; and the protection of a husband would secure her from a thousand mortifications to which, in her unconnected situation, she would be exposed. Oonagh as anxiously looked to the time she should become his wife, as if no evil could occur after that event took place.

They discussed various schemes for their after-life, in conformity with their narrow resources, and there was this difference in their mode of viewing their situation; Oonagh talked as if there never could, or need be, a change in their now scanty fortune, and as if France

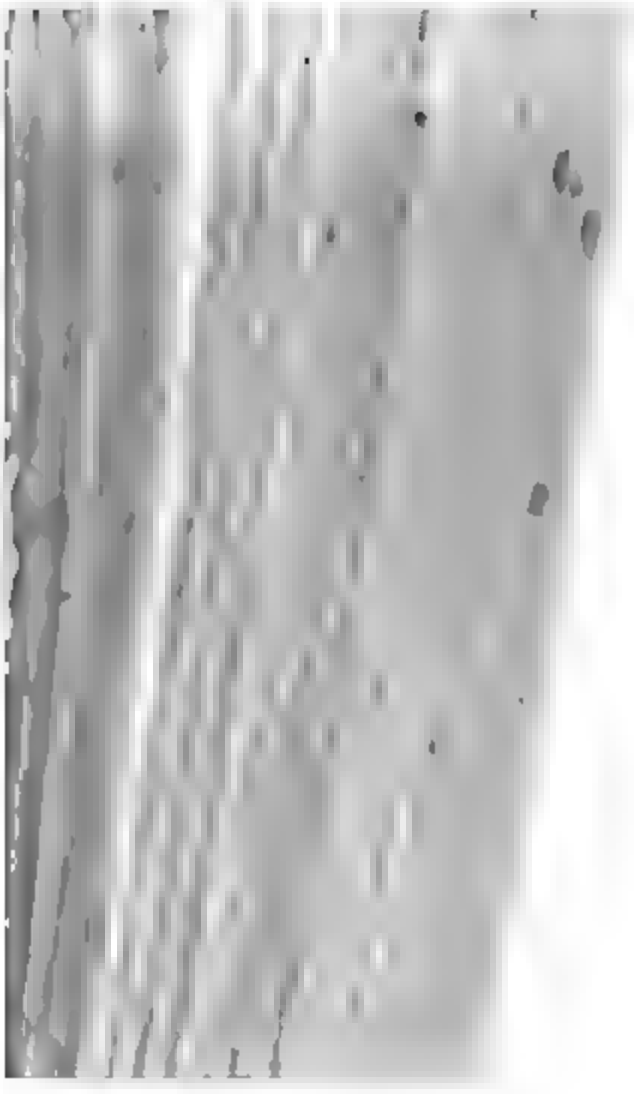
tion of his wea
the law whic
few objects a
of man stretch
offers to tempt

It was agree
inform the Kin
perhaps, choos
his presence, as
had died in his
Oonagh rather
mony of favour-
had not yet exp
respectful to
strictest privacy.

Again the ob
near attainment;
band!—not now,
given by her fath

ful assistance she had accepted from Schenk? Might she rely on the chequered happiness that still offered itself? Surely she had paid a heavy tribute in the loss of her kind father, — still, to have won Maurice, was too much for one who had sinned so deeply. Of exile and poverty she endeavoured to swell the evils far beyond their real intensity in her estimate, that she might diminish the incredible degree of her good fortune. She was not sufficiently worldly to have lost sight of the fact, that poverty is not an evil, unless aggravated to *want;* and those who possess the necessaries of a life to be spent with those they love, are not entitled to make a very high demand on the compassion of their fellow-creatures because they have not the means of procuring luxuries; and banishment loses its meaning, when the exile is accompanied by those whose presence would make any land a home.

She tried to think she had done nothing to forfeit her right to enjoy her destiny without the pangs of self-reproach diminishing the value of its blessings. She recalled all the arguments advanced by the German to induce



the
grie
sway
inter
he sh
to ha
jects i
The
terior v
it, and
round t
spent hi
venly kin
on attem
had lost,-
diminishin
mal recepti

and gracious demeanour of Mary of Modena, the childish elegance of his son James Francis, and the long prejudice of the English people.

The orderly sadness of such a court contributed to cherish Oonagh's depression; for all who have lived much in what is called the world, must have felt that sorrow has need of repose and privacy,—and few efforts cost it more, and cheer it less, than that of mingling with indifferent acquaintance in formal society.

"Oonagh!" said Maurice, "you would hardly suppose that my ride from Paris to-day was the longest I ever took on that road."

"Indeed! and why?"

"Because there was an execution. A wretched woman was the victim; and the people were collected in such numbers to witness her passage to the scaffold, that all the streets through which my way led were completely blocked up by the pressure of the crowd."

"Poor creature! Was there anything unusual in the case?" said Oonagh.

"It was an odd circumstance. She had, it seems, loved one who did not requite her at-

" What happen

" He was poison
life was saved by p
doubting the inter
or disgusted by th
heart, he accused
tempt to murder."

As he spoke the
heart: the terms
themselves to her
might have been
rendered her speec

He paused, and
wish to confess al
utter, and gradu
Maurice raised h
having shocked h

cusation, gradually sank into the fear of losing what she had forfeited her own self-esteem to gain.—Maurice informed her that the King was to grant him a private audience on the following morning, just before mass; and on his return, he hoped Oonagh would fix the day of their marriage.

When he quitted her, Oonagh again told Joyce Malone that her marriage was in question, and timidly selected the ornaments in which she had once already decked herself in vain.

In the morning she repaired to the door of the Queen's dressing-room, to attend during mass with the other ladies in waiting. Oonagh placed herself with them a little behind her Majesty. A gallery on the right side admitted the King, who entered soon after, attended by several gentlemen,— among the rest by Bellew. Oonagh fancied that there was an air of preoccupation in the King, and that Maurice looked less cheerful than when they parted; and the next minute accused her fancy of being too ready "to cast the fashion of uncertain vils;" and was the more ready to do so, as she

fancied at other moments that all the ge
were occupied and anxious on something
interested all alike. As this could not
affairs, she smiled at her own presumptio

When mass was over, they quitted th
pel, and attended the Queen to her dr
room, who then retired into her ch
leaving her attendants. Euphemia D
the other maid of honour, immediately a
Oonagh. "I am sure, my dear, there is
thing going forward which we are not
told,—some great affair. What can it be
battle somewhere—a ball somewhere—
new conspiracy—a pilgrimage to Rome?
do you think? I hope the Prince of
is dead, and we are going back to En
Heavens! how glad I shall be to lea
Germain's."

Miss Douglas would perhaps have ha
farther conjecture, being a most voluble
person, but at this moment Sir Maurice en
and Oonagh, when he was present, has
lost the faculty of seeing any other obje
hearing any other voice distinctly. He
leave to go to her apartment to tell the

of his morning's audience; she instantly complied. His manner alarmed her; if the King had approved, why was he so serious? and why did he not at once tell her what had passed? Could any circumstance on earth have again obliged them to postpone the marriage? It was impossible; both were free to act as they pleased. In consulting, or rather in apprising the King, they merely complied with a complimental form —offered but a mark of deference and acknowledgment — he could have no objection, were it otherwise. But Oonagh's heart beat rapidly; she feared some unknown evil.

When they reached her apartment, Maurice said, with a grave smile and some effort, "Oonagh, you are so apt to foresee mischance, that you already anticipate my information perhaps. The King this afternoon proceeds to Ireland, and has commanded my attendance; in an hour I must leave you. If anything could console me for the hope deferred, it is that my speedy return is certain, and that there seems no doubt whatever of the instant submission of Ireland. I feel that I owe this sacrifice to my anointed master— may

ne asked
—require
and must
I must lea
my return
ness, and w
Oonagh a
must have p
she did not
painful by e
availing, and
they could not
tion, she told
must be fulfilled
set her the exan
crity, if not with
hurried farewell.
It was not

meet no more; you have postponed your marriage now, and destiny will drive it off for ever!" The menace seemed repeated as she ascended the stairs to her chamber, where Joyce Malone had displayed all the garments and jewels likely to be worn at the marriage, and was then waiting to learn which would be selected. Oonagh sickened at objects that forced on her recollection all she had suffered the last day she had worn them. She almost resolved not to wear them, if she was happy enough again to see a day on which she should expect to become the wife of Bellew.

For some weeks all was deep and painful anxiety at St. Germain's,—anxiety augmented by the mystery in which the expedition was involved, and the endeavour to appear cheerful and disengaged when fate weighed the chance of life and fortune. The news from Ireland was encouraging: the King's reception had been as favourable as he could have anticipated; the clergy and people of Dublin showed a zeal and affection which it was natural to mistake for the manifestation of the general feeling. Soon after, it was known

Maurice
confidenc
lating alr
heart exp
around h
fidence.

Among
paid their
was M. de
person, rem
in manner, a
had been acq
first visit to
larly intimate
the same socie
that Sir Patric
to his kinsman,
belonging

engagement precluded the manifestation of such a sentiment, or no person belonging to the family was interested in its detection. Oonagh's whole attention was turned on Maurice, while he, as yet indifferent, did not observe whose was turned on her.

Since their return to France, with the intuitive perception which enables man to penetrate the heart of his rival, Bellew had become aware that M. de Rosambeau admired Oonagh. Though no external mark of preference had escaped him, his respectful, friendly manner, and agreeable conversation, made her talk more willingly with him than any other young man in her usual society; and her engagement with Maurice being known, gave her the independent manner of a young woman already married, who knows her good-humour, while she conducts herself with discretion, cannot be misconstrued into encouragement.

M. de Rosambeau's visits to the court at St. Germain's increased in frequency. He talked *equally* to the ladies attendant on the Queen, but he talked *much* to them. To Oonagh he was merely an agreeable agent in the society;

attention
M. de R
usually d
consider w
" It is t
tinction bet
she is almo
often pre-oc
tive to what
amused. A
those who a
somest. Oo
few in this c
bloom — that
sambeau calle
sort of jet-blac
certainly gives
bright

often afforded a welcome pastime to her attendants, — "now these bright ringlets are like a golden frame to a sweet picture — like the late withering leaves of autumn, curling round the Catharine pear. Yes, *my* kind of beauty is very uncommon here, and must please foreigners more than —— Ah, M. de Rosambeau —this is very early to have the pleasure of seeing you!"

"Not too early," said he gaily, "to join you in a very agreeable contemplation;" and he glanced from her own face to its reflection in the mirror.

"That might be meant for a compliment," replied Euphemia, "were it not doubtful whether you came to contemplate yourself or me."

"You have never yet met with such an instance of bad taste in any of your beholders, I am sure," said he; "and if my visit is too early, you must accuse his Majesty of my indiscretion, whose commands I received to announce his intention of congratulating the Queen of England in person on the agreeable accounts from Ireland."

M. de Rosambeau lingered during
of that morning at St. Germain's; an
royal visiters had departed, and the
retired to her private apartment, h
leave to accompany her ladies in a
were preparing to take. As they
the long green slope, where a few sca
tages were the only buildings to be
attention was arrested by the sound o
clear voice singing. Though only s
the melody reached them as yet, Eup
claimed, "That is a Scotch air, I am

"Why do you think so?" said I
Drummond, who was the chaperon of

"I might say," said Euphemia, "
known to me by a kind of patriotic c
which brought with the first distinct
delightful perfume of peat-reek, and
and broom-flowers, commingled; but m
you jealous of my acuteness, I guess
the closing notes, of what appeared
being so high,—and that is generally t
our songs. But do let us go and lis
singer."

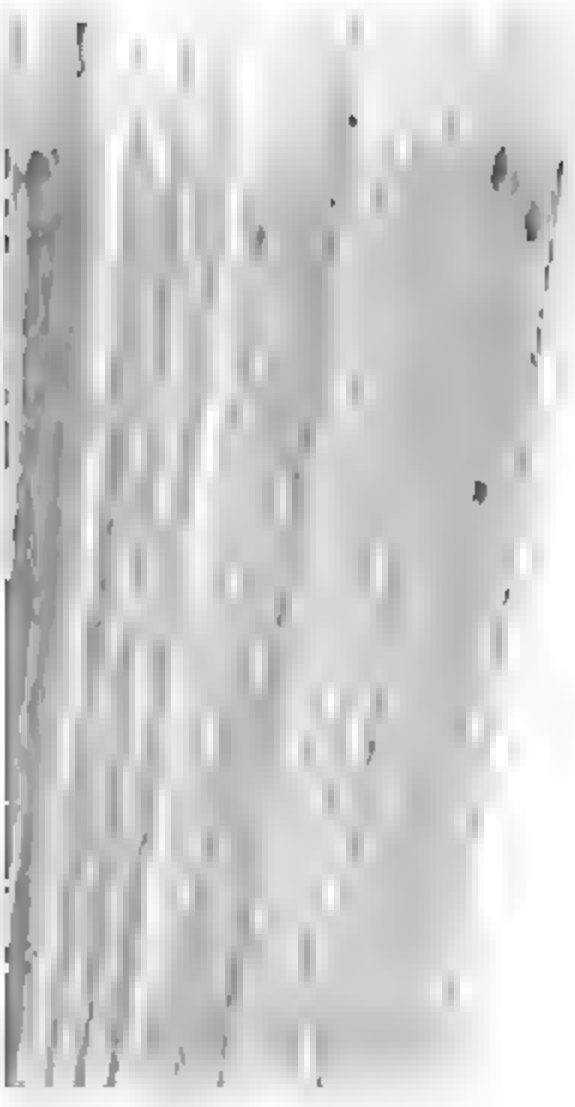
They advanced gently, and saw,

back to them, a young woman sitting on a low stool, with a baby in her arms, whom she was trying to lull asleep, while two little girls, of six and eight years old apparently, were spreading clothes to dry, under her direction, and she sang the following ballad :—

She will not drink the blood-red wine,
That sparkles bright and high ;
She sits her down to wail and pine,
The salt-tear in her eye.
Will ye not drink the wine of France,
Nor yet the wine of Spain ?
Oh, better I love the wan water
I ne'er must drink again !

The peach like fair maid's cheek is found ;
Our southern fruit is fair ;
And ye may seek all Scotland round,
Nor find such fruit grow there.
I better love the bramble grey,
The blaeberry is good—
For these are fruits of Scottish brae,
And they grow in our gay green wood.

Will ye not sleep in golden bed ;
The curtains are of silk,
Of broid'ry is the coverlet,
The sheets are white as milk ?
Oh, the heather is a better bed,
Where the north wind 's blowing free ;
And I long to lay my weary head
On the swaird of my own countrie.



" I
said B
unlook
to obje
them ;
disagree
impressi
or the p
This ob
recurred
the street
ill-looking
recollect w
recalled di
period—the
being acqua
" And w

"What!" said Oonagh; "could it be M. Schenk?"

"Exactly," replied Rosambeau; "that was his name."

Oonagh was silent for some moments; she never heard Schenk's name without some trepidation.

Euphemia had not been able to resist the curiosity she felt to learn who her compatriot was that had sung the ballad, and now returned full of sympathy towards the singer, who proved to be Mrs. Grant, the wife of an officer then serving in Ireland. His family were reduced to the last degree of poverty: besides the three children they had seen, the mother daily expected to add another member to this unfortunate family. She inhabited a mean cottage in the neighbourhood of St. Germain's, partly from the hope of having earlier intelligence of the Irish expedition, and partly to obtain an opportunity of entreating the assistance of the Queen.

The two young ladies did not choose to undertake to forward her petition, well knowing how much the Queen suffered from the num-

ber of claimants on supplies far inadequate t
satisfy them; but they promised themselv
the pleasure of offering every kindness in the
own power to Mrs. Grant, and returned to th
palace arranging many plans for that purpose.

When Oonagh was again alone, she thoug
on the circumstance of Schenk's arrival i
Paris, and could not help dwelling on th
possibility of obtaining his consent to own t
Bellew the stratagem to which she had r
course in order to gain his heart: she shou
then be satisfied. If his affection should su
vive the disclosure, she should be at ease; sh
should then think she had a right to poss
it—as given, not stolen: she should be fr
from doubt and self-reproach for ever. Sche
might, perhaps, hesitate to make the admissio
but if she convinced him that her object w
not to deprive him of the price of the servi
he had rendered, why should he refuse?

She pictured to herself the happiness of t
time when she should not have one thoug
she need conceal from Bellew—the repose
entire confidence! It would seem as if a w

of separation would be thrown down between them.

A thousand expedients for obtaining an interview with Schenk passed through her mind. She might obtain leave to accompany Lady Jane Drummond, when she occasionally went to Paris to visit her young daughter, who was a *pensionnaire* in a convent there; and to M. de Rosambeau she might have recourse to find out Schenk's present residence. The possession of Ardcarrick (which she heard he had sold immediately on obtaining it) must have rendered him affluent enough to rise from the obscurity of his previous life—to appear an individual of wealth and consequence; his abode, therefore, would not be difficult to discover. Her meditations were full of hope.

In pursuance of her plan, she entreated M. de Rosambeau to discover the dwelling of Schenk—which with great difficulty he effected; and Oonagh, having engaged Lady Jane Drummond to take her to Paris the first time the latter should visit her daughter, addressed a note to the German, requesting leave to visit

him on a certain day, if his occupations v
prevent him from coming to St. Germain's
this request she received a reply, declinir
wait on her, from the importance of en
ments that usurped his whole attention,
consenting to receive her on a certain da
she could come alone.

CHAPTER XI.

On a summer evening as gloomy as a summer evening can be in the light hilarious climate of Paris, for an impending thunder-storm had covered the sky with black clouds and filled the air with oppression, two females, plainly dressed, paused in a long walk at the door of a church. One was young and most lovely, but her features expressed doubt, fatigue, and anxiety; the other was plain, middle-aged, or rather elderly, and appeared embarrassed and discontented.

"Is this the Church of St. Etienne?" asked the younger.

"Yes indeed, madam, it's that same," replied the attendant.

"Then here, Joyce, we must part," said

Oonagh; "you must stop at your friend's, an
I shall proceed alone."

"Proceed is it alone? sure, Miss Oonagh
it is not yourself that 's going alone in th
street—in the evening—in Paris?"

"It is not what I like, Joyce, but I must d
so on this occasion."

"Blessed martyrs! I could not leave you t
do so. What would Sir Maurice say? what woul
your papa (glory to his soul!) say, if he sa
you by yourself, and in this strange and dirt
part of the town, walking this night? Why
for all you know, such a place as this may b
full of whigs, and Dutchmen, let alone pick
pockets and murderers! Faith and troth,
the fighting in Ireland was over, it's the Prin
of Orange himself you might meet in this pa
of the town! Why, my lady, your mothe
never walked ten yards in her life, unless
was in a flower-garden."

"Say nothing to discourage me, Joyce;
must go to see a friend who can only see m
alone. I have had difficulty in gaining this o
portunity—I must use it. Wait for me at you
friend's, and take no notice of my absence, how

ever long it may be; nor even mention whom you expect, or you may do more harm than you can suppose."

"Well, Miss Oonagh," said Joyce, quelled by the determined manner of her mistress, "I say no more, but I wish you were safe back—and it 's little I think of them that send young ladies spying and bothering themselves with politics about these dirty streets, instead of sending gentlemen, as they ought to do." The latter part of Joyce's observation was uttered in a low voice; she feared to offend, though she wished to prove she had guessed Oonagh's real object in undertaking this unusual expedition.

Having shown the door of her friend's house to Oonagh, Joyce Malone retired into it with many lamenting and repining exclamations; and Oonagh walked down the street, having taken the precaution of writing down her route on a card.

Before she came to the end of the street, she entered a narrow lane, where she found the house described by Rosambeau as the abode of Schenk. It was an old-fashioned building of rather dilapidated appearance, and did not at first sight

any o
percei
shut,
to ente
there, a
uncertai
The
clean, an
the nicest
had passe
this house
the surrou
frequented,
of the paven
trodden. O
oak door, un
that on the

fire were in the wide grate; a cushion for making lace was in the window, and a noisy blackbird in its cage hung above it; a cat lay in a basket near the fireplace, over which was a coarse picture of St. Francis de Sales: a table, and a few high-backed chairs, completed the furniture. On one of these sat a woman with her back to the door, her elbows resting on the table, and her head leaning on her hands: so still and silent she continued, that Oonagh could hardly suppose she was awake.

Could this chamber belong to Schenk? It was unlikely; its quiet tenant did not seem sufficiently mean in costume and appearance to be a servant: she had mistaken the house. Under this impression she twice inquired if Schenk lived there, before she obtained notice. The female, when conscious of her presence, admitted that it was his abode, but added that he was absent. Oonagh repeatedly enquired if it was certain that he was absent, and if so, at what time his return was expected: to which she received evasive and reluctant replies, accompanied by looks of suspicious scrutiny,

which inspired the idea that he was to be fou
though denied to her.

"I am here," said she, "by the appoi
ment of Mr. Schenk. I have business of gr
importance with him, and I cannot go till
have seen him. I will wait, but I cannot
till I have spoken with him. As waiting m
involve me in circumstances very embarrassin
even dangerous, I beseech you," added sh
clasping her hands, "go to him immediatel
and say that Miss Lynch, his former pupil,
waiting to see him."

"His pupil, madam! I wish——But you a
perhaps aware that Mr. Schenk is frequentl
engaged, and cannot be disturbed. His pu
suits, you know—study requires—he forbad
me to intrude on his retirement.

"But if you tell him *I* am here, whom h
promised to admit——"

Her companion seemed for a moment t
waver; made one step towards the door, bu
stopped, and said, "No, I cannot; his time i
of too much importance to him and to me;—
forgive me madam, I dare not risk such
proceeding."

Oonagh had too long and exclusively looked forward to this opportunity of obtaining the German's leave to confide in Maurice, to resign it easily. She pleaded with the urgency of those whose petitions come from the heart; and the person to whom she addressed herself confessed that Schenk was there, and consented to give her reason for resisting his being interrupted. "To do so," she added, "I must tell you what in itself must be wholly uninteresting to you, and in fact only concerns myself; but I will trust you: perhaps your motive for seeking Mr. Schenk may be something analogous to that which obliges me to deny him.

"I am the widow of a physician, who left me in very scanty circumstances, about fifteen years since. This poverty would have been of little consequence to one who no longer needed for herself more than the humblest necessaries requisite to human life; but an object of hope and anxiety remained — my child, a boy of five years old, the most lovely and promising that ever was the joy of a mother's eye. Long before he could utter a distinct word, his countenance beamed with intelligence and beauty;

passing strangers turned to remark his perfec
tion, and congratulate me on the blessedness o
being his mother. My home and my hear
were enlightened by his bright blue eyes, an
his sweet merry voice will dwell for ever in th
ears of all who have heard it.

"The poverty which made it difficult fo
me to give him the commonest advantages o
education, enhanced the pleasure and pride I
took in his improvement, which was greate
than could have been believed. His affection for
and reliance on my care, gave me some of thos
extraordinary rare and happy moments whic
enable those who feel them to endure years o
languor and privation without regretting the
have lived. When he returned from school o
an evening, his song was heard long before hi
step reached even his mother's ear. My dar
and silent room seemed to echo to the voice o
angels, and to be filled with their brightness
and I have gazed on his face till it seemed t
resemble nothing earthly: 'Such,' have I said t
myself, 'are the glorified countenances of th
just in heaven!—such were the last glances o
the martyred Stephen!'

"This house, which had belonged to my husband, being much too large, I used to let it to such occupants as this retired situation might suit. When Eugene was about seven years old, a rich engraver from Lyons became my tenant. He had come to Paris, to consult the physicians there relative to his wife's health: she was perishing from the effect of a lingering disorder, which, he supposed, was imperfectly understood by the medical men of his native place; and they brought with them their little girl, of five years old, named Natalia. The children became playmates. Eugene was solitary; Natalia was saddened by the constraint of an invalid chamber, and glad to escape to a companion of her own age. I saw her with pleasure, for Eugene only could be more lovely and engaging.

"Madame Marsan's health did not improve; but the doctors invited her to remain under their care, and amused her with hopes which even then were obviously visionary. Her husband established himself in Paris, in the hope of her recovery. She remained in my house till the close of her life, when Mr. Marsan re-

moved to the neighbourhood of his commercia engagements. He retained so kind a feeling t me, in consequence of his wife's gratitude fo my attention, and so much good-will to Eu gene for the fondness evinced towards him by Natalia, that he proposed to take him as a apprentice,—an offer joyfully accepted by me My son, in this new art, as in every thing else showed as much talent as attention: Mr. Mar san was every day more pleased with him; I looked forward with confidence to his attaining more than a competence. — These were blessed years!

"My son was nineteen before he knew sor row. Soon afterwards I began to observe tha Eugene was less gay at times: he was occasion ally silent and pre-occupied; and when he caugh my eye fixed on him, he began to sing and tal as usual. I taxed him with this change, whic he denied; but it is difficult to deceive th watcher who has but one object.

"One day Eugene, in answer to something said on this subject, taking hold of both m hands, said: 'Mother, you know I love you and have never kept anything from you; no

if I have not said what has sometimes made me thoughtful, it is that I have had unreasonable wishes. I have been always so happy—everybody has been so kind to me, that it is only lately that I have begun to see that some things will not be granted—must not be sought.'

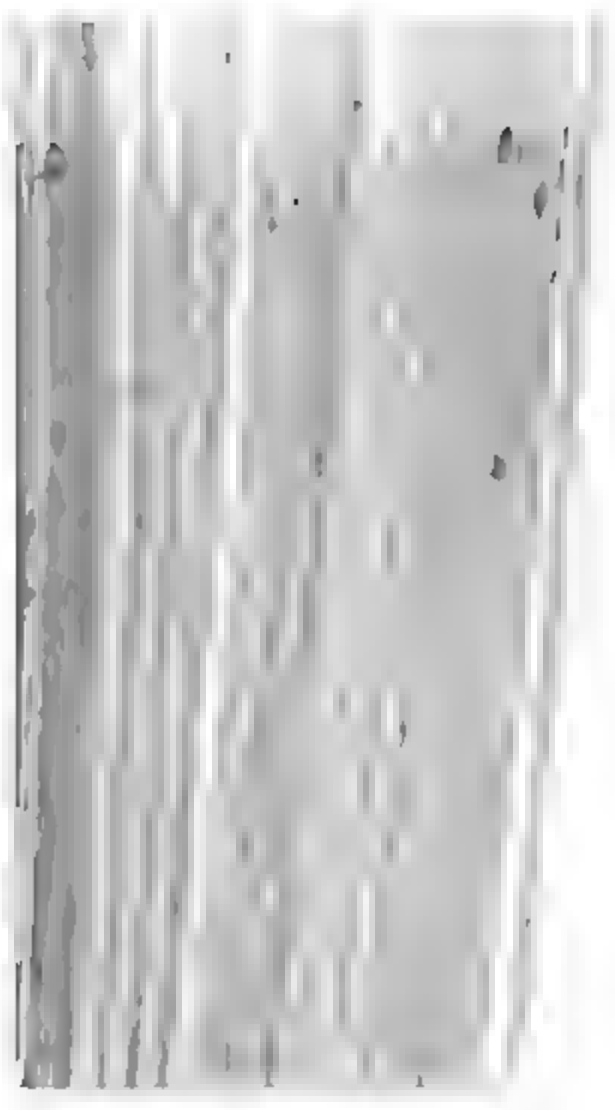
"'Oh! my son,' said I, 'is there anything I can give you that I should refuse? or any sacrifice I would not make, to obtain it for you?'

"'I know that, my dearest mother,' he replied; 'but this is not in your power.'

"'Tell me, at least, dear Eugene, what you *do* wish; for your confidence will be a comfort, even if I cannot help you.'

"'I will then, mother—I love Natalia! I know now that Mr. Marsan is rich, and we are poor; but I love her: she knows it, and she loves me.'

"Though I might have foreseen this result of two such young persons living together constantly, I was deeply grieved at a circumstance so likely to injure my son with his master, and end in his disappointment, and that of Natalia, whom I loved as my child. I begged Eugene



a visit
as if I h
sat dow
when I
daughte
opinion
he conte
the utmo
he, ' have
stances ; I
eminent, I
me in my
" Soon
marriage,
when Mr. I
new and lar
to transfe

evening at Marsan's, and a happier family surely had never met. On this evening Eugene was less gay than usual: his eye was heavy, his cheek flushed; he could not eat; and, spite of his evident efforts to seem like himself, he was silent and sad. Natalia looked anxiously in his face, and then at me. I was full of ill-boding. Often, when even a trifling ailment, or one existing in my own magination only, had seemed to threaten him, had I trembled, and my eyes were dazzled with fear as I gazed on his. Often had I felt happiness unequalled when such alarms had proved vain: now, every hour seemed to confirm them. And though he jested at my first enquiries, when Mr. Marsan and his daughter were preparing to depart, Eugene also rose, but staggered, shivered, and sank back in his chair. He soon recovered in a degree, saying he had caught cold, he thought, and would not attend his friends home, but stay and be nursed by his mother; and declined Mr. Marsan's proposal to send a doctor. Natalia, however, sent one, who no sooner saw him than he admitted the complaint was severe fever. Eugene said all

he could to reassure me; but his complaint soon brought on continual delirium — he no longer knew his mother.

"Who can describe that night of loneliness and terror? The joy of my eyes — the pride of my life, lay flushed and insensible before me. Low muttered ravings only passed his lips; and when he was still, the sound of the death-watch in the old wall only broke the silence, or the tongue of the old dust-cumbered clock struck those hours of which I might so soon see the last. How earnestly I prayed for strength and presence of mind and health of body to last out his illness! — I felt that all must cease when he was gone!—The bleak moment at break of day brought me no comfort; for the blue, cold light only showed more distinctly the ravages of the disease. The sun had not long risen when a gentle knock announced Natalia, pale and anxious as myself. She waited on me like a daughter, and like a servant; spoke the encouragement she did not feel; and shared my care and distress. When the doctor came, he pronounced that Eugene's distemper was the most inveterate kind of small-pox, and prepared us

to see my worst fears fulfilled. Natalia never quitted me, but when her father used to force her to take rest. Every word she uttered—every instance of her attention proved the depth and sincerity of her affection for Eugene, and her kindness to me for his sake.

"Imagine the day when the physician, in words I still seem to hear, announced that my son would survive! For the first time I wept bitterly. Natalia sank on her knees, and embraced me.

"He did survive—he did recover; but that overwhelming happiness was allayed by finding that his sight would be the sacrifice of the horrible disorder! Eugene was blind! his eyes, once so bright, which had always looked to me with affection and gratitude, were now mute and wandering; and though he endeavoured to seem happy and calm—resigned to his fate, it was hardly possible to hide from Natalia and from me he used every effort for the purpose.

"Natalia showed more devoted affection than she had been willing to avow in former and happier times; she perpetually alluded to their future plans, referred to him for approba-

tion of them, spoke of and to me as her mother, and in all things tried to make Eugene forget that any unusual circumstance had happened. Mr. Marsan also showed the utmost anxiety during his illness, and the deepest sorrow for our misfortune; and neither the firmness of Eugene, nor the cheerful resignation of his daughter, seemed to restore his spirits.

"One morning our children had walked out, and Mr. Marsan came in: he appeared peculiarly gloomy and distressed, and sat silent and thoughtful for a long time; at length he said, 'I flatter myself, my good friend, you have long been certain of my sincere regard for you and your son, and the grateful remembrance I must ever entertain of your attention to my poor wife. You will not, I am sure, misconstrue the feeling that compels me to communicate what I fear may grieve you. I must speak, and frankly: you are aware that I am in easy circumstances but not rich, and that my daughter must reckon my business as the most valuable part of her inheritance. Eugene's disposition, character and talents, were so promising, that I willingly preferred him as my son-in-law to all others.

could have sworn that he would have proved one of the most distinguished artists of his time, and have quickly made his fortune.

"'I do not wish to afflict you, but that hope is over. I have been talking with his physician; there is no idea of his being able to pursue his profession. I must withdraw my promise—I could give my daughter to a poor man, but not to one who unhappily is incapable of engaging in any way of obtaining his livelihood. Consider their engagement at an end. I shall this night explain to my daughter my view of her altered situation; do you the same by your son; and to prevent the pain of family contention, of discussion, and entreaty, to which I am quite determined not to yield, tell him my resolution is unalterable, and let us be silent on the subject evermore. Another man might perhaps desire all intercourse between our families might cease, for a time at least; I shall only require that it may not be so frequent as heretofore, for I can depend upon Natalia's obedience and veracity.'

"Every word uttered by Marsan was as the stab of a dagger to my heart. My Eugene, my

perfect, my lovely son, was then to be punished for having suffered one of the greatest misfortunes to which human nature is liable! Though my voice was choked with sobs, I tried to plead his cause with Marsan, who attended for some minutes patiently, but then pressed my hand, and departed, saying, 'You distress me, but you do not change my determination; nothing can do so!'

"I was then to find the gentlest mode of communicating the grievous misfortune to Eugene. I trembled, my voice failed when my lips vainly severed to speak, though I had previously struggled for hours to conceal that I laboured under painful feelings. The first moment I took his hand, and had courage to call for his attention, he changed colour, and exclaimed, with some perturbation, 'Mother, dear mother, I feel—I know already what you are going to tell me. I knew it must come—I have foreseen, I have expected it—it could not happen otherwise.' He grew pale, the hand I held was chill, and his eyes filled with tears—those beautiful blue eyes! they could no longer see, but they could weep!

"I repeated the conversation I had had with Mr. Marsan, and if any thing could have added to my misery for our disappointment, and to my adoration of my son's character, it was the depth of his affliction, and the pains he took to disguise it, and comfort me. I saw that he dreaded to hear that Natalia was forbidden to see him.

"Early the next morning she came, and it was hardly possible to recognise the bright, gay, and blooming girl who had left us the preceding day. Her eyes were swollen, and her cheeks deadly pale, but she was composed. She sat down by my son as usual, and said, 'Eugene, our mother has told you my father's determination. I must obey him; and I do so with more courage and willingness, as on that condition he has promised to allow me to come as usual. When I say I must obey, it is in giving up our marriage by his command; but though I may not be *your* wife, I never will belong to any other man. I have once been promised to you, and I will always continue your sister, your mother's daughter, your constant companion. I have my duty to you as

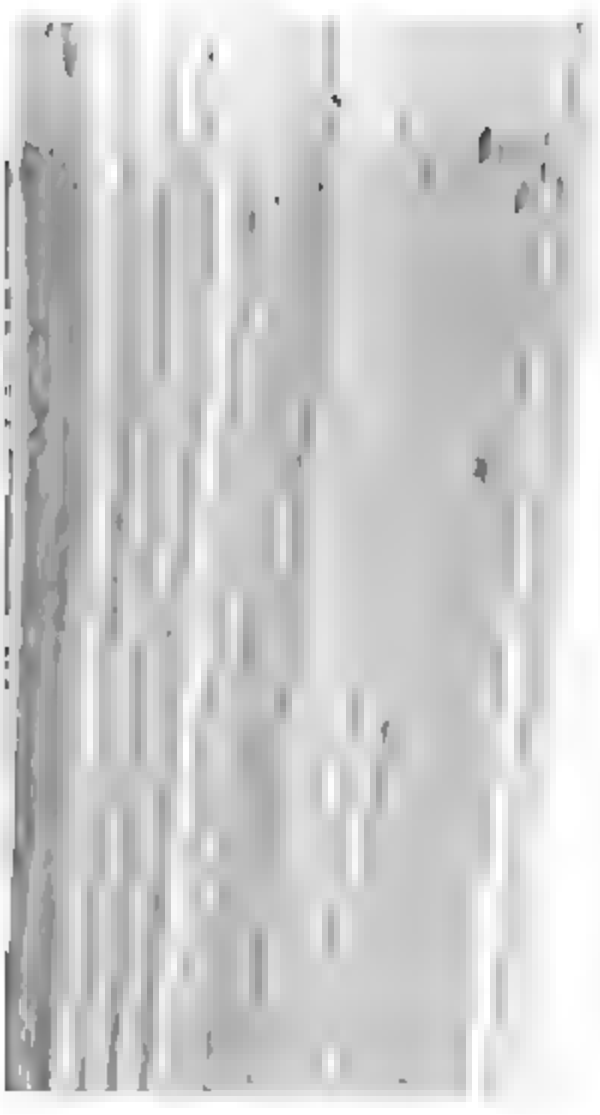
well as to my father, and I will equally f
it :—I have told him so. Perhaps some da
father may relent.'

"Several months passed, and Natalia c
ted nothing of the affectionate kindness she
always shown; her visits, however, were
frequent, for Marsan, though he ostensibly
mitted her to come, was ever contriving
small circumstances should arise to prevent
visits. He expected a friend at home, w
she also must receive; or he made an excur
and took her with him; or he was ill, an
quired her assistance. He also was perpetu
urging her to marry another, and reflectin
her obstinate attachment. She heard him
mildness, and tried by every attention, and
most humble obedience, to make him excus
fidelity to Eugene.

"Every moment she could command,
spent with us. All the money at her disp
was devoted to supply him with many c
forts, which the loss of the salary he had
merly been used to earn, had materially
minished. When I attempted to refuse
assistance, she wept, and reproached me

having ceased to consider her as my child. Her greatest pleasure was to take the work I was doing for my son, and sit on a low stool by his side, singing to him, or telling him what she thought would amuse him.

" Eugene was miserable: eager, active, and industrious, he was reduced to inaction, to depend for so much on others, to see poverty gradually approaching, and to feel that it was his duty to relinquish his claim on the heart and hand of his affectionate Natalia. One day I found him more cheerful. He had heard from one of our neighbours that an academy for the education of the blind had been established at Tours; that ingenious expedients had been adopted there for teaching reading, writing, music, and various trades, to persons wholly deprived of sight. ' Mother,' said he, ' perhaps I might still be capable of earning a livelihood, of becoming useful, of obtaining M. Marsan's permission to love Natalia! I know it will require time and much money, more than you can well spare, but it is worth this risk. If other men in my situation have conquered the difficulty of learning these arts, think what



even if
while t
years,
than I
parting
pleasure
letters
comfort
independ
spending
"Soo
occupant
and spac
suited to
quired pr
he delight
large

it, appeared to occupy his whole time; he could hardly spare a moment for his hasty and irregular meals. He never received any visit, and seemed always buried in reflection. I once happened to observe, when I saw him apparently exhausted with fatigue, that his health would give way from the severe and arduous application of his life, and that poor as I was, and at that moment more desirous of money than most persons, I would not lead his life for all he would ever gain by it.

"'That would not be an unreasonable decision,' he replied, 'were the recompense I toil for moderate, or could I be satisfied with what were so. You may be content with your present resources, but if, for a particular purpose, you desired a certain sum ——?'

"'Nay,' I replied, 'that is actually my situation at this moment. Money would procure the complete happiness of a child for whom I would sacrifice my life.'

"'Indeed!' cried Schenk; 'I could perhaps assist you, but not without an effort on your part. Should you be willing to part with a small sum, to obtain as much as you require?'

" ' Undoubtedly, if I were *sure* to obtai
but I should be unwilling to risk even a
sum where the issue was doubtful. I a
poor to do so.'

" ' Can I be certain you will not betra
if I confide in you?' said he, stepping
ward to gaze enquiringly in my face.

" I promised, and he made me a comm
tion which——But I know, madam, you
its nature, and that I need not conceal it
you who have been his pupil?"

A deep crimson suffused the chee
Oonagh. Could the German have confid
others the service he had rendered her?

" I see I am right," resumed her comp
misled by her blush. " In short, Mr. S
confided to me, that the great object of h
was to attain the art of transmuting metal
composition of the *lapis philosophorum*;
the great medicine had nearly reached p
tion, but still some experiments were wanti
complete it. A very trifling sum, he tho
would now suffice, but his own means we
hausted; and though thousands would

contribute what was wanting, did they know the occasion, yet, to confide his prospects was to the last degree dangerous in a country where the occult sciences were considered sinful or illusory. Incredulity or imprudence in the recipients might cause disappointment and danger. To one who was trustworthy and prudent he would gladly commit his secret, and receive from them a small sum which would complete the work, and enable him to repay it forty-fold. He added, that from the good-will he felt to me, he should prefer conferring on me that benefit; and to show that he had the power he assumed, he desired me to witness the experiment on a small scale the next night but one, for which purpose he desired me to knock at the door of the laboratory at midnight.

"It was not to be supposed that I spent the following day without perturbation. Sometimes I feared that Schenk was deceiving me. Could the master of so important a secret stand in need of the small sum he had asked me to furnish? Yet the motives he had alleged, seemed not unreasonable, and the offer to let me see the experiment was fair in appearance; I might

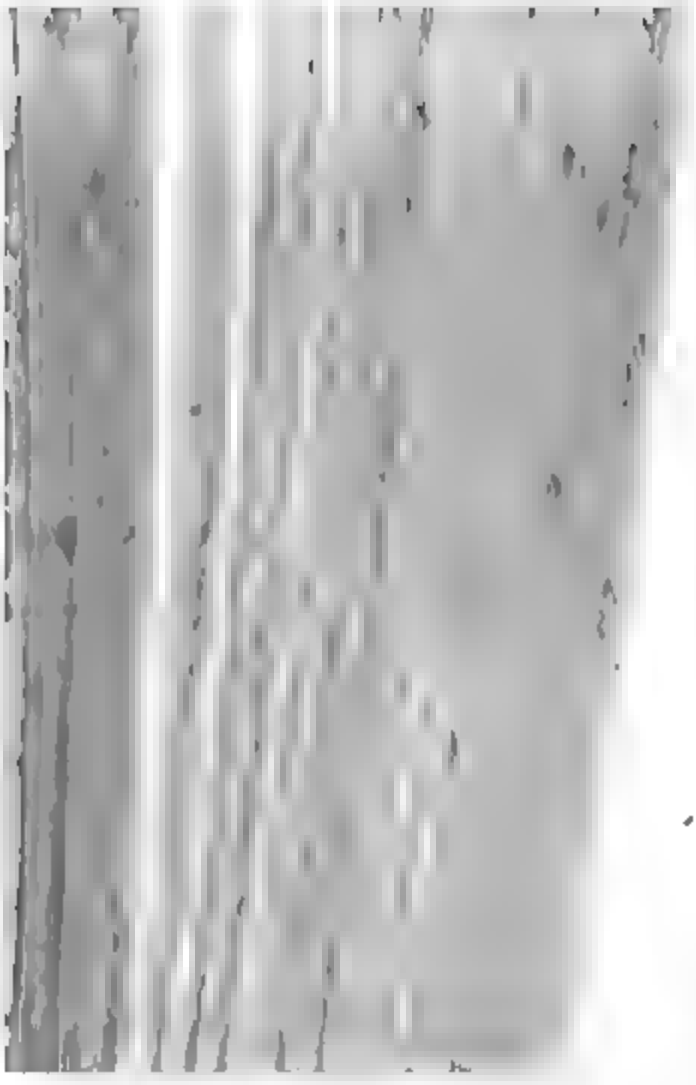
would remove
Natalia! I p
looked-for joy
countenances
passed the da
The next day
mised good for
"The eveni
door of the lab
and I beheld
grate, and mai
ments and vess
scattered roun
metal, into whic
after which he
and placed it an
covered it, and
me out of the

house, his sharp eyes full of triumphant confidence. He returned no more that night, which I spent in thinking of the moment when, if the German did not deceive me, I should reveal my secret to Eugene.

"The following evening Schenk summoned me to the laboratory. He opened the door, lighted a taper, and separating the ashes of the extinguished fire with an iron rod, he withdrew the jar. Having opened it, he presented it to me. At first, I only saw the blackness of ashes within, but he threw the contents on the ground, and at the bottom I beheld a small shining ingot! He slowly raised it, and gave it to me: 'Give this,' he exclaimed, 'to any jeweller or goldsmith in Paris, and tell him to assay it, and then we will talk further; I must now resume my employments.'

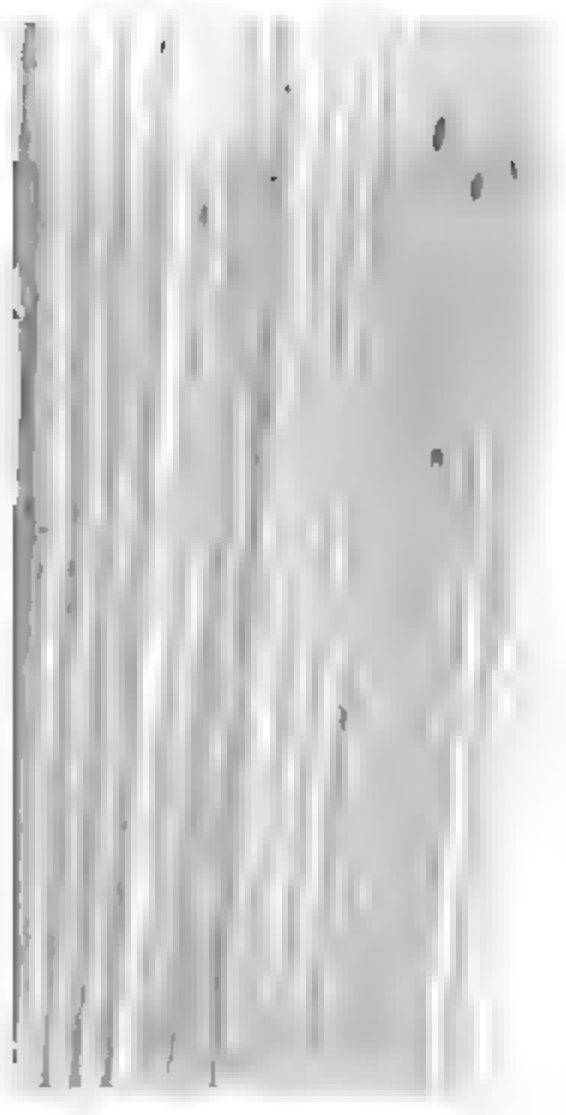
"I carried the ingot to a respectable goldsmith, who declared it to be gold of singular purity. I apprised Schenk of the goldsmith's decision.

"'You have then,' said he, 'a fair proof of my skill and success as an alchemist. It is for you to say, whether you choose to avail



til
an
lif
ha
at
dep
enco
"
night
said
the
under
he dev
quent
wish.
imagina

to procure a costly ingredient still wanting to the process. It was too late to question whether this might prove his last demand; I had gone too far to retreat. Some small pieces of plate, some trinkets, the relics of our better times, quieted his demand, and restored my hopes; but what were my agonies of self-reproach and despondence, when he again claimed an advance of money! On this occasion I overwhelmed him with questions, complaints, and suspicions, till he at last grew angry; observing, that he himself was so certain of success, that he had already spent in the same pursuit forty times the value of all I had furnished, and did not repine at the expense, so certain he felt of repayment in the completion of the great work. 'But,' he added, 'be at peace; this, I know, is the last demand, but it must be complied with, in order to ensure success; another week will end this suspense.' No other expedient remained for me than to pledge the lease of my house for the sum required, and to await the result in unspeakable anxiety. All I have in the world, all the fate of my dear Eugene, is yet uncertain; but this day Schenk



suspici
not on
me. :
ply wi
high t
Oon
distres
it enga
her in
what c
Drumm
for twe
was ab
her da
having
if her a
unplea

ing, even to Joyce Malone—much less to the family of Lady Jane? It might even reach St. Germain's, and the Queen might perhaps demand an explanation of conduct so unaccountable, which nothing but the real motive could excuse; to give it, would involve a confession, and infringe her promise to the German. Yet, of returning, her object unaccomplished, she could not bear to think—any thing seemed preferable.

Meantime the light was gradually diminishing, her companion relapsed into anxious contemplation, and a deep silence was between them. Madame St. Clercy started at times, and listened—half rose from her chair, and sank into it again with a sigh, seeming in her anxiety to forget the presence of Oonagh. The stillness was, while the light lasted, only broken by the bird as it hopped from perch to perch, and when the bright moon cast her reflection on the shining tiles which supplied the place of flooring, nothing but the distant whine of a dog reached that secluded chamber.

Oonagh began to consider whether she should not return to Lady Jane's; if she rose the next

and th
side w
Malon
of trav
hour (
pressed
hardly
Madame
far; it w
hour to g
and anxi
mand on
the body;
Oonagh
favour of
terruption
ance. and

of small panes of glass in the casements fell forth and shivered on the ground; Madame St. Clercy and Oonagh, simultaneously rising from their chairs, also fell down.

After a few moments of stupor from the shock, Madame St. Clercy rose, and silently and with trembling hands rekindled the lamp; and followed by Oonagh, hastily led the way to the laboratory. The great smoke which at first enveloped every object, rapidly dispersed, and disclosed the ground covered with fragments of the jars, crucibles, and other vessels belonging to the occupation of an alchemist, mingled with drugs and cinders, still glowing. In the midst of these lay the German, on his face, with extended arms; his right hand firmly grasped the iron rod with which he had pointed out the ingot to Madame St. Clercy. He moved not. They raised him from the ground; his open eyes still glared with their usual eager look, his thin lips retained their determined compression, but he moved not.

However fearful the events which befall women, however subject to shocking impressions their irritable frames and coward habits render

them, they seldom fail to retain self-pos
while an opportunity of being useful re
—where their exertion may succour. She
shrieked at a noise, who trembled befor
animal, or at the raised voice and angry ge
of a fellow-creature, can tend a death-bed
the activity of a servant, the apparent
posure of a statue, and the forecast and
fulness of a physician.

True to this feeling, Oonagh and her
panion sought by every means they could
vise to restore Schenk to animation, th
without success. Madame St. Clercy at
spoke, and telling Oonagh that she would
in a physician, whose residence in the nei
bourhood she knew, quitted the house, leav
Miss Lynch supporting the inanimate Schen

The breeze, as it entered through the
ment shattered by the explosion, caused
lamp's light to waver; and its uncertain gle
gave at times an appearance of returning
to the ghastly countenance she gazed on, wh
she sometimes hailed as an indication of
viving life, at others as the precursor of th
struggle by which soul and body part.

Madame St. Clercy did not return; the time of her absence seemed ages, and as the confusion of Oonagh's mind subsided, a sentiment of awe and horror increased: the chill and stiffness of death was evidently stealing over the corpse; the keen expression faded with the relaxing muscles — his hand relaxed the iron rod — Schenk no longer existed!

When all hope of assisting him was over, Oonagh became touched with a superstitious dread. She feared—she guessed, how little the spirit which had fled was prepared to part with the earth which lay before her; she thought with horror of his unlawful pursuits, of the use she had made of them, and the sin she had committed in buying his services. She saw that his crime had produced its own punishment, — would her's escape? He sought gold! boundless riches!—he had wasted what was attainable; the means of enjoyment were gone, and the life wherein to enjoy them. And she had sought the heart and the hand of Maurice Bellew, — how had she gained the first? how had she failed to gain the last? True, by a spell — by a strange intoxication

o
of
be
rat
Ma
a pl
T
less,
Sche
used
Oonag
had s

it possible to save his life; now that all was over, she felt the ruin her credulity had brought upon her son, that son so beloved!—

"For him she lived in pain,
And measured back her steps to earth again."

And now all was gone!—all that was to support him—the expense of his tuition!—the very roof that sheltered her was gone, through her fault—her credulity! She sat down in her chair, and clasping her hands above her head, repeated incessantly in a low and mournful tone, "Eugene, Eugene, Eugene!"

Oonagh felt all that long-repeated name expressed; she seized Madame St. Clercy's hand, and said, "Be consoled, I entreat you; do not grieve; I have friends, I have resources, though I have not money; wait patiently but a few days—promise me you will! Wait one fortnight—do not write to your son—do not tell him of this catastrophe; if I do not redeem my promise, then do as you will, but give me this fortnight."

"My dear young lady," replied Madame St. Clercy mournfully, but touched and surprised at her eager sympathy, "I see you feel for our

pair our disaster—to
prohibition. No, our
my fault; but I sinne
—Only trust to me,'
foresight; suspend all
s past; and allow m
pany me to the church
Madame St. Clercy
reached the door of t
left Joyce Malone, w
found her nurse in
herself at the open wi
the break of day had n
She hastened to open
Oscagh with blended
giving; and having ob
ebled them to return

CHAPTER XII.

OONAGH returned to St. Germain's full of anxiety to interest some powerful friend in the distress of Madame St. Clercy. All the money that she could command she had applied to the service of Mrs. Grant. She knew that the Queen had hardly the means of assisting those who had real claims on her benevolence. She formed a resolution of trying to rouse the compassion of M. de Rosambeau, and told him the whole story, omitting only the circumstances which drew her to witness the catastrophe of the miserable Schenk.

Whether he was disposed to help Madame St. Clercy, she had not time to ascertain, for the Queen just then entered the apartment, and as every one arose to make their obeisance,

check; General Kirke has relieved Londonderry, and we have raised the siege."

According to the established rule in courts, the company received the news as it was given; "a little check"—"by the by," taught them to treat the event as an unimportant circumstance. Some said it was better the siege should end thus, as many of his Majesty's most faithful servants were in the town, and they would most likely have met with the severest treatment from the rebellious inhabitants who defended it. In short, the company seemed divided whether they should consider this unexpected termination of the siege a jest or a blessing. But it was only in the presence of the Queen that the best informed and most zealous of their partisans could so treat it;—a general depression affected all who were not blind to the future.

Oonagh was in some measure disappointed, when she recalled the pains she had taken to interest M. de Rosambeau in the misfortunes of Madame St. Clercy, at the tranquil attention he had lent to the tale, without offering a single exclamation of pity, or expression of

less mortify
who hears
earnest feelin
even of disse
fidence, and lef
pression you has
discouragement.
tised by those
you, but from pr
choose to avow it
in youth generall
foundly selfish, or
prove a consummate

In youth we feel.
Oonagh did not draw
de Rosambeau's silence

...was in the saloon, approached her as she
... a little apart in a window. "I have
...e. I am in hopes, Miss Lynch," said he,
...ll one of your commands; I wish my
...may encourage you to honour me with
...e."

...e," said Oonagh, "that I never ap-
...ssuming, as to seem to give com-

...pressed wish of some persons has
...r of a command," replied Rosam-
... without discussing that question
...ell you that, not contented with
...ne surgical advisers young St.
...dy obtained, I brought him to
... of the most celebrated men in
...ted that his blindness proceeds
...hich may speedily be reme-
...e case is a very hopeful one.
...ntelligence to M. Marsan,
...ted to rest his consent on
...peration. And the easiest of
...relieve the present distress
...y, as that was effected by
... money. Both families

less mortifying audi
who hears with atte
earnest feeling, and
even of dissent. He
fidence, and left you
pression you have m
discouragement, for
tised by those who
you, but from prud
choose to avow it. 7
in youth generally
foundly selfish, or
prove a consummate

In youth we feel
Oonagh did not dr
de Rosambeau's sile
felt more timid and

who was in the saloon, approached her as she stood a little apart in a window. "I have been able, I am in hopes, Miss Lynch," said he, "to fulfil one of your commands; I wish my success may encourage you to honour me with many more."

"I hope," said Oonagh, "that I never appeared so assuming, as to seem to give commands."

"The expressed wish of some persons has all the force of a command," replied Rosambeau. "But without discussing that question now, I must tell you that, not contented with the report of the surgical advisers young St. Clercy had already obtained, I brought him to hear the opinion of the most celebrated men in Paris: they decided that his blindness proceeds from cataract, which may speedily be remedied, and that his case is a very hopeful one. I conveyed this intelligence to M. Marsan, who readily consented to rest his consent on the success of the operation. And the easiest of all my tasks was to relieve the present distress of Madame St. Clercy, as that was effected by a very small sum of money. [illegible]

l
l
a
w
ti

who was in the saloon, approached her as she stood a little apart in a window. "I have been able, I am in hopes, Miss Lynch," said he, "to fulfil one of your commands; I wish my success may encourage you to honour me with many more."

"I hope," said Oonagh, "that I never appeared so assuming, as to seem to give commands."

"The expressed wish of some persons has all the force of a command," replied Rosambeau. "But without discussing that question now, I must tell you that, not contented with the report of the surgical advisers young St. Clercy had already obtained, I brought him to hear the opinion of the most celebrated men in Paris: they decided that his blindness proceeds from cataract, which may speedily be remedied, and that his case is a very hopeful one. I conveyed this intelligence to M. Marsan, who readily consented to rest his consent on the success of the operation. And the easiest of all my tasks was to relieve the present distress of Madame St. Clercy, as that was effected by a very small sum of money. Both families

"I hope it would be astonishing," said Oonagh gravely, "to see me coquet with any one; but I will tell you the subject of our conversation;" and she related all that had passed. But Euphemia, who in Rosambeau's conduct only saw an instance of complaisance and good-nature prompted by a wish to please Oonagh, concluded that the latter had sunk the most interesting part of the dialogue; and she retained her original opinion.

Though Oonagh's compassion for Eugene and his mother had for a short time interposed another anxiety, that diverted her thoughts from solicitude for her own, it may be guessed that, even in the short interval, she often thought with inexpressible pain, that Schenk had perished without absolving her from the promise which forbade her confidence to Maurice.

He had perished — that wretched Schenk, her release was impossible; and the very manner of his death showed the deceitful mockery the illusive promises of the dark agency he had invoked. She started from sleep, when she beheld, during its influence, the corse of the

German with glaring eyes and fixed teeth, as he lay among the fragments of his instruments on the night he died. Sometimes the body seemed fraught with intelligence, as it appeared when the flaming lamp lent its wavering light to the ghastly countenance while she supported him at the house of the St. Clercy's; he seemed to rise up to threaten, to mock, to reprove her, in a strange sepulchral voice. At other times he had no voice; he struggled to speak, he gesticulated with violence, he seemed angry that she did not comprehend him, yet uttered nothing but a wild and interrupted groan. Sometimes she thought herself confined in the laboratory; she could not move; Schenk was still before her, inanimate or dying, and, when she looked around for help in the dim apartment, strange countenances glared in the spaces between the chests and jars; laughter was around her, she could not discern from whence it arose. She started shrieking from her bed, and was long awake ere she could convince herself that she was indeed in her quiet chamber at St. Germain's, the moon silvering the highest crests of the dark forest of Laye,

and the tapestry hangings only bent by t
hilarious summer wind of France.

Meanwhile, every hour brought coldest n
ness and discouragement to the exiled Cou
even those who supported King James in I
land, were discontented at the arbitrary a
unpopular measures his unhappy situati
forced him to adopt. The Catholics, so la
oppressed, oppressed in their turn the hum
Protestants. In the sweeping proscription th
ensued, some of the noblest Irish were
cluded; and when the King at length p
ceived the zeal of his friends had been
forward, and wished to restore the churc
taken from the reformed clergy, those who
risked all for him would yield nothing. T
narrowness of his resources, which obliged h
to find some symbol to pledge for money, h
induced him to issue a coinage of base met
and the necessity was urged as a matter of
proach; the taxes he was compelled to le
were considered as voluntary tyranny; and
learned that misfortunes in kings and minist
are always accounted faults. The victo
of Count Chateau-renaud was not compl

enough to cheer the Jacobites: it was justly said, "that the English thought themselves beaten, because they were not conquerors on their own element; and the French thought themselves conquerors because they were not beaten.*

But the time approached that was to decide between the rival father and son, — the Boyne alone separated them. Probably the latest moments of hope and confidence ever enjoyed by James, were on its banks, when in expectation of the battle so long shunned by Schomberg; but while the public rejoicings at Paris had hardly ceased, that were to celebrate the supposed death of William from the cannon-ball which so narrowly missed him, when for the first time genuine, uncounterfeit exultation shone from the black eyes of Mary of Modena, one of those murmured reports which precede the knowledge of great public events, suddenly arrived. Many who were unwilling to declare it, had heard somehow that the day of the Boyne-water had set on a field which was red with the best blood of the Jacobites. This

* Dalrymple.

even reached the Queen; but hope was with h
too rare a guest to be easily suffered to depa
The first intelligence that reached her, told o
the death of the aged Schomberg, and th
event was much in their favour; but at leng
the blow came, and all the details of the e
gagement, complete defeat, and most unexpect
return of the vanquished King, brought dism
tion and despair to his court and his followe

Among the list of victims was the name
Sir Maurice Bellew! who having fought a
gentleman of his valour and fidelity might
expected to do, after having two horses sl
under him, was seen lying on the ground,
faced with wounds, and apparently in the l
struggle of parting life. The officer who repo
ed this event, and had himself been wounde
had escaped on a swift horse, whose rider
that moment had been killed.

The overwhelming horror of this event m
dered Oonagh insensible to the varieties of
fliction the battle had caused to all around h
Affliction is generally the time for self-reproa
and I believe it rarely happens with those wh
have candour and judgment enough to be a

cere with themselves, that they cannot trace in their calamity the castigation or the result of a fault. Oonagh had too often bewailed and repented her's, ere this sorrow reached her, not to have those feelings aggravated to agony afterwards. The succession of misfortunes that had befallen her, since her engagement with Bellew, seemed as the punishment of sin; and she resolved, if by some unlooked-for happiness he had escaped death, to dissolve their engagement, and devote the remainder of her life to prayer and penitence in a convent of stricter rule than that in which she had once determined to end her days; and if he had really perished, that was the only natural way to dispose of her after-life. She almost thought it was only for his sake she wished him to survive.

On the blood-stained banks of the Boyne, Sir Maurice lay for some hours insensible; but at length consciousness returned, and he felt the smarting of his wounds in the free summer air, and recollected all that had passed. He essayed to rise, but his feebleness prevented his moving. He was surrounded by the dead only; he had already been stripped of the greater part

guessing them to be [illegible]
remained without movin
Close to him lay anothe
had been also robbed of
exclaimed that there was
some short discussion de
oaths.

Soon after he heard
aged female, who appea
corse of some beloved on
hence of her country; l
lamentation were uttere
felt, to a woman on suc
danger in discovering hi
with ingenious charity th
he should pass for the
placing him on a turf
brought in the home-

assistance of a charitable priest who was in the neighbourhood in disguise.

This good man had some knowledge of surgery, which benevolence to the poor of a wild and unpopulous district had first taught him to exercise, and he carefully and skilfully attended Maurice, whom the woman continued to call her son, and who on a bed of heath and straw, with no other food than whey and potatoes—with no other luxury than quiet and sweet air, recovered his health more rapidly than many similar sufferers "with all appliances and means to boot."

Ere he was nearly recovered, he suffered agonies of anxiety to know how it fared with Oonagh, and with the cause of King James. He knew not how far it might be safe to trust his kind hostess, whose simplicity might be as fatal as ill-will; but the priest might be expected to wish well to the Jacobites. Maurice frequently gazed in doubt at the benevolent Father Dominick, not daring to ask what he died to know.

A month had passed in anxious ignorance,

may resume the wa
He paused, but as Bel
"Do you really think
coarse linen deceived
pose I ever imagined
Sheelah? When she
I saw instantly by you
was untrue; and your
proved that you had
labour. To prevent
would have disturbed
your cure, I have fo
dulity. I will now re
wish to ask; and, to a
you the country here
the victor. The Kin
not been sought for."

Pallow relieved fr

from his agent some money due to him, which enabled him to recompense Sheelah's charity, and to leave a sum in the hands of the priest to assist any other victims to the cause who might then be in need of succour; and proceeded on his way to the coast.

On his journey, he was to pass by the noble hall which had so lately called him master. It was in the night that he trod a well-known footpath which led through his park. The pale moon-beams silvered the most salient parts of the quiet towers he never more should revisit in "pleasure, pomp, and power." He heard the bark of the dogs that had lately been his; and saw the cottages of tenants who had for generations lived under his family. He could hardly believe that fair scene, full of the recollections of his youth, would now pass for ever from his eyes! The spots where he had played in infancy—where he had seen his parents—where he should have dwelt with Oonagh — which once promised to continue the property of his children's children, would own a new master! His eyes fell on the old Church where all his ancestors reposed. He felt an irrepressible wish to enter his own

home, knowing it was for the last time; t
the long gallery, and bid adieu to the
of his father and mother which hung
great as the risk of detection must be.

He cautiously turned his steps towa
house, when he distinctly heard the
approach of some one; and drawing
knife, the only weapon left him, he prep
sell as dear as might be, the life reco
would cost him. It was a dog, which
forward, whining, to offer caresses, wh
spite of his situation, he could not re
turning; for it was Vourneen, a small
which had been given by Oonagh, and
sequence was so highly prized by him
when he attended the King to Ireland,
this animal "from the event of the none-
war," he had sent it to Castle Bellew,
had now, with all it contained, ceased to
property, for he stood a proscribed exile
own land!

Vourneen's noisy expression of joy wa
echoed by other dogs. Some of the lat
the castle opened; it was evident the in
ants were alarmed. What rendered th

cumstance more unfortunate for Maurice was, that the moon shone with such clear lustre that all objects were as distinct as in daylight. The dark woods, it is true, were clothed in the rich luxuriance of summer, and offered a shelter till the day should return. Sir Maurice knew that, if he fled, Vourneen must follow and disclose his hiding-place; he therefore caught her up, and precipitately fled. Immediately several shot were discharged at him, which happily did not arrest his flight, though he heard balls whistle round him, and one of them he feared had wounded the dog; but he rapidly proceeded till he cleared the woods of Castle Bellew, and found he was no longer pursued by its present occupants. He then found himself in an extensive bog, thinly scattered with bushes of whins, alder, stunted birch, and sweet gale, covered with heather, and frequently indented with little pools. On the banks of one of these he sat down. He was well acquainted with the ground, having frequently shot over it in happier times, and he now knew he was secure from interruption of foes.

He placed Vourneen on the ground, and it

was with greater sorrow than he wished to
to himself he could feel on such an occa
that he discovered his little favourite had
while in his arms! A shot had entered
body, and it had perished apparently o
ward bleeding. After some moments of m
he sank the dog into the pool, that his
suers might not, by finding it, be enabl
trace his route; and having proceeded a
further to a sheltered spot, he lay down
few hours to rest.

The fatigue of the early part of the
made his sleep so heavy, that the sun
broad on the bog when he awoke, and he d
not pursue his first intention of trying to f
cottage, till the evening should afford him
possibility of escaping, should the person
first applied to prove unfriendly or treache
The pains of want he was forced to endur
the course of that day; but as it declined
made for a sort of public-house on the edg
the bog, which he had formerly seen.
warily approached it, and placing himself
hind a turf-stack and the house, he obtain
nook, from whence he could observe the in

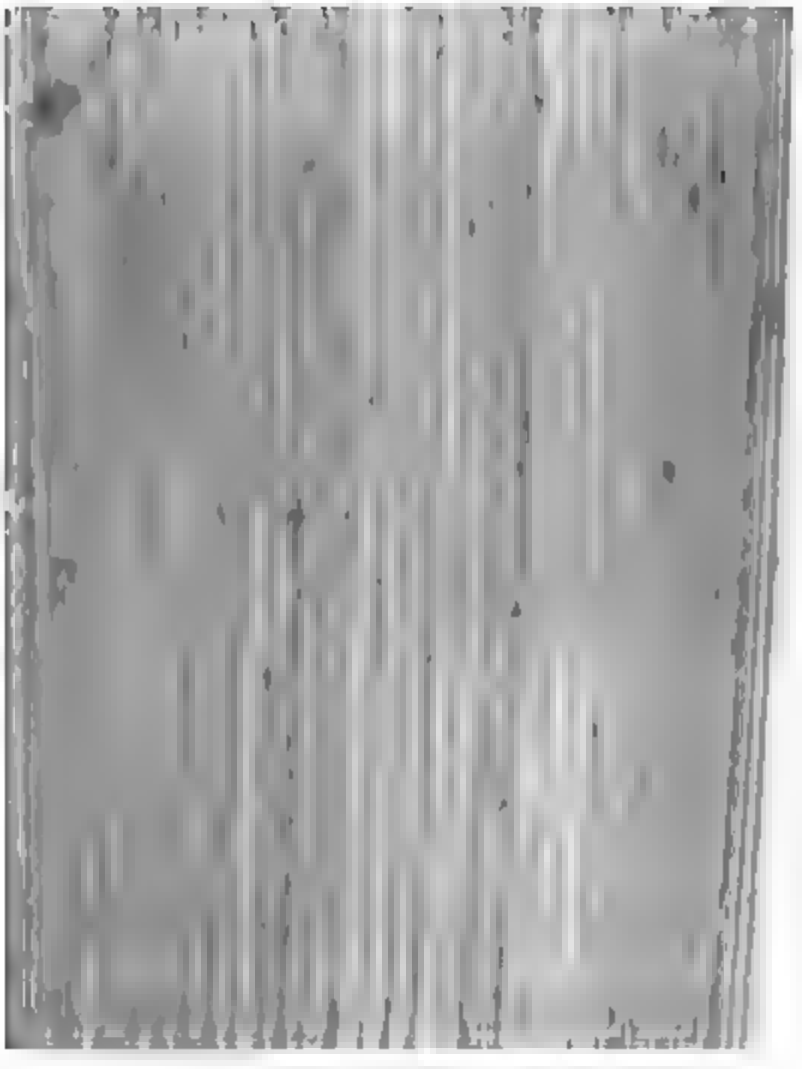
bitants as they entered or departed. It seemed that the farm servants were engaged at a distance, and he heard the discontented voice and interrupted mutterings of the master, and sometimes the clear tones of a female, whose utterance seemed that of a Scot. She seemed to be urging her husband to repair a broken paling not far from Sir Maurice's hiding-place.

"Why then sorrow mend those dirty Jacobites!" said the male voice; "they 'd break any man's pale to mend the pale of their church: and sorrow the stick they 've left me, besides firing Peter Mulcatry's turf-stack, and burning his sheep instead of roasting them!"

"That was a chance, M'Causlane. They had made their fire too near the stack. And for the sheep, it was tied, and they were ordered away without having time to unloose, let alone eat it."

"Then I wish they may never eat another, or any thing better than the leather our friends were forced to eat at Londonderry;—sure and it's too good for them!"

"True for you, John M'Causlane," said another male voice, which had approached sing-



these humble foes did he first learn that King James had retired to France: which then seemed to him a more certain sign of the conclusion of the struggle in Ireland, than it actually proved.

Meantime the flowing cups went round the board, with "no allaying Thames," as Lovelace elegantly expresses it; and if the "careless heads" of Messrs. M'Causlane and O'Toole were not "crowned with roses," their hearts certainly burnt with "loyal flames," which exhaled in oaths, execrations, snatches of song, abuse of the Jacobites, and protestations of friendship. Their voices grew hoarse, their words stammering; but as lamps flame brightly for a moment before extinction, one generous effort enabled them, with clasped hands, to recommence the ballad already sung, and impress on the echoes that—

> "July the first, in Old Bridge-town
> There was a grievous battle,
> And many slain lay on the plain
> By thund'ring cannons' rattle."

But it was the final burst of Mr. M'Causlane's zeal, who sank into profound repose at the conclusion; and after some fruitless attempts to

awake him on the part of Mr. O'Toole, dressed a hasty adieu to the female — "good evening, ma'am ; I must be going. it 's a small drop does for John M'Ca anyhow. Well, I would not wish to that could not take a glass now and the out——Sure, ma'am, it 's rather fogg evening. It 's myself that can hardly t way, it looks so mighty uneven. Hol tyrs ! but a small drop does for John M lane !"

He departed staggering ; and all lence but for the whirring of Peggy's sp wheel, who at length began to sing ; an some trifling interruption from M'Ca nasal accompaniment, Maurice heard t lowing ballad :—

" The lark that sang in the lift sae clear
Wones now in the whin-buss laigh ,
His speckled breast beats hard with fear,
And oh, but his sang is wae !
Well away

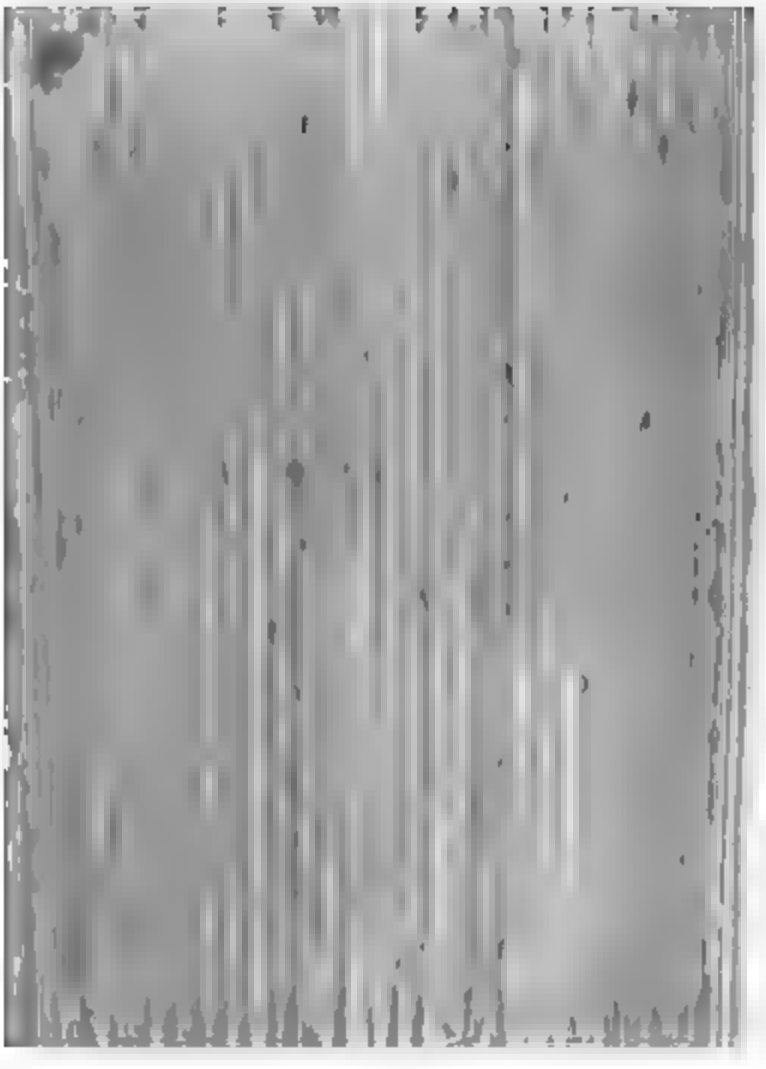
The thistle bends his purple head
With night-dew on for tears ;
The royal thistle is not dead,
But they 've cut awa' his spears !
Well away

He' ll wither in a foreign town—
I doubt he 'll ne'er win home;
Oh, French-wind blow the thistle down
Ance mair across the faem!
Well away!"

Peggy's song was soft and expressive of feelings so different from her husband's, that Maurice, who knew how safely man may, in any circumstances, rely on female humanity, was tempted to issue from his hiding-place. His appearance was not calculated to alarm; and Peggy, after her first start of surprise, comprehended the situation of her guest, who received from her all the succour his situation required.

She luckily was a Scotchwoman in her hospitality, prejudices, and loyalty, though wedded to the furious M'Causlane, who remained in drunken sleep till far in the next day, when Maurice was advanced in his progress to join a small detachment of King James's troops which was then preparing to return to France, where he soon arrived, and proceeded to seek his Majesty's commands at St. Germain's.

Oonagh, in the distress of supposing that Maurice had fallen, wrote to her aunt a kind



from all external temptation, and no earthly misfortune can befall you. You cannot see your husband inconstant or unkind; no rivals will machinate (perhaps successfully) to take him from you, or, even if unsuccessful, awake angry and jealous feelings in your heart, and unchristian malice in your temper; — you will not be doomed to lose young and promising children, or to weep over the ungrateful perversity of those who survive; and if all of them fulfill every hope of your heart, every wish of your vanity, you can witness but a short period of their career—they belong to another generation! You will not endure the estrangement of friends, or long for pomps and ambitious gratifications, which to the nun are but as the wild pageant in a dream;—and you will have saved Sir Maurice Bellew from the temptation to violate a duty, by bringing back to the world one who had already resolved to renounce it, and from the highest motives!"

Though an escape from the cares of the world, by renouncing its pleasures, did not appear to Oonagh a prospect so captivating as Theresa expected; the idea of buying off, by

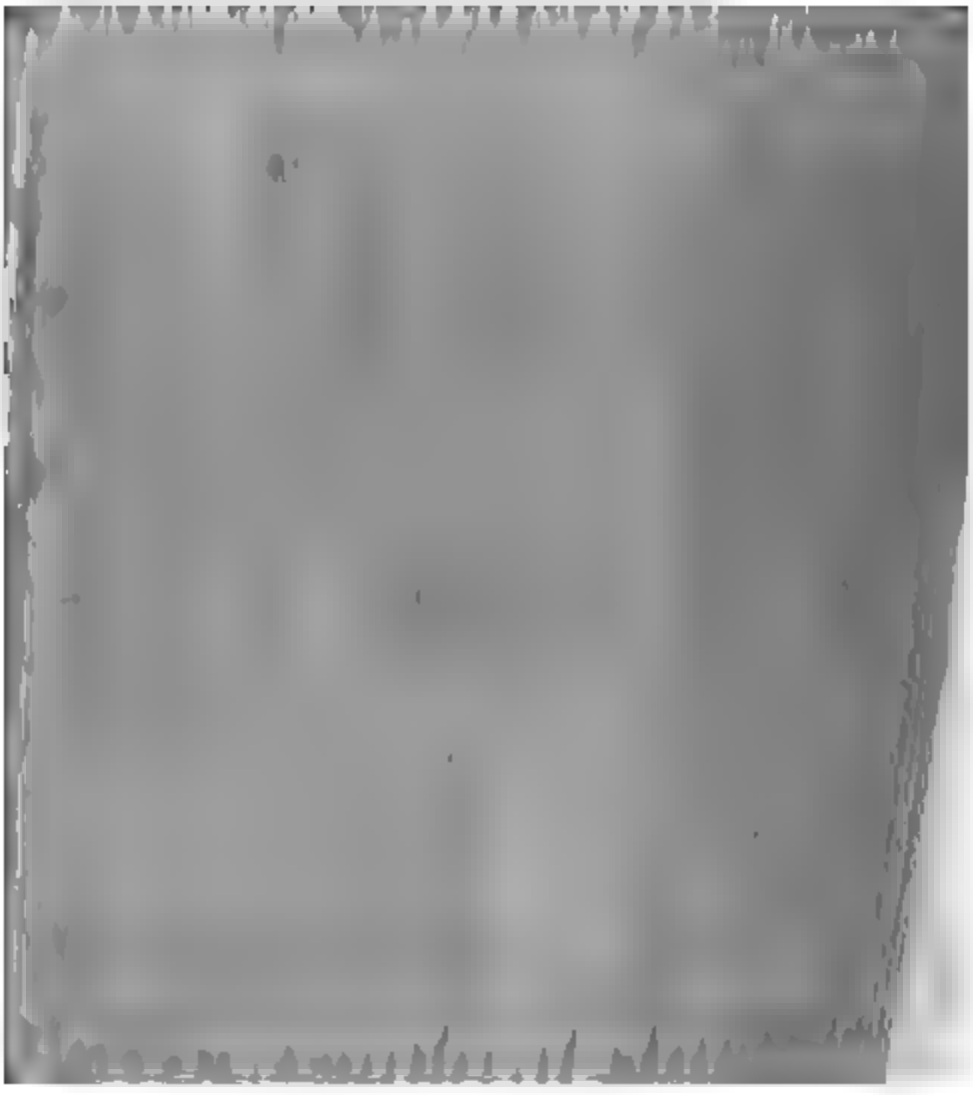
could have over that of a
during the uncertainty c
vived the battle, Oona
that her argument, and
destiny, disposed her to
of her life. After she
concession, her mind wa
had a melancholy satisf
had done all that remain
had resolved on the onl
fault in employing Sche
her duties about the Que

On the succeeding day
the intelligence of Mauri
return to France:—she n
in a few days! She was

equally successful in [redacted] in Miss Lynch. [redacted] was so active in [redacted] eyes of Europe. [redacted] much increased by [redacted] ception of the [redacted] In vain as a lover of the world, was a [redacted] man of the world, did he exercise the greatest control over his temper, while [redacted] Miss Douglas was by no means [redacted] fail in obtaining knowledge of his true feelings. Indeed, he [redacted] mon to all those who are [redacted] repress their [redacted] indication of their [redacted] them, and was [redacted]

Maurice's [redacted] rather [redacted] that day the Queen was [redacted] Oonagh in [redacted] sambeau had [redacted] both these [redacted] irritate Miss Douglas.

After the first kind greeting with which he met Maurice, he happened to [redacted]



appeared to treat him with great confidence and regard: indeed, she hardly ever spoke to any other gentleman, and he paid her the most devoted attention.

Persons of strong feelings or quick tempers, when entirely silent on subjects that powerfully affect them, often behave with great forbearance, but, if they once allow themselves to speak at all, lose every trace of self-command; and thus it fared with Euphemia, more easily, as Maurice, though naturally of a jealous disposition, did not attach so much importance to her accusation as she expected, and partly guessed the motive which prompted it. Provoked at being disbelieved, she recounted a number of small circumstances; and certainly they did not lose in weight by her mode of relating them, and the comments she gave.

The joy of meeting after all the perils of the Irish campaign, was however unclouded for the first hours. Oonagh forgot her promise to her aunt Theresa, and Maurice scarcely remembered the existence of Rosambeau, though the latter was constantly at St. Germain's, and did not as readily give place to Bellew in public as

stance to Maurice, who d
offend him in her gratitu

Another species of mis
more heavily on the exil
hitherto done. The
Scotch flocked in crowds
of them suffering all the e
lute penury. In spite of
utmost economy, King J
power to assist all who d
too were sometimes incr
forth pretended services,
plots, and offered impra
some instances these preta
and formed a just matter
who considered themsel

their master and his cause, than perhaps ever was shown by any other set of men.

To fulfil a duty with the enthusiastic fidelity which arises from passion, claims and receives applause and admiration; but our eyes fill with tears, and our hearts swell with sympathy and pity, for the victims to fruitless devotion, to mistaken zeal — for those who have not "their reward," who forfeit all for an illusion; who are not respected as having done wisely, nor applauded as having done well; whose lives and fortunes have been counted as nothing, compared with the integrity of a sentiment which no duty imposed! There are few instances in history of such true and ill-requited personal attachment as that which actuated King James's followers; particularly the wreck of Lord Dundee's forces, who were some at St. Germain's, and some quartered at Arras, Lisle, and other towns in Flanders.

After the shock the event of the battle gave to the Jacobites, Maurice still retained the hope of distinguishing himself in the French King's service, who still continued the pensions of the unfortunate English officers. He again

we shall not regret the
which was passed asund

While Maurice utte
of ice and of fire seet
through the brain of Ou
her hands were chille
heart beat so thick that
cated. A thousand
"Now comes the comi
to renounce the happine
crime.—Sacrifice Mauri
will pass away.—Have
watch the trial!" She
from her cheeks and li
solved eye turned to Be

"You will, I know
Maurice, when I say

ence to a religious life [illegible] where my youth [illegible] resolution to my mind [illegible] companions: even after I knew you, after I had seen how deserving you were of affection and admiration, [illegible] to it. But a time [illegible] —I forgot all things but love—[illegible] ill! The sorrows, the [illegible] that have befallen me, [illegible] return to my duty. Even [illegible] obstacles, and circumstances will [illegible] reprove a mind which [illegible] vowed life. I [illegible] you! I know you [illegible] appearance—you [illegible] difficult to keep, but you [illegible] it. I shall [illegible] them more [illegible] change my destiny."

"Courage!" said Beatrice [illegible] might have given me this [illegible] told you I loved you. But [illegible] can you withdraw the [illegible] so deliberately, with the [illegible]

o
y
ar
ot
wi
Bu
wit
the
othe
Don
the
tion,
not b
"
tious
it off,
ing.

than in any other situation. He would have deeply grieved to hear your purpose changed."

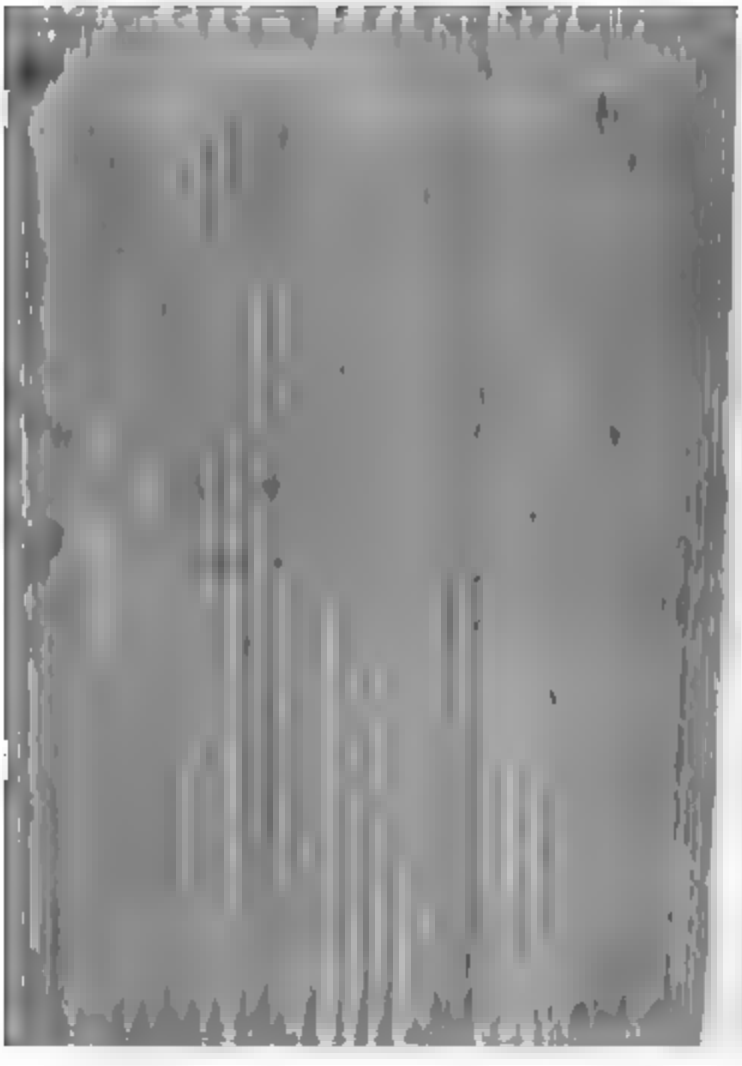
During the whole of this appeal, unceasing tears had poured from Oonagh's eyes, convulsive sobs heaved her bosom.

Maurice observed her with anxiety and surprise. "I would fain hope," said he, "that this is a little female caprice, of which you already repent; compose yourself. Forgive my vanity when I say, that we have loved too long and too well to allow me to suppose you are suddenly become indifferent: it will be long ere I can believe you have changed. Your reluctance to fulfil our contract now, may, perhaps, be inspired by prudence, but have faith in our destiny: the proscribed nobles and landholders of Ireland are too numerous, and of too much consequence, not to have their submission accepted, and their estates restored, even if some happy turn of fortune does not restore the King; and if our fortunes are crushed for ever, will separate poverty be more endurable? Surely not. Oonagh, let this dispute pass as if it had not been. You retract—do you not?"

ble
reso
knov
of yc
it.
and
your
whic
lieve
year
look
thou
"
ask,"
distr

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE was something in Oonagh's conduct that was quite inexplicable to Bellew. The ostensible motive she gave for dismissing him, appeared so insufficient, particularly as it had not sooner been of influence, that, without being naturally suspicious, he might be pardoned for supposing she had not been quite sincere, as indeed was the fact. He could not guess that her penitence for having won him by the operation of Schenk's spell weighed on her mind, and more heavily than the thought that she had swerved from her vocation to the cloister. He revolved every motive likely to affect her mind, and could not avoid reverting to what Miss Douglas had said relative to Rosambeau's admiration of Oonagh. If she had changed, if either fancy

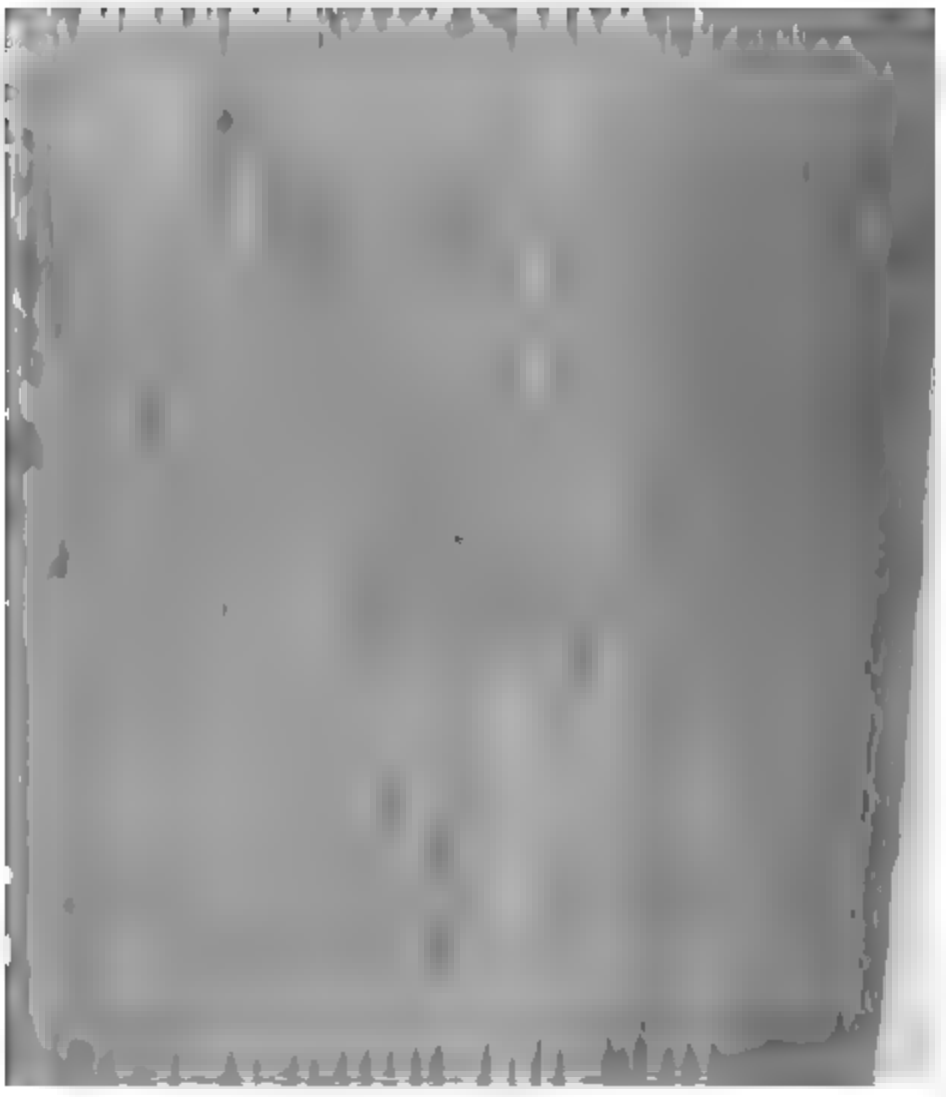


h
p
w
w
w
lu
an
ov
to
thi
an
he
was
ladi
T

wall, some books lay near, but closed. Oonagh's hand was on a book of devotion, her eyes were fixed on the ground, and by her stood a glass of water with which she had been trying to allay the thirst of anxiety. She coloured, and her eyes flashed from the pleasure of seeing him of whom she was thinking, without any hope of seeing him.

In this reception, which had nothing to cherish painful distrust, Maurice forgot the doubts on which he had lately been dwelling. He sat down, prepared to state frankly what his suspicions were, to discuss and combat the opinions which induced her to decline their marriage. Oonagh, on her side, was delighted to find that the apparently just cause of discontent she had given, had not kept him from seeking her. She repented her victory; she was weary of contending with her lover, and her heart; she would gladly have heard any arguments likely to still her consciousness of evil and her dread of punishment. Perhaps had he then spoken, had she then replied, a different fate had awaited them.

A high Indian skreen was between the door and the table at which they were sitting. Any

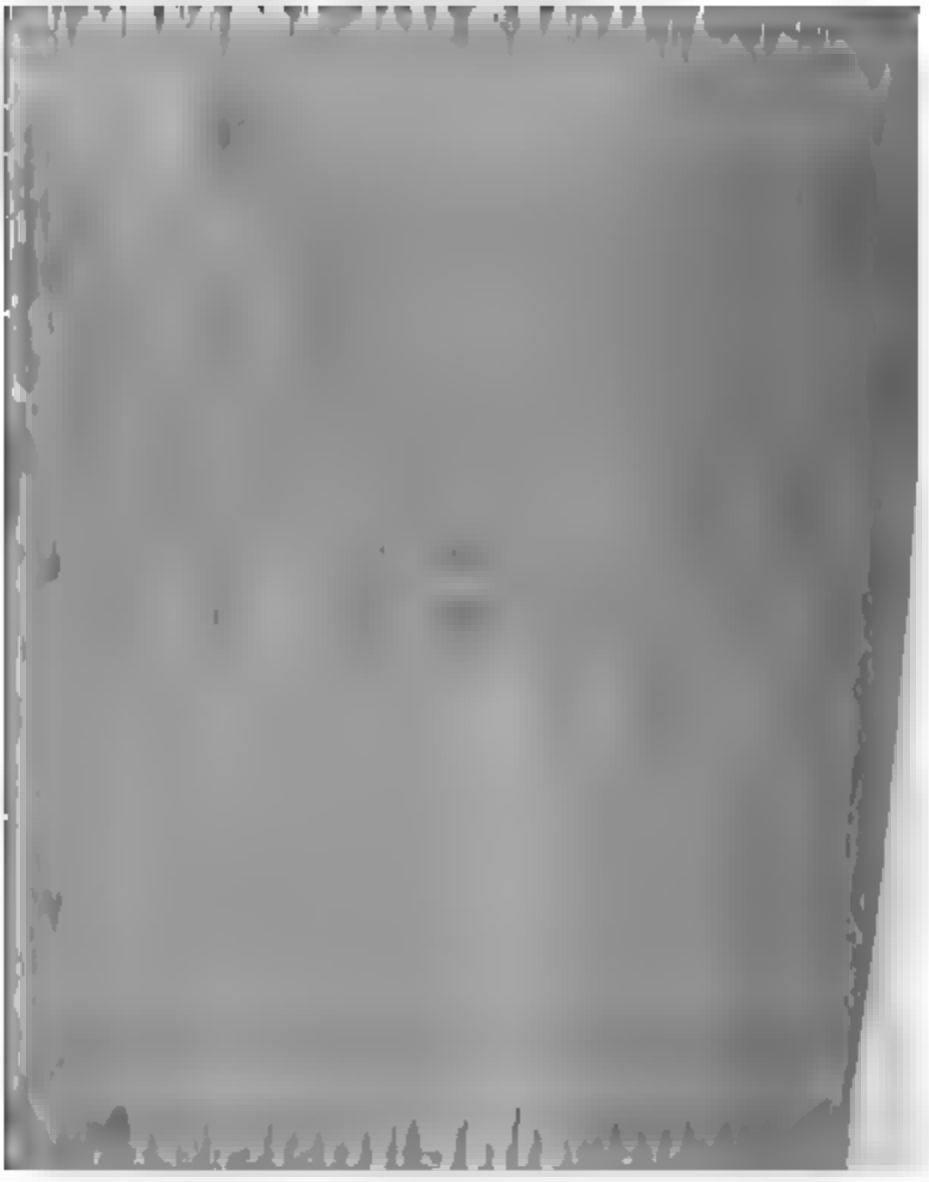


casting a momentary but defying glance at Bellew, who rising slowly, said,—"I will not interrupt your audience, Miss Lynch," and bowing ironically, departed.

Rosambeau could not have chosen a less favourable moment to plead his cause. Oonagh was feverish with anger at his intrusion, and frozen with terror at the effect it might have on Bellew. Her natural pride and timidity induced an effort to hide these feelings.

Though the Count guessed them in part, he had gone too far to retract. He avowed the attachment he had felt from the time they first met at Paris, and had not confessed, from the general impression which had gone forth that she was engaged to Sir Maurice Bellew: that latterly, circumstances had led him to hope the world had been mistaken; and he now ventured to ask if such was the fact, and in the event of her being still free to choose, whether he might be permitted to try to obtain her preference.

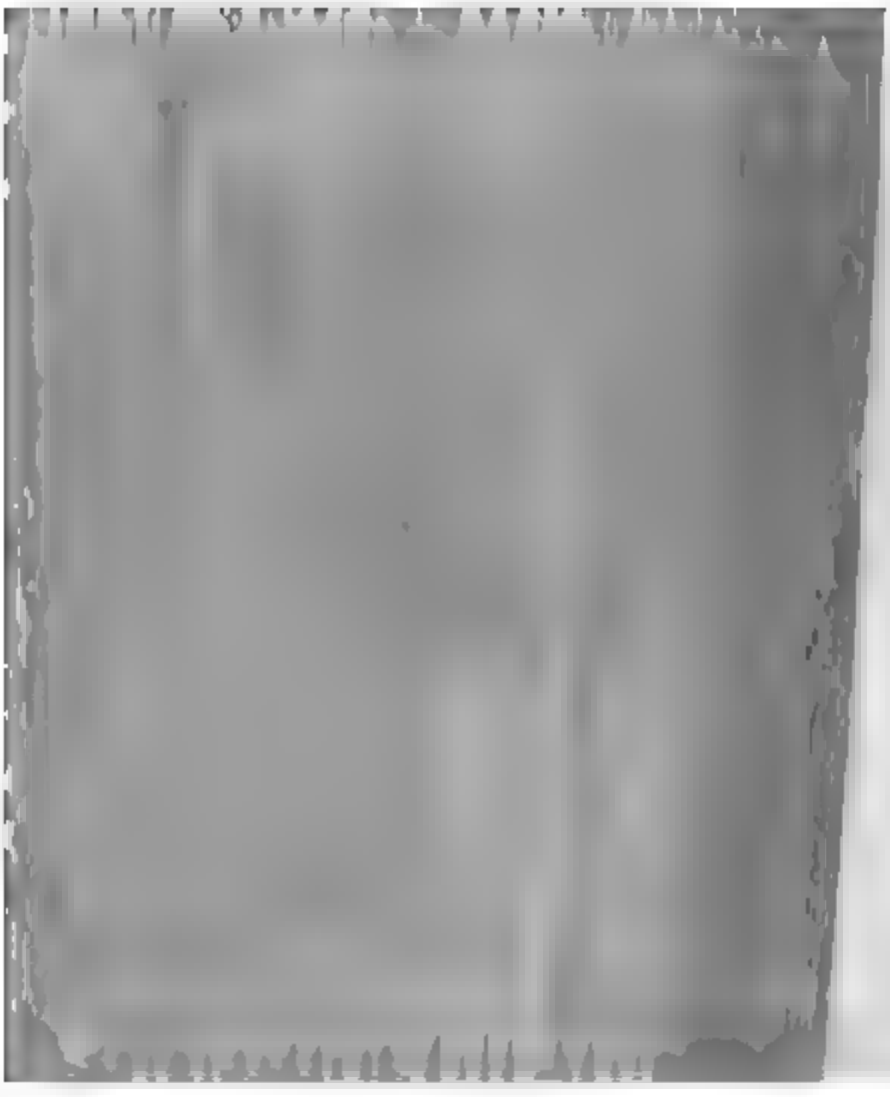
Oonagh—the mild, kind, and courteous Oonagh, who had never yet uttered an unkind word to a human being, who had a double portion of that wish to say and do what is pleasing

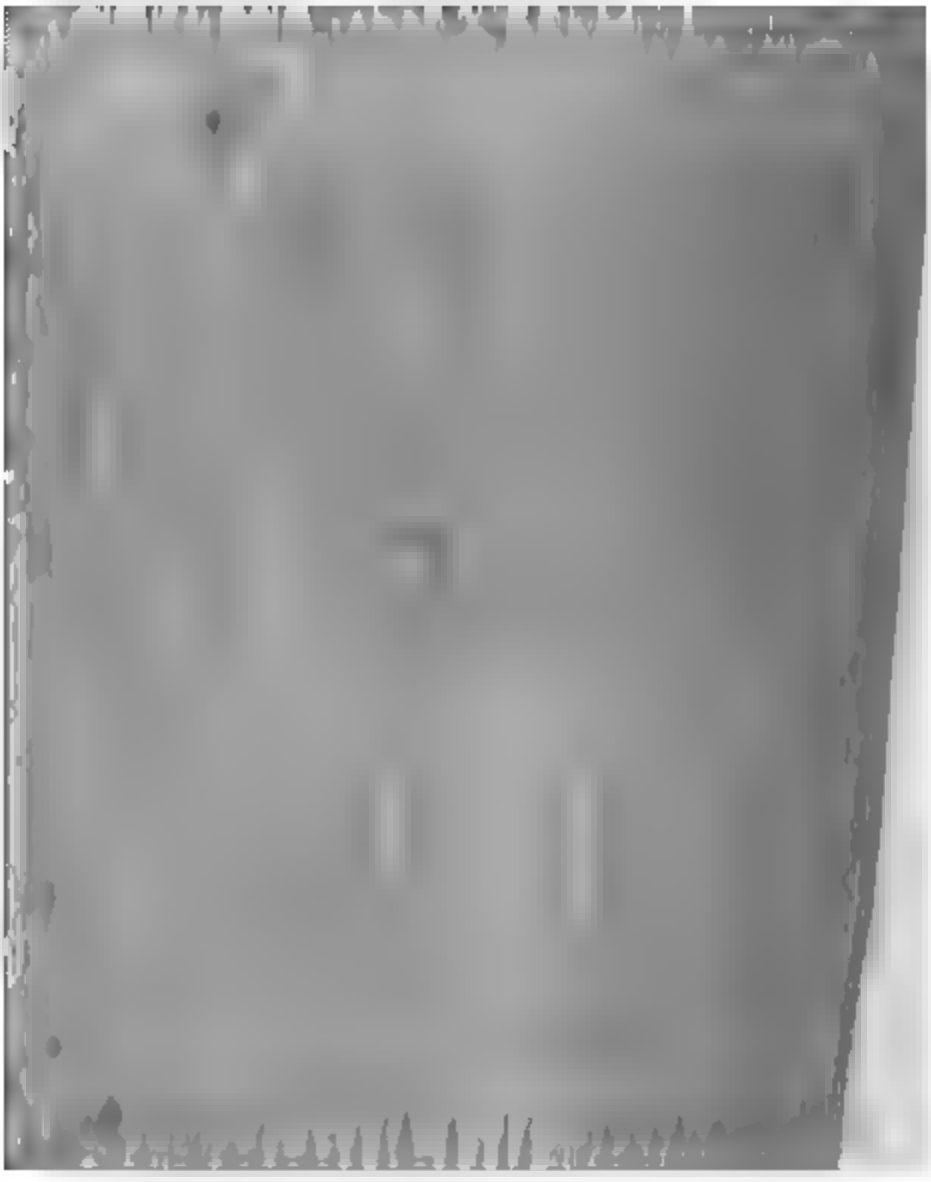


her resolution; but Rosambeau saw that, whatever her situation relative to Bellew might be, there was no hope for *him*.

"M. de Rosambeau," she said, as he was quitting the apartment, "I am too grateful for your preference, and have too much confidence in your friendship, not to treat you with perfect candour. You say, that perhaps I may relinquish the intention of becoming a nun —that is impossible; but, were it otherwise, there is but one man on earth I can love,—that man is Maurice Bellew;—in good or evil, in riches or poverty, this wide world could offer me no other lot. I depend on your honour as a gentleman, and your friendship as a man, never to repeat, even to him, what I have now told you."

The meeting with Oonagh having been so unfortunately interrupted, the confidence of Rosambeau's manner, the confusion of her's, made a deep and disagreeable impression on Maurice. He felt too, (what can never fail to be felt between intimate friends,) that something was untold; that Oonagh had some reservation. As it was wholly impossible his wildest stretch





that the latter destiny will be yours, but I have no longer the right to dispute it. A more brilliant fate may easily be attained than that of being my wife, but a more devoted friend you will not soon find. Remember, that in difficulty, in danger, a word brings me to your side. Perhaps you have done well, prudently at least; may you be happy! The prospects of our friends are very dark, and times of trial are at hand. Fortune, home, and love, are now for me words without meaning; but fame remains. When you hear of me, you shall not blush for your early choice."

Oonagh would have given worlds to have interrupted him; to have told him only *once* how much he wronged her real feelings! how joyfully she would have accepted a lot which the humblest might pity, were he to have shared it! but an intolerable weight was on her chest, her tongue could not utter; she seemed as one bound by the night-mare, whose struggles are internal, who tries in vain to shriek for succour to friends he sees, but cannot call: had she attempted to speak, her passionate weeping, her deep affection, would have forced the whole

He had already witnessed the failure of a similar undertaking by a company of gentlemen whom he himself had commanded previous to the Restoration; some had died; some had retired in disgust at the restraint and humiliation of a state so new to them.

These young men could not be silenced. The pressure of penury—the still more irritating prospect of long years spent in ignominious obscurity, by those who had looked to earn a respected and glorious name, enabled them to resist his counsel. In vain he bade them consider, how those used to refinement and luxury could bear the privation incident to the life of a common soldier;—how those who had been used to command, could endure the degradation of the most servile obedience! Overcome, perhaps, by their entreaties; conscious that his and their situations were desperate, yet not willingly subscribing to the truth of that maxim which affirms, "He is a wise man who does at first what he must do at last," he appeared to yield, and actually named three or four, whom he recommended as officers to the troop.

[illegible] that [illegible]
prevent it; and not [illegible]
caused for some time,
ago had been relinq[illegible]

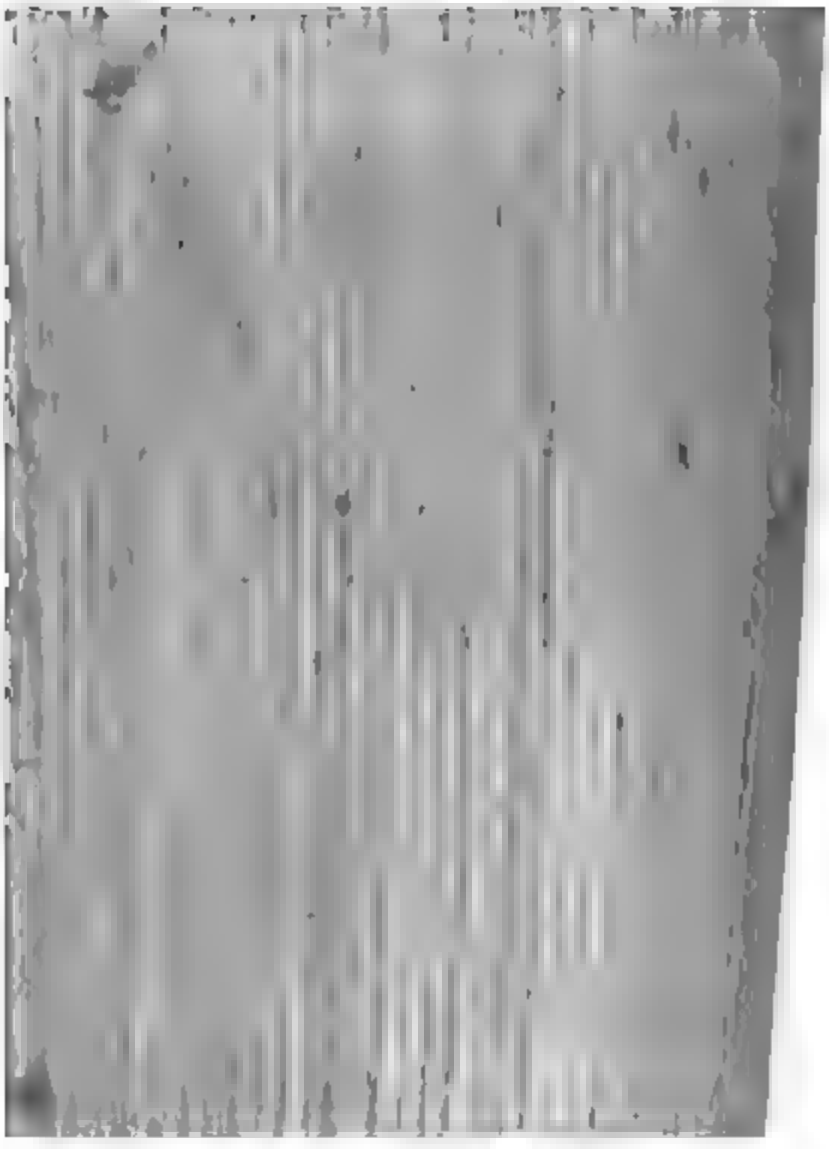
The cheerful look [illegible]
restored to the society
the King. The appea
had latterly prevailed, [illegible]
He conversed with mo
tion than usual; and,
next Wednesday shoul
those hunting-parties w
amusement of which h
vited such gentlemen a
to be present at the en
pressed their regret at
tend; some promised t
lew and his friends on

hunting-party? "I could not translate your obeisance," said she; "you neither indicated refusal nor acceptance."

"Both and neither," said he; "I shall be here; but whether I join in that chase appears doubtful. To me a party of pleasure seems an unnatural situation; but I think I shall be here."

"Oh! then you surely must attend the King!" And she rejoiced to think she was sure of spending a whole day—a long September noon, in his company. Many opportunities of conversing together unrestrainedly would doubtless occur; she should have a reprieve from her destiny on that day; she would not think of the future; she might fancy Maurice still her own, and think as little of her conventual imprisonment as she had on former and more fortunate days. For the first time for a long period she anticipated a day that would bring her many pleasures.

On the appointed Wednesday, the King, followed by his attendants, passed through a garden on the way to mount his horse. The Queen and ladies were to attend him till the



James turned pale; the deep lines of care and age, indented, deepened, and contracted his face; his lips closed firmly, and his eyes sought the ground. Probably he thought of the heavy change his fortunes had wrought for these young gentlemen. The greater number, but for him, might then have been pursuing their amusement on their own peaceful lands, among those bound to them in love and friendship! For a moment he must have recalled the pining mothers, the forsaken wives, the orphaned children, who were then lamenting their eternal absence!—who still gazed on his picture with reverence, and prayed for his altar and his throne, in their solitary orison, without accusing him of whose existence the only proof to them was their life-long sorrow!

The whole of his train stood in mute dismay. The formation of this troop seemed to speak a prophecy to all; the step they had taken, was the first public admission of the failure of the Royal cause.

Whose was the palest cheek? whose eyes filled with the most blinding tears? Oonagh, while she gazed on the lover she had lost, the friend

what she saw, hoping
But the bright Septem
Maurice and his friends
of private sentinels. T
its wealth, its honour, t
tivals, ambitious hope
The love of youth,
seemed so near, the bli
gratulation of her frien
paration, loneliness, reg
before her; and for Be
verty, exile, the hardsh
honours, and a military
land! For a moment
voluntarily renounced h
ate wish to share his
poverty,—to depart with
raised her clasped han

tended to enjoy, feeling perhaps some remorse at having turned to frivolous diversion when the ruin of his followers rendered it indecent, suddenly forbade the chase, and returned to his oratory, where he spent the greater part of that day in prayer, meditation, and retirement.

Another day was appointed to review the devoted corps before they departed for the south of France, then the scene of military operation. Before that day arrived, Oonagh had time to recollect (what she considered as) her duty: it was the more easy to fulfil, as Maurice, seeing how desperate their situation had become, was the more ready to acquiesce in her rejection, expecting only a disastrous close to his fortunes and his life. Bitterly she thought of the wealth her father had forfeited—more bitterly of that which she had squandered:—the fair lands of Ardcarrick would have rendered them rich even in exile; she had given them for a sinful hope, which remorse compelled her to resign! The hardships of poverty, the dangers of want, might have been saved to Bellew, had she been less rashly prodigal. Even the services she had helped to

Till the day they
Oonagh spent her time
of small presents which
tribute to the comfort o
she placed a small p
her hair, and in it fiv
money she possessed, a
which was written, "Fi
who prays for you daily
She wrote to Maurice
St.Germain's as formerly
to beg he would come
departure; for though
him, lest he should disc
fered at the thought of l
more dreaded his supp
unkind at this parting.
She remained in the

even the eyes of any person in the little cham-
ber burning towards the window. Color to
cheek glow and to start out. It is hoped
all must watch to shield a flower as
society like to see. Was to be must
be over, I would to the the
well of the court as to wish. To as to
herself a prize. to a
intervening was arrest and
at every protect to
grateful to are be
her a because
and the
that the
for
Patrick
social
declining
judicial
in for

into a duty, or diminished a duty int
tesy, as passion or vanity might pro
entitled to scorn her self-deception. S
wished to prove to Maurice that the w
tained nothing for her, now that he
nished; and she began to compreh
their misfortunes were irretrievabl
most young persons brought up in
the word poverty, the abstract idea,
alarmed her—the details of its con
were required to prove it an evil. U
the want of money, exile, seemed temp
convenience, which would cease at t
restoration; and the whole party ha
her to consider that event as certain
no very distant period. Latterly, th
friends had spoken as confidently, tha
and discontent had been more obvi
the suffering of poverty more imper
general.

The reply of Maurice was as follow

"My dearest Oonagh, I feel all the
and affection of your letter, as the
pleasure I can know. On the 5th of N
we shall be reviewed at St. Germain'

Majesty in person; on that day I shall see you again. A thousand small cares and embarrassments fill up my time, and lengthen my preparations for my new service. When we *do* meet, beloved Oonagh, do not let external circumstances—a word, a name, a dress, weigh as a real evil on your mind; our situations may yet change many times before our course is run: a man may rise to eminence through a variety of obscure and humble avenues. Let us yield to our destiny with submission, for the present; we owe it some blessings of great price—it has already ordained that we should know and love each other. I have conquered all the distrust, the unfair resentment, I felt at your apparently unkind rejection—forgive me for having so thought it. It was better for us both you did so wisely; you have saved me the pain of leaving you as my wife in deep penury and abandonment, or that of seeing you suffer all the hardship of wandering in poverty, and among strangers, in a foreign land. Perhaps you will allow that my admission of the justice of your decision, and the right over your hand I resignedly cede, entitles me to make one

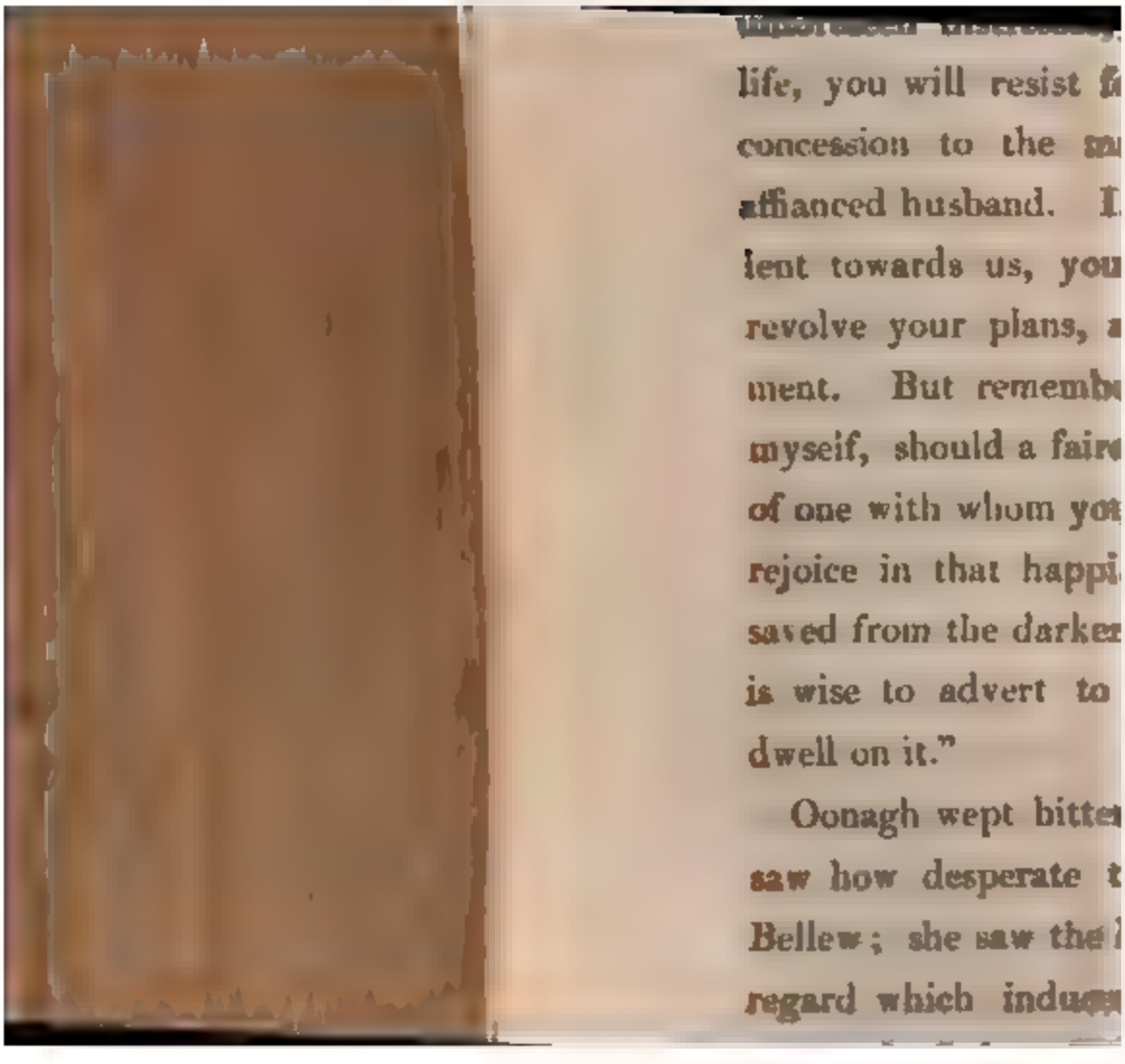
[illegible] you will remember [illegible]
concession to the man
affianced husband. If F
lent towards us, you w
revolve your plans, and
ment. But remember I
myself, should a fairer l
of one with whom you c
rejoice in that happines
saved from the darker vi
is wise to advert to th
dwell on it."

Oonagh wept bitterly
saw how desperate thei
Bellew; she saw the kin
regard which induced h
quiesce in their separati
self if that was a mark
loved with the same in

rather have exacted her promise that she would never become the wife of another?—that the life which was not spent with him should be dedicated to the cloister?—would he not have guessed she would prefer the meanest cabin, the most humble penury, if they were together, in a thatched cottage, to the proudest luxury in the most gorgeous halls of France? If he could not guess this, was it not that his affection had died with the spell that won it—the deceitful gift of the sorcerer Schenk? Woe for the happy past! woe for the sullen hours to come! woe for her crime! woe for her penitence!

On the 5th of November, a bright autumnal day, the Scotch troops approached the terrace of St. Germain's, announced by the wild martial music of one of their own popular tunes. Some of the exiles had taught the band their favourite native melodies; it was like hearing the voice of a friend in that stranger land, cheering them onward. They appeared in the uniform of French foot soldiers, and marched to the air of "Had awa hame."

From the palace issued the small train who



life, you will resist fi
concession to the m
affianced husband. I
lent towards us, you
revolve your plans, a
ment. But remembe
myself, should a fair
of one with whom yo
rejoice in that happi
saved from the darker
is wise to advert to
dwell on it."

Oonagh wept bitte
saw how desperate t
Bellew; she saw the
regard which induce

the exercises before him
cluded, he repaired to the
thus addressed them.

" Gentlemen, my own
nigh my heart as yours.
what I can express, to se
worthy gentlemen, who h
of being the chief officers
to the station of privat
but your loyalty, and the
jects in Britain, who are
giance by the Prince of
I know, be ready on all
and my distressed family,
ing to live. The sense o
done and undergone for

in the armies of my dominions, to which you have not just pretensions. As for my Son, your Prince, he is of your own blood—a child capable of receiving any impressions, and as his education will be from you, it is impossible he can forget your merits. At your own desire, you are now going a long march far distant from me. I have taken care to provide you with necessaries. Fear God! love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and depend upon always finding me your father and King."

He then entered their ranks, and as he passed along enquired the name of every individual, which he inscribed in his pocket-book, and at the same time offered thanks particularly for his service. When he had addressed a kind word to each, he returned to the front, and taking off his hat, made them a gracious bow, fervently praying God to bless and prosper them. He turned to go, but feeling still a wish to thank them more amply, to say all their misfortune and fidelity deserved, he stepped back, bowed again, paused, and burst into tears.

The unfortunate gentlemen, affected t
last degree by this testimony of feelin
sympathy from one so much revered,
with one consent on the ground, and l
their heads in solemn silence. They then
and passed him with the usual honours o
and retired, while their band played "
save the King!"—an anthem first sung
prayer for him who now heard it for th
time, and which has since become the mo
expression of loyalty to the succeeding dy

A long march was before them; it wa
hundred miles to Perpignan. Maurice
behind his fellow-soldiers, and stole one
to dedicate to Oonagh,—to a farewell
gloomy than he had ever yet taken.
had agreed to meet at a summer-house i
garden which overlooked the forest of I
the road wound by the wall of the garden

Maurice and his companions had re
not to appear at the palace after they ha
sumed the dress which marked their deg
tion as foot soldiers; though the King s
have chosen still to receive them at his
and table, as friends and sufferers for

sake, they considered it more respectful and delicate not to try his condescension by exhibiting themselves as victims to their loyalty. From the ground where James reviewed them, they proceeded on their march.

Oonagh saw them passing. Those young men, guests at the same festivals, her partners in the dance, who but a few months before had entertained such brilliant visions of their future, were now the lowest servants of a foreign power; "the fly-slow hours would not determinate the dateless limit of their long exile."

> "Their native English now they must forego,
> And now their tongue's use is to them no more
> Than an unstringed viol, or a harp,
> Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
> Or being open, put into his hands
> That knows no touch to tune the harmony."

Nay, banishment was not the worst of their lot; danger and degradation were added—at least such degradation as fortune can inflict without the loss of honour. Yet they appeared to march cheerfully. Their gorgets and sashes were now changed for cartouch-boxes and havresacks, and their half-pikes for firelocks.

exile, this parting—all is in vain! I have one consolation—all has been done that depended on us; though we failed, we have fought as loyal Catholic subjects should do. Adieu, beloved Oonagh!—may you be happier than he who leaves you! While you are with the Queen, you cannot suffer utter destitution; but grant my request, I entreat."

"Be assured, Maurice," replied Oonagh, "every request of yours with me has the force of a law. Certainly two years shall elapse before I take the veil; but do not fancy that any length of time could make me content to marry another. I take Heaven to witness that I never will! Since the hour that I felt it my duty to resign you, I have ever been resolved on a religious life. I never did love another—I never can. Should a thousand voices swear to you that I am a wife, Maurice, dear Maurice, believe them not! I must still remain Oonagh Lynch, and the most devoted of all who will ever love you."

"Do not, dear Oonagh, say so; the time is past when these words would have made me happy: I wish you to forget me, but as your

brother; — remember at all times that I fully loved you.—And now, Oonagh, w part. Oonagh, adieu!—I fear—for eve

She no longer wept, but, sinking knees, uttered a short and fervent pray him; then said, "Yes, I feel we are part ever! In my eyes you are a martyr. to Heaven I deserved or resembled you! I could look back upon the past as yo without the bitterness of self-reproach! trying to be like you."

"Oonagh, the most fervent wish I ha entertained is, that you could resolv completely frank with me. What do y by confidence towards one who, you deny, has done nothing to forfeit that you once seemed to place in him? Yo on several occasions shown a reserve for I cannot account, on subjects which c seem to admit of any: this is need regards yourself, and mortifying as it me. If I have not expressed this as and as often as perhaps I was entit do, it has not grieved or surprised me t I do not wish to make this painful

more painful by recurring to past causes of division; but ask yourself if, in my place, you should not have felt them like me? Pardon me, I see I grieve you; it is what you have just said that drew it from me."

"Nothing can make me more miserable," replied Oonagh, calmly, "than I am now. Circumstances the most unforeseen prevented me from being released from a promise of secrecy which has to me been a perpetual source of vexation and embarrassment. I have been punished in a thousand ways;—yet, if you knew the truth, it was for no fault to you."

"I believe you," replied Maurice; "forgive me for seeming to reproach you in the last moment we spend together."

A
you
to t
pain
T
tend
main
know
unde
at th
the l
traor
where
unfav

he remarked that no "army was required to oppose Marshal Noailles." A long and weary march across the Pyrenees had preceded this ill-omened siege, and famine was added to their other miseries; sickness followed, and many perished daily among the besiegers.

The intelligence of Captain Grant's death came to his widow, and Oonagh, in a visit she charitably paid to that forlorn family, was shown the letter announcing the event. The writer mentioned the distresses the army was enduring, and the names of some who had fallen victims to their severity. Among those who were the present sufferers from illness and fatigue, was the name of Sir Maurice Bellew, who had particularly distinguished himself by repulsing parties of the besieged when they had attempted a sortie from Roses, and whose present dangerous situation excited universal interest.

Oonagh returned to the palace full of the anticipation of evil, and deeply repented having, by rejecting Maurice, deprived herself of her right to attend him in sickness or death. She had not dwelt on this reflection many hours

judgme
from tl
if he re
be too
of those
She c
All the
She coll
which sl
her to o
that the
accordin
mention
treated
she mere
quest, a
her sanct
On ar

and assistance from M. de Rosambeau, whose character she knew was sufficiently generous to ensure his remaining a friend in spite of his disappointment as a lover. He came at her first summons, and she frankly confided her intention, and entreated his advice as to the execution.

Rosambeau slightly coloured, and then turned pale. He kept silence for a few moments, and then endeavoured to point out the difficulties and dangers of such an enterprise; adding, that he felt sure she would not suspect him of any envious thought when he besought her not to encounter risks, which Bellew himself would be the first to apprehend and deprecate.

Oonagh replied, "that she had considered the difficulty of reaching the camp at Roses, but that her hope was to remain at some town in the French territories, whither Maurice could retire till his health improved, and where she might attend and watch over him."

Rosambeau, seeing she was determined, forbore all farther remonstrance, and promised to return in the evening, after he had made enquiries which would perhaps enable him to

he ha
accou
from
Span
Oc
gazec
lengt
hands
“ A
dissu
serve
sider
safety
late S
Paris
row sl
that y
an att

her family, to facilitate your journey on to Lerida, whither the French prisoners have been sent: he will also be able to ameliorate the condition of Bellew in many respects."

Oonagh fervently thanked Rosambeau, but endeavoured to repress a part of her joy in the hope of rejoining Maurice, lest she should wound the generous friend who had served her so well. He, too, tried to show a cheerfulness and alacrity in assisting her preparations, which it was scarcely possible could be perfectly natural in one aiding his mistress to rejoin his rival. Each divined what the other attempted to conceal; as is usual to the actors in that long pantomime of life, where there is so much deception that produces no illusion!

Oonagh has seen the short fretting wave of the Bay of Biscay beat the coast by St. Jean de Luz. She has crossed the Pyrenees, and by the advice of Father Xavier, assumed the saya and mantilla; but her dress was suited to one of humble condition, consistent with her character as attendant on Madame de Mostoles; and the heiress of Kiltarle obtained no higher tribute to her beauty, than the occasional,

of "Bonita! que bonita!" might have reminded Oonagh of the advantages she had now ceased to value.

She was perfectly sensible of the comfort of Father Xavier's protection and company, for Catalonia rather appeared a cheerful-looking desert, than a province of ancient and glorious Spain, only divided by the Pyrenees from the most polished kingdom in Europe. Their road occasionally skirted magnificent woods of cork trees, whose dull and arid foliage gave a "browner horror" to their silent recesses; sometimes over large heath-tracts, where the flowers cherished by shelter in the northern countries of Europe, bloomed spontaneously and unregarded. Flos Adonis, lavender, the gay blossom of the gum cistus, even the pink flower of the wild garlick, gave the look of a garden to these thinly inhabited wilds. The green lizard glided among the myrtle-bushes, and seldom met any disturber but his foe the chameleon. Yet numerous travellers passed and met their caleza, though so few seemed to reside in this temperate and happy climate.

The rough speech, extreme vivacity, and
ticulation of the peasantry, rather intimi
Oonagh, and made her rejoice that the
teer who guided their caleza was an A
lusian. He wore a tight brown dress; on
elbow was a small diamond-shaped pat
scarlet cloth; his hair, which was long en
to reach to the bottom of his waist, was i
thick plait; and he wore a large hat,
the priests; and sang and remonstrated
his mule instead of striking it, conso
calling it by name, and only smacking
whip in air.

It was the morning of a bright summer
and the good priest was attentively re
when the muleteer began the following so

The son of the high-born lady is a Calenero now,
And bravely on his road he goes with a glad and
brow,
So gaily in his best attire, with a riband in his hair,
And ever more his joyous voice rings loudly through th
"Courage! my good and gallant horse! on, on, on
lies there."
"Bandolera! Gallarda! Coronella!"

2.

He is resting in the hall, where the happy dancers are,
And to a gay bolera tune he times his good cigar.

And sweeter too and louder, the glad musicians play,
While to that joyous music, he tunes his merry lay.
"On, on, good horse, press forward! we shall see our home to-day!"
"Bandolera! Gallarda! Coronella!"

3.

Though I am but a Calezero, there is one who loves me well,
A dark-hair'd girl, with sunny eyes, more bright than tongue can tell.
And in her true and faithful heart, a crowned king I reign,
Though I am poor, and she! the best and loveliest girl in Spain!
On, on, brave horse! I fain would see her face and home again!
"Bandolera! Gallarda! Coronella."*

---

* EL CALEZERO.

El higo de la Tiranna
Se a metido a Calezero
Y per el camino anda
Con muchissimo salero
Va muy remajote
Su banda en el pelo
Y asi a su Caballo
Va siempre diciendo
Bandolero, Gallarda!
Quia por via la leno brios!

Se sienta en la sala
Y asi a lo bolero
Echa un real çigarro
Y asi a lo bolero
Des pues que a fumado
Entono estos versos.
Boleros.

s

a

o

e

sl

p

d

tl

sl

fr

eye, she could not help comparing her former with her present situation. She doubted whether the Oonagh, brilliant in jewels, surrounded with luxuries and with flatterers, beloved by Maurice, safe under the protection of her kind father in Paris in the year 1689, was the same who now wandered, poor and disguised, to join an exile, with no other guide, friend, or acquaintance in Spain, than Father Xavier. She thought she recognised in her sorrows the punishment of her crime; and as she gazed on the pale, aged, and benevolent face of the priest, she felt a fervent wish to confess her sin to him.

Weary with the heat of the sun, he had fallen asleep, his head resting against the side of the caleza; and she had wept for some time without observation or restraint. At length he awoke; the evening was approaching rapidly, and his eye rested on Oonagh with surprise. "Why do you weep, my daughter?" said he mildly; "you have nearly attained your wish; you will reach Lerida to-morrow, and may find your friend restored to health: and however every blessing of this world and

i
t
g
d
se

“
ei
la
wr
de
pe

Your misfortune arises from your credulity. When I have received your confession, I shall be enabled to prove it to you."

Oonagh confessed herself to the priest, who pointed out to her how obviously Schenk had imposed on her for his own interests. "Sir Maurice did not immediately love you, but when intimacy and retirement made him thoroughly acquainted with you, an attachment began, which the German probably foresaw would arise. From your situation relative to Sir Maurice, was it incredible that he should have penetrated your feelings at Paris, and even then seen how he might use them for his advantage? Was it not obvious that he must exact a promise of secrecy, to prevent Sir Patrick and Sir Maurice objecting to the alienation of Ardcarrick? Be comforted, my dear child; confess to Sir Maurice all that appears capricious and contradictory in your conduct. Perhaps life has yet long and happy years in store for you. Schenck attained his object, received the reward he so little merited; the grave has closed over him, and no injury can ensue to him from your frankly owning his

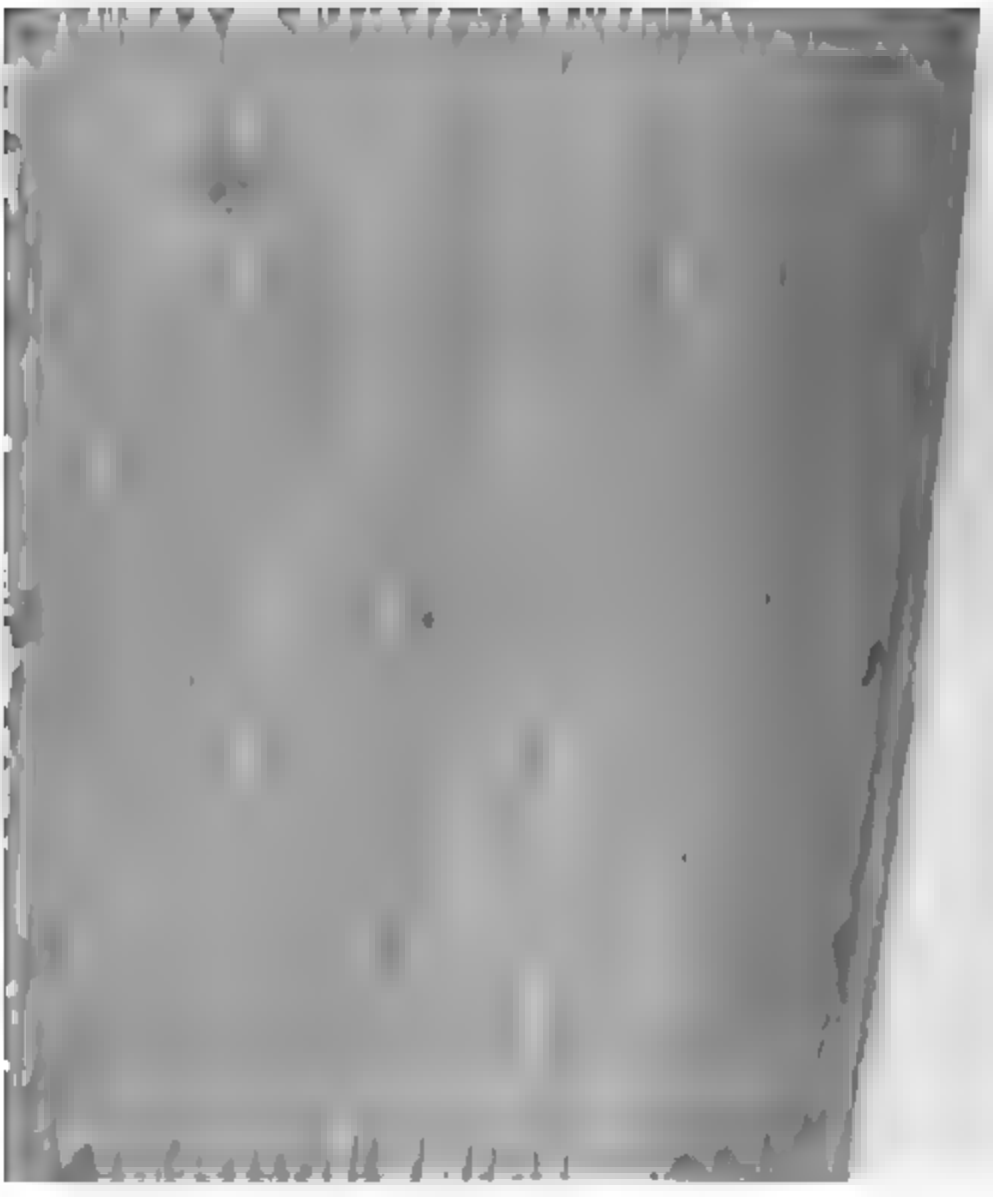
to the hope of meeting Maurice under such different impressions, with the liberty to speak with entire confidence, and to entertain such hopes of sudden and unexpected turns of fortune in their favour, as, whether well or ill-founded, form some of the pleasantest moments and the most valuable privilege of youth and inexperience. Her spirits rose in proportion to their previous depression, and her heart beat to suffocation, when Father Xavier, pointing to a distant hill, said, "There stands Lerida; those are the banks of the Segra."

Oh, how more than lovely did that hill and river appear to Oonagh! how she envied the swiftness of the birds which seemed to bend their flight thither! She bent forward in the caleza, as if by so doing she could hasten the mule; and in broken Spanish adjured the calezero to make haste: who only nodded, and conversed with his mule as before, without increasing his pace; and her only consolation was to think, that whether fast or slow, she was on her way to Maurice. It was plain he had recovered his health; for she had learned, from questioning Rosambeau, that it was in

panions walking on a part of the ramparts which had been allotted for their exercise, and all appeared in perfect health.

Oonagh wept for joy, and entreated Xavier to conduct her directly to her lover. He assented, but said, "I must then leave you. I have arranged with the mistress of a respectable house, near the prison, for your lodging; and that a trusty person shall every day conduct you to Sir Maurice, and return with you. I may not even wait for your return to-night; but before I go," said he, "let me execute the commission of Count Rosambeau. The purse you gave me to pay your journey is untouched. The Count, who is fervently attached to Sir Maurice, told me he feared to diminish the resources his friend might find it very difficult to renew in Spain; he therefore furnished me with money, and your's is still in this purse."

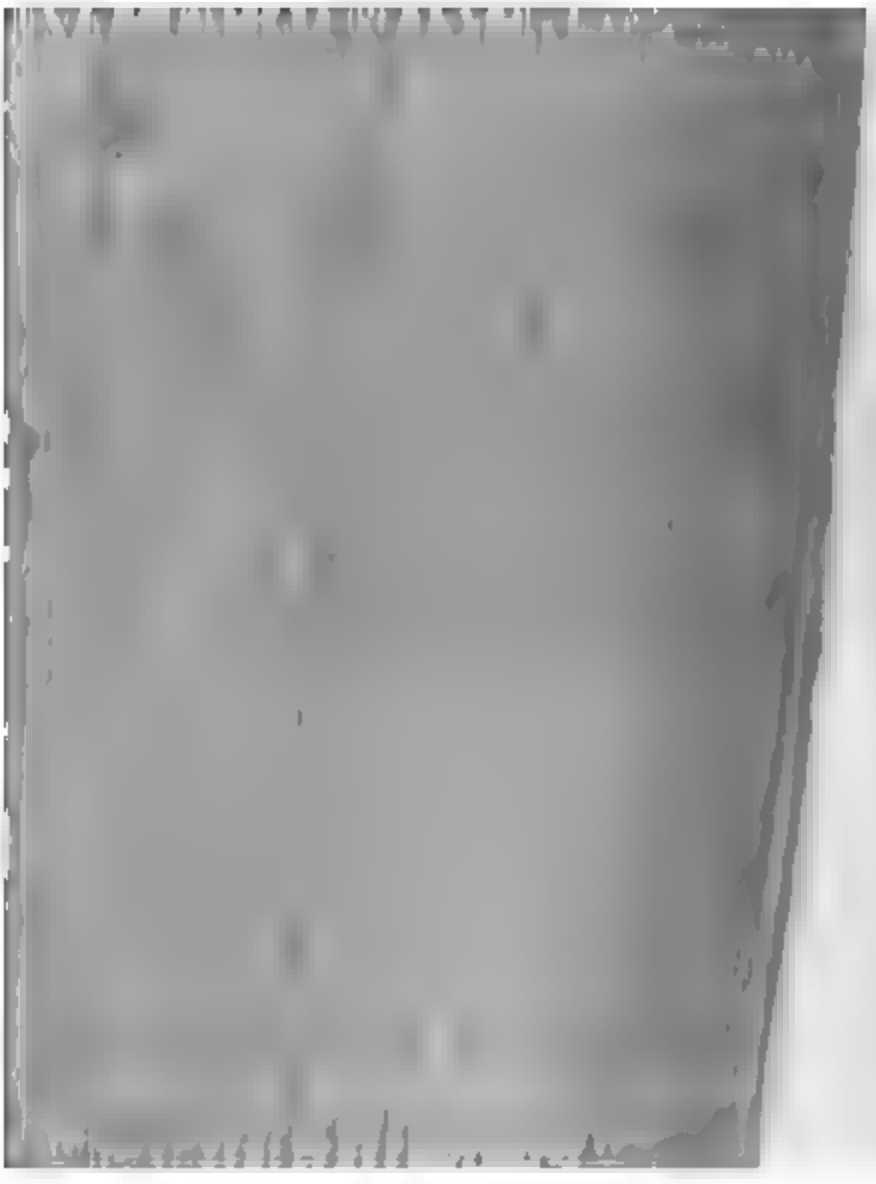
Oonagh regretted to receive this assistance from Rosambeau, but could not resolve to mortify so kind a friend by refusing it, as Maurice might really have need of more than it was in her power to furnish. She thanked



joy. Oonagh turned her eyes to his countenance, to see how far she might trust to the report of his recovered health, and with a faint shriek disengaged herself from his arms; for it was not Maurice Bellew, but an utter stranger, who was gazing in amazement at her conduct, and admiration of her beauty!

When she first entered, he had (though surprised at her emotion) formed suspicions much to her disadvantage, and with a vanity pardonable under the circumstances, concluded he was the object of her visit; but her modest and distinguished air soon convinced him that he wronged her, and in spite of her jet-black hair, and the saya and mantilla in which she was dressed, he instantly saw she was a compatriot. For in Spain, as in France, it is impossible to mistake an Englishwoman for a native of either of those countries; her grace and expression are of a different description.

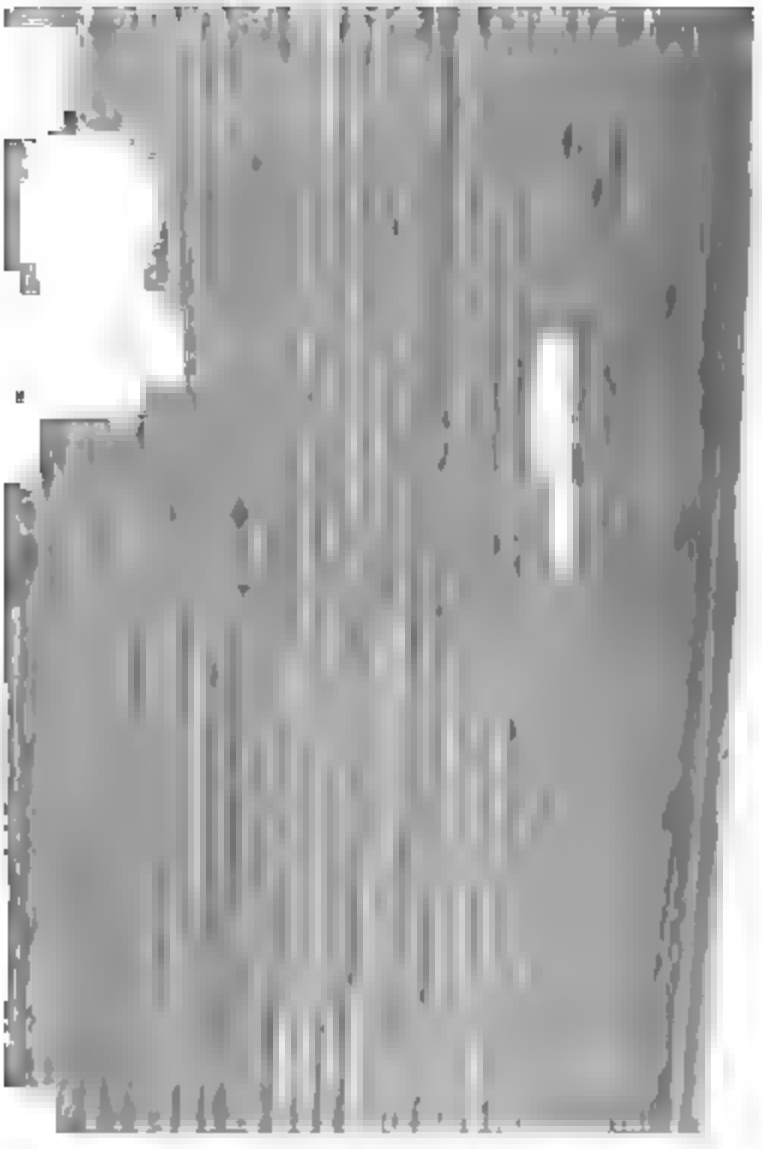
"I am sadly mistaken; I ask pardon for my intrusion," said she, blushing deeply; "I was told this was the prison of Sir Maurice Bellew, a friend—a relation—Will you, sir,



situation. She had a very imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language, and even that was rendered less useful from having learned the Castilian Spanish, which was scarcely intelligible to those who only understood the animated patois of Catalonia.* Father Xavier had been her interpreter, even with her landlady and the Gallego servant who had guided her to the prison, from whence she did not expect him to lead her until sunset: she had the disagreeable expectation of spending those hours with Captain Beatoun. The irksomeness of this situation lent her courage: she besought her involuntary companion and host to try to summon some one that might directly release her; and had the vexation of hearing that he was under arrest for having quarrelled with one of the guards who had treated him with disrespect, considering him as a common

* This dialect has a great affinity with the ancient language of o or *oc*, which still forms the basis of the southern patois of France, from whence is derived the name of *Languedoc*, formerly that of a province. The designation of Languedoc is as ancient as the 13th century. Under Charles VII. the half of France was so called. To the other provinces belonged the language of *oil* or *oui*.

tioned that Bellew was a near relation, whom she was anxious to rejoin at Vilada. The governor might, perhaps, have read her entreaty with little regard, but, having accidentally cast his eyes on Oonagh, he was struck with the uncommon beauty of the petitioner. His countenance changed: taking off his hat, he addressed her with great politeness; and when he discovered, by her reply, that she could not converse fluently in Spanish, he begged, in French, that she would explain what service he could offer. He then gave orders, with the most obliging solicitude, for her passport to Vilada, though not without various intimations that her stay at Lerida was very much desired. He could not guess that the lonely and plainly-dressed female before him was the heiress of Kiltarle — the daughter of the ambitious and unfortunate Sir Patrick Lynch.



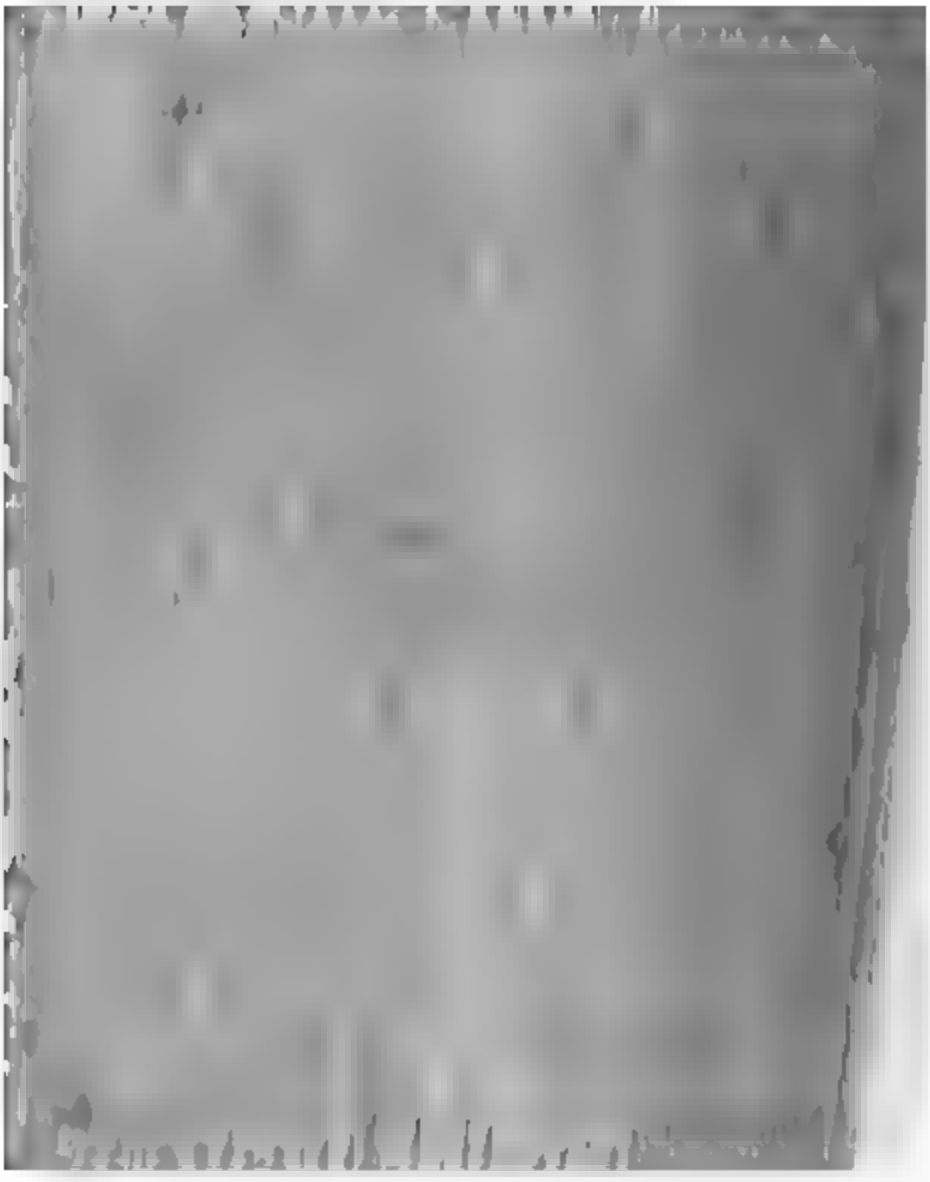
met;—a word of coldness,—a look of reproving surprise, would send her from his presence aghast and humbled, to repent her rash devotion.

She approached Vilada with inexpressible agitation. At Lerida, the presence of the good Xavier had encouraged and supported her; she bitterly regretted that she no longer retained such a companion: but, when the prison of Vilada was in sight, all other sensations were lost in the alternate flush and chill of apprehension. She found it, and learned that some of the prisoners had obtained leave to work for a cork-cutter, and one, who was ill, was alone in the common room.

Oonagh is there—and the inhabitant was Maurice! Had not his passionate reception and joy at seeing her convinced her it *was* Maurice, she might yet have doubted; for he was greatly changed. His hair had lost its rich, waving strength and jetty darkness: it was thin, straight, and retreating from his forehead. His clear complexion was tanned to the deepest shade of olive; his features

his reproaches ended in passionate thanks for so unequivocal a proof of devotion; adding, "I did not even hope that my fate was so much to you now."

"Oh, Maurice!" said Oonagh, "what makes my present happiness so far beyond the past is, that I need not hide one thought from you! —you may forgive all my seeming caprice! That ever-blessed Father Xavier has proved to me, that I have been a wretched dupe to Herman Schenk,—that I may now confess it to you! I have much to confess!" continued she, blushing deeply at the recollection that she had loved him unsought; "but you will forgive a fault which proceeded from an earnest wish to please you. I had reckoned too much on my dear father's expectation that you would love me. I was grieved—miserable, to see your indifference. Schenk had guessed my heart, and offered a spell with which to win yours, if I would pay him with the lands of Ardcarrick, and promise secrecy. I agreed; and my belief in his power was confirmed by my success. You, who appeared so cold at



the fruits which tempt the traveller by the once burning lake, yet offer him but the dust of the desert to slake his thirst! Your hand, your heart, it is true, seemed mine, but a gulf was between us. While you spoke every thought of your noble heart, I knew I was an impostor, who never might return your confidence, who heard all, and ungenerously forbore to grant my own. The absence of all reserve, which would have been such perfect happiness to one who deserved you, was forbidden to me! the thought I might not tell was ever present to memory, and oppressed me with self-accusation. Your love too — what was it?—spell, illusion, intoxication!—the wild dream of inebriety, the stupor from an opiate! which might fly as lightly as it came before healthy wakefulness, and leave me as wretched—a thousand times more so than if you had never loved! Every expression of affection from you pierced my heart by the reflection that I was not the love of youth, the chosen from the world; you addressed an imaginary object, were won by a stratagem, de-

cried by a masquer, the victim of sorcery! Oh, Maurice! dear Maurice! how many sleepless nights have I spent in weeping!"

"Instead of reproaching yourself, dearest Oonagh, listen to my grateful thanks for having thought me worth so much anxiety. I cannot grieve as I ought for the sorrow I caused, when it proves how much you have loved me. But why——"

"Let me say all," cried Oonagh: "the horrible event which occurred on the day that was to have made me your wife—our separation, seemed to me the particular interposition of a punishment, as if my crime could not prosper or win its object; and if in spite of the sorrow and suspense which followed, this impression was weakened, it returned in full force when we were again separated by the ill-fated expedition to Ireland. All that followed convinced me, that, without sharing my guilt, you would incur my punishment, if I did not dissever our destinies; and I resolved to make this great sacrifice—You know all!"

"Oh, Oonagh!" cried Maurice, "would I had known it sooner! How unjustly I have

judged you! how readily I must have seemed to resign you! Forgive it, and believe that my whole life, that every hour that remains of it, will prove my gratitude and passionate affection."

Long and happy hours of confidence, of protested love, of sad and of gay recollections, of impossible plans, anticipated difficulties, and chastised hopes, followed Oonagh's confession.

It may be imagined she abjured her intention of taking the veil; and again they discussed a thousand plans for obtaining a humble competence in France or Spain, in a meaner rank than that which they were born to fill—a thousand plans to recover Maurice's liberty directly. Petitions to King James, to the King of France, letters to Marechal de Noailles, were meditated, and half composed, ere they separated; and Oonagh bore to her small and solitary room matter for happy musings on the future, to which she had so long been a stranger.

The succeeding week made a great improvement in Maurice's health and spirits: peaceful rest, the rich fruits of Spain, and suitable

other Scotch and Irish
Vilada since the Revolut
one named Peter O'Hara
vernor of the prison, to
rendered a service. Th
tenants of Lord Rostella
Bellew's family, and too
his welfare to guarantee
suffered to leave the p
which he was glad to avai
still more so, as he hop
alone wanting to complet
real employment was
trade by conveying Spani
that of Sitges) into the F
in spite of the war, he
his great profit. In
he was now to go, he h

into a mean, but clean apartment, where they lived with strict economy, knowing how rapidly the small sum they possessed would diminish, and the great difficulty they would find, as indigent strangers, in obtaining assistance from other sources. Their marriage was agreed upon; as, after Oonagh's journey to Spain, so unequivocal a proof of attachment to Bellew would render it necessary to prevent all reflections on her relinquishing the Queen's protection.

On a lovely evening, when the clear summer moonbeams forced their way through the wooden lattice of their small room, which had been closed all day to exclude the scorching air, Oonagh proposed to Bellew to walk to the Alameda, which was not very distant; he had seemed so oppressed by the heat the whole of the day, and she hoped the air might refresh him. He complied: but on reaching the Alameda, complained of fatigue, and sat down. Oonagh sat by him, talking often and cheerfully; but he rarely spoke, and faintly smiled, and soon proposed their return home. When there, she placed some fruit, rusks, and cho-

colate before him, observing, he would
better when he had supped. He accep
what she gave, but scarcely tasted it, and
bade her good night, complaining of fatig
Oonagh remained long after he was gone,
deavouring to discover some means of di
nishing the heat, to which she attributed
increased indisposition, and anticipating w
anxious pleasure the mild autumn she hop
to see in France, on which she depended
the entire restoration of his health.

In the morning he came not to join her
late, and appeared yet more languid than wh
they had parted; he declined food, but eage
drank large draughts of agras;*—and the n
ceeding day she vainly tried to think that
some respects he was better. Finding the w
to the Alameda had seemed too much for
strength, when evening brought the sudd
darkness which follows sunset in a hot clima
she proposed they should repair to a gard
on the flat roof of the house they lived in,
is common in Spain.) They had sometim

* An acid liquor made of unripe grapes, and very
resembling lemonade.

walked there before. Oonagh was amusing herself by changing the position of some of the small flower-pots, and raised one from the ground, but immediately set it down, saying it was too heavy. Maurice rose to assist her, and laid his hands on the flower-pot—but moved it not, though he again essayed to do so. He was silent some moments, and slightly coloured, but sat down without speaking. Oonagh observing this, made no observation; she guessed this evidence of his feebleness might be discouraging, and hoped he would not dwell on it.

They descended to their own little apartment, and Maurice sat thoughtfully on the sofa, with eyes fixed on the mat which covered their brick-floor. Oonagh herself could no longer shut her eyes to the conviction that his illness was increasing; and painfully revolved how, without seeming to feel new alarm, she should engage him to receive the visits of a physician. She was aroused from her reverie by his voice.

"Oonagh," said he, "I have been considering which is the most easily borne, an affliction

pets from the united
mankind, for with femal
ed the drift of his quest
answer should be, and
firm voice,

"Undoubtedly the co
pared to meet, must
one of which we had no

"I am glad to hear
days I have felt an im
to confide, but the fear
ing you, while it may
made me refrain. Bel
earth we must not look
am called hence, and
spend together, are a l
I am dying! the joy of
change fortune seemed

my fate; but for some days I have felt that all is in vain!"

Oonagh sunk on her knees by his side, and bathed his hand with bitter tears, exclaiming, "Do not say—do not think so: you have been without physicians, without care, without me: you must see——"

"No, Oonagh, do not deceive yourself—I will see a physician if you choose; I am willing to make every effort to live; but it may not be. While I cherished the hope of recovery, (and that hope remained long after reason should have quelled it,) I forbore to sadden you with gloomy auguries which might never be fulfilled; but to hide such presages now were needless. This long struggle, these vain efforts are about to close! This world of toil and frustration will in a few days cease to be that which I inhabit—no place in it remains for me! For our baffled warfare and ruined cause, I am consoled; my heart is warmed by the recollection that we have done *all* we could. We have resisted our destiny manfully, like good soldiers and faithful subjects. The hardest sacrifice is to leave you.—I hope,

"I have heard you
replied, "but I can be
to me of what cannot
assistance;" and she fle
house to enquire who w
physician of Vilada.

They sent for him, b
merely those oracular
which only deceive thos
ceived. Every day
visibly declining; ere a
he was unable to leave
two or three hours.

Oonagh spent the lon
hopeless bed afraid to
the wall, where she wat
profile; its vibration e
changes of his pulse and

the formal enquiry occasionally made by her landlord, were the only human sounds that reached her ear. The sound of the clock would have been as the voice of a friend, had not each hour as it struck seemed to say she had one the less to spend with Maurice

Very sad was her recollection of her past folly! The money she had squandered on Schenk would have given them wealth, would have saved Maurice from joining the troops at Perpignan, and from losing health and life by the hardships endured at the siege of Roses. But for her refusal to marry him at St. Germain's, she might have been his wife for the last two years in spite of their adverse fortune! She dared not lament her calamities; they were her own creation.

At length replies reached them to those letters O'Hara had conveyed to France. At the request of King James, Maurice was to be included in an exchange of prisoners then to take place; and a small sum of money still remaining from the price of her jewels was forwarded to Oonagh, and a gleam of hope visited her heart. She thought a return to France

some joy at learning t
money. He pressed her
will take you to France :'
in the news of the exchan

" For when the fading e
And fails each faint a
And short and frequen
The dire disease that
Will Mirth allay, can
The hurried pulse, the
Go, bid the festal bow
Let the soft voice of h
And Art, and Wit, an
Their treasures round
With deafen'd ear, wi
The silent sufferer tur

Oonagh saw it was to
afterwards Maurice rece
the Romish Church, and
firmness and piety !

That grey stone pile is the convent of "Our Lady of Sorrows." The rule is very strict. It is surrounded by rich vineyards, but their gay and plenteous aspect is not seen by the sad inhabitants. High walls shroud the enclosure. For fifteen years, in each of the services from Matins to the Completas, one clear voice was heard above the rest: it was sad and sweet, and seemed to tell of pardon and of peace. It was heard with delight, and spoken of with admiration by all who visited the Church; and was said to belong to an English nun, though the accents of that land were never more heard or spoken by her. That voice ceased, and with it the sorrows of Oonagh Lynch!

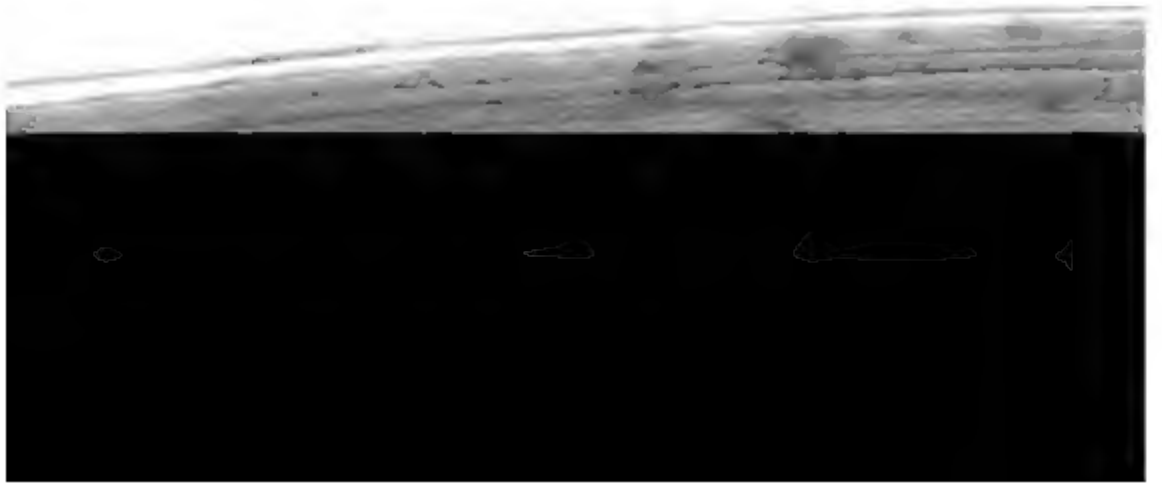
* * * * *

Man, man, man! you scorn the fool, no doubt, who sacrificed all to a wretched delusion,—who had no higher aim in life than to find favour in the caprice of another being, as frail, limited, and transitory, as herself. You are right: you have nobler objects; you are

country, or reproving
nents quail at your s
tended and menacing
less at the chill touch
of blood linger in the
overwrought brain ; —
find a successor. You

" The tabl

though you are no lon
guments, your opinion
ble to circumstances w
seen. Your enemies ap
tions, even your wittici
bered only to be blamed
for you cannot be heard

Were you not the
delusion ?

But your objects an